A

SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS,

INCLUDING

A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS:

INTENDED TO BE

AN APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS's PSALMS AND HYMNS.

By JOHN RIPPON, D. D.

THE TENTH—AN ENLARGED EDITION,

WITH THE NAMES OF
THE TUNES ADAPTED TO THE HYMNS.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,

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☞ The Number of the Hymn *always* answers to the Number of the Page: thus—

Hymn 33 —— —— Page 33
Hymn 433 —— —— Page 433
Hymn 570 —— —— Page 570

¶ The Number that follows the Name of the *Tunes* refers to *Dr. Rippon's Tune Book;* thus

Hymn 6—Bedford 91——that is, *Tune* 91, in *The Selection of Tunes.*

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

PREFACE.

TO THE TENTH EDITION.

THE good acceptance and ſucceſs with which the former Editions of this Volume have been bleſſed, demand my warmeſt and moſt unfeigned gratitude to the GOD of Providence and Grace, with whom are the iſſues of all our endeavours to promote his glory.

The firſt edition of the Selection conſiſted of five hundred and eighty-eight hymns, three hundred of which had never appeared in any collection for public worſhip before. About one hundred and fifty of them, as the preface announced, were *originals*. Some of theſe, on different ſubjects, I had the pleaſure of compoſing; others were the productions of ſeveral eminent perſons—the flower of that denomination of Chriſtians to which it is my honour to belong. Theſe were handſomely communicated for the Selection; and many of them, according to the forms of law, were regularly aſſigned to me, in my own right and as my ſole property; of which my reverend friends, Dr. John Ryland, now of Briſtol; Mr. Job David, of Frome; and Mr. Thomas Dunſcombe, of Yeovil—are yet living witneſſes. This ſtatement is given to prevent all future illicit republication of any of the original parts of this Work.

In the preface to the former editions, I expreſſed my fear, "Notwithſtanding this addi-

tion of above five hundred hymns to Dr. Watts's Hymns and Pſalms, that all of them together would not furniſh a ſufficient variety for every ſubject of conſideration which might ariſe in the courſe of the Chriſtian miniſtry." Time, general uſe of the hymns, and a frequent recurrence to the Index of their ſubjects, have ſince united to prove that theſe apprehenſions were not altogether unfounded or problematical; and that there was reaſon for intimating, "that too great a variety of evangelical hymns, for public worſhip, is a thing ſcarcely conceivable."

The truth is, reſpecting the Selection at leaſt, that, with all its diverſity of ſubjects, even conſidered as an Appendix to Dr. Watts, it has been found rather deficient than redundant. Hence, on mature deliberation, and with the advice and aſſiſtance of ſome of my moſt reſpectable Brethren in the Miniſtry, and other diſtinguiſhed Friends, I have enlarged this edition, by the inſertion, under proper heads, of more than ſixty hymns. The far greater part of theſe are *entirely* ORIGINALS, and are duly placed under the protection of the law.

To diſtinguiſh thoſe in the enlargement, which are my own compoſitions, would neither add the embelliſhments of piety or poetry to them, nor, perhaps, anſwer any other valuable end. It may ſuffice to ſay, that, with no inconſiderable attention, I have endeavoured to introduce hymns on ſuch ſubjects as were not to be found in the Volume, and on heads which are intereſting and popular; I mean of general uſe, and therefore of the greateſt conſequence. A few are inſerted on *the Trinity*, on *the Divinity of Chriſt*, and

on *the Work of the Holy Spirit*. But the greater part of the additions conſiſt of hymns adapted to *Village Worſhip*, to *Monthly Prayer Meetings for the Spread of the Goſpel*, to *Miſſionary Meetings*, and to the chapter of hymns *before and after Sermon*;—a chapter this, which there was but little danger of protracting to an undeſirable length. The ſections on *Affliction*, *Death*, and *Judgment*, have alſo received ſome enlargement; and ſo have the *Indexes*, both of ſcriptures and of ſubjects.

This new edition, which I hope competent judges will find to be an improved one, I preſent, with the utmoſt reſpect and affection, to my Fellow-Labourers, to the Churches, and to the Individuals, of different denominations, both at home and abroad, who have either ſtatedly or occaſionally uſed the former copies.

And now, with all the ſolemnity of an entire dedication, I commit the Volume to thy care, patronage, and ſpecial bleſſing,—O THOU infinitely beautiful and bountiful Being! to whom I am, of all the ſons of Adam, peculiarly indebted; beſeeching thee, for the ſake of my crucified and aſcended Redeemer, to grant, "That, however weak and contemptible this "Work may ſeem in the eyes of the chil-"dren of the world, and however imperfect it "really may be, as well as the author of it un-"worthy, it may, nevertheleſs, *live before thee*, "and, through a divine power, be mighty," to leſſen the miſeries and to increaſe the holineſs and bliſs of multitudes, "in diſtant places, and in "generations yet to come! Impute it not,

" O GOD, as a culpable ambition, if I deſire, " that, whatever becomes of *my name*, this Work " may be propagated far abroad; that it may " reach to thoſe who are yet unborn, and teach " them *thy name*, and *thy praiſe*, when the au- " thor has long dwelt in the duſt: that ſo, when " he ſhall appear before thee in the great day of " final account, his *joy* may be increaſed, and " his *crown* brightened, by numbers before un- " known to each other and to him! But if *this* " *petition* be too *great* to be granted to one who " pretends no claim to hope for being favoured " with the *leaſt*, give him to be, in thine al- " mighty hand, the bleſſed inſtrument of con- " verting and ſaving *one ſoul*; and if it be *but* " *one*, and that the meaneſt and weakeſt of all " the human race, though it ſhould be amidſt a " thouſand diſappointments with reſpect to others, " yet it ſhall be the ſubject of immortal ſongs of " praiſe to thee, O bleſſed GOD, for and by " every ſoul whom, through the blood of JESUS, " and the grace of thy SPIRIT, thou haſt ſaved; " and everlaſting honours ſhall be aſcribed to the " FATHER, to the SON, and to the HOLY " SPIRIT, by the innumerable company of an- " gels, and by the general aſſembly, and the " church of the firſt-born in heaven. AMEN!"

JOHN RIPPON.

No. 11, *Grange Road*, *May* 10, 1800.

A

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HYMNS, &c.

GOD.

HYMN I. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Addiſon's. Tune 1.

A Song of Praiſe to God.

1 TO God, the univerſal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raiſe,
In ſongs of never-ceaſing praiſe.

2 The ſpacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens ſtretch'd o'er our head,
A large and ſolemn temple frame
To celebrate its builder's fame.

3 Here the bright ſun, that rules the day,
As thro' the ſky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundleſs ſov'reignty of God.

4 When from his courts the ſun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and ſtars adopt the ſong,
And thro' the night the praiſe prolong.

5 The liſt'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious muſic of the ſpheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wiſe, and good, and great.

6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
His God in nobler ſtrains adores:
His is the gift to know the ſong,
As well as ſing with tuneful tongue.

2 L. M. WILLIAMS's PSALMS.
Old Hundred 100.
The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

1 ETERNAL GOD! Almighty Cauſe
Of Earth, and Seas, and Worlds unknown;
All things are ſubject to Thy Laws,
All things depend on Thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt;
Control'd by none are Thy commands;
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

3 To Thee alone ourſelves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

4 Spread Thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as Thou art, GOD alone.

3 L. M.
Paul's 246. Fawcett 184.
The Spirituality of God. John iv. 24.

1 THOU art, O GOD! a Spirit pure,
Inviſible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wiſe.

2 Whilſt nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, diſſolve, and die,
Thy eſſence pure no change ſhall ſee,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Inviſible! what hand
Can draw Thy Image ſpotleſs fair?

To what in heav'n, to what on earth
Can men th' immortal King compare ?

4 Let ſtupid Heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and ſilver, wood and ſtone ;
Ours is the GOD that made the Heavens ;
JEHOVAH HE, and GOD alone.

5 My ſoul, thy pureſt homage pay,
In truth and ſpirit him adore ;
More ſhall this pleaſe than ſacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

4 L. M. STEELE.

Bab. Streams 23. Angel's Hymn 60. Goulds 272.

The Eternity of God and Man's Mortality, Pſ. xc.

1 LORD, thou haſt been thy children's GOD,
All-powerful, wiſe, and good, and juſt,
In every age their ſafe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their truſt,

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or ſpread the ſtarry Heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlaſting thou art GOD.

3 Great Father of Eternity,
How ſhort are ages in thy ſight !
A thouſand years how ſwift they fly,
Like one ſhort ſilent watch of night !

4 Uncertain life, how ſoon it flies !
Dream of an hour, how ſhort our bloom !
Like ſpring's gay verdure now we riſe,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our ſhort'ning days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wiſdom's ſacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die,

6 O make our ſacred pleaſures riſe
In ſweet proportion to our pains,
'Till e'en the ſad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneaſy thought complains.

7 [Let thy Almighty work appear
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliſs thy ſervants ſhare
Continued to thy children ſhine.

8 Thy glorious image, fair impreſt,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection bleſt,
May all our labours own thy care!]

3 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

The Immutability of God, and the Mutability of the Creation, Pſalm cii. 25—28.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our ſouls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praiſe
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unſurpris'd ſurvey,
Saw'ſt nature riſing yeſterday;
And as to-morrow, ſhall thine eye
See earth and ſtars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's viſion bright,
Thou dwell'ſt in ſelf-exiſtent light;
Which ſhines, with undiminiſh'd ray,
While ſuns and worlds in ſmoke decay.

4 Our days a tranſient period run,
And change with every circling ſun:
And, in the firmeſt ſtate we boaſt,
A moth can cruſh us into duſt.

5 But let the creatures fall around:
Let death conſign us to the ground:
Let the laſt general flame ariſe,
And melt the arches of the ſkies:

6 Calm as the ſummer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature ſee,
While grace ſecures us an abode,
Unſhaken as the throne of GOD.

6 C. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201. Farringdon 267.

The Infinite.

1 THY names, how infinite they be!
Great EVERLASTING One!
Boundleſs thy might and majeſty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories ſhine of wond'rous ſize,
And wond'rous large thy grace:
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And *Gabriel* veils his face.

3 Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs
Which angels cannot ſound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The myſteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can aſcend above the ſky,
And fly before the winds;

5 Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills,
And ſtretch from pole to pole:
But half thy name our ſpirit fills,
And overloads our ſoul.

6 In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells;
For nothing's found in thee
But boundleſs unconceivables,
And vaſt eternity.

7 L. M. MERRICK's PSALMS.

Wareham 117. Ayliffe Street 241. Wells 102.

Omnipotence; or, the Power and Providence of God.

Pſalm cxxxv.

1 YE ſervants of your GOD, his fame
In ſongs of higheſt praiſe proclaim:
Ye who, on his commands intent,
The courts of Iſrael's LORD frequent.

2 Him praiſe—the everlaſting King,
And mercy's unexhauſted ſpring:
Haſte, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

3 Thy greatneſs, LORD, my thoughts atteſt,
With awful gratitude impreſs'd,
Nor know, among the ſeats divine,
A power that ſhall contend with thine:

4 O thou, whoſe all-diſpoſing ſway,
The heavens, the earth, and ſeas obey;
Whoſe might through all extent extends,
Sinks through all depth, all height tranſcends;

5 From earth's low margin to the ſkies,
Now bids the pregnant vapours riſe;
The lightning's pallid ſheet expands;
And glads with ſhow'rs the furrow'd lands;

6 Now, from thy ſtorehouſe, built on high,
Permits the impriſon'd winds to fly;
And, guided by thy will, to ſweep
The ſurface of the foaming deep:

7 Him praiſe,—the everlaſting King,
And mercy's unexhauſted ſpring:
Haſte, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

8 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Elenborough 170.

The Omnipreſence and Omniſcience of God.

Pſalm cxxxix.

1 LORD! thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyeſt all my powers:
My riſing ſteps are watch'd by thee;
By thee, my reſting hours.

2 My thoughts, ſcarce ſtruggling into birth,
Great GOD, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, ſtill I'm inclos'd
With thine immenſity.

3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor ſteals a whiſper from my lips
Without thy liſt'ning ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou are there;
Before me, ſhines thy name;
And 'tis thy ſtrong Almighty hand
Suſtains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain eſſays
Of my aſtoniſh'd mind;
Nor can my reaſon's ſoaring eye
Its towering ſummit find.

PAUSE,

6 Where from thy Spirit ſhall I ſtretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, thro' nature's ſpacious range,
Shall I elude thy ſight?

7 Scal'd I the Skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my ſoul:
Plunged I to Hell, there ſhould I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchleſs ſpeed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely ſhore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;

9 Thither thine hand, all-preſent GOD!
Muſt guide the wond'rous way,
And thine Omnipotence ſupport
The fabric of my clay.

10 Should I involve myſelf around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would ſhine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing ſight.

11 "The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
"Are both alike to thee:
"O may I ne'er provoke that power
"From which I cannot flee!"

9 C. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Abridge 201. Canterbury 199.

Divine Sovereignty; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

1 KEEP ſilence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod:
My ſoul ſtands trembling, while ſhe ſings
The honours of her GOD.

2 Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave TO BE.

3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils ſhine;
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry ſtroke
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown:
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not *Gabriel* aſks the reaſon why;
Nor GOD the reaſon gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My GOD, I would not long to ſee
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes may riſe.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in ſome humble place,
Beneath my LORD the Lamb!

10 7s B. FRANCIS.

Cookham 36. Alceſter 213.

The Majeſty of GOD.

1 GLORY to the eternal King,
Clad in Majeſty ſupreme!
Let all Heaven his Praiſes ſing,
Let all Worlds his Power proclaim.

2 Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the Univerſe ſuſtains
As an atom in his ſight.

3 Suns on ſuns, thro' boundleſs ſpace,
With their ſyſtems move or ſtand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs riſe at his command.

4 Kingdoms flouriſh, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

5 O, let my tranſported ſoul
Ever on his glories gaze!
Ever yield to his control,
Ever ſound his lofty praiſe!

II L. M. Beddome.

Ulverſton 179. Iſlington 40. Gould's 272.

The Wiſdom of God.

1 WAIT, O my ſoul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous paſſions, all be ſtill!
Nor let a murmuring thought ariſe,
His ways are juſt, his councils wiſe.

2 He in the thickeſt darkneſs dwells,
Performs his work, the cauſe conceals;
But, tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth ſupport his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and ſeas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And, by his ſaints, it ſtands confeſt,
That what he does is ever beſt.

4 Wait then, my ſoul, ſubmiſſive wait,
Proſtrate before his awful ſeat;
And, 'midſt the terrors of his rod,
Truſt in a wiſe and gracious GOD.

12 (Firſt Part.) C. M. STEELE.

Liverpool 83. Exeter 4.

The Goodneſs of God, Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble ſouls, approach your GOD
With ſongs of ſacred praiſe,
For he is good, immenſely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his ſon, his only ſon,
To ranſom rebel worms;—
'Tis here he makes his goodneſs known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, LORD, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A ſafe defence, a peaceful home,
When ſtorms of trouble riſe.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The ſouls who truſt in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliſs divinely free.

6 Great GOD, to thy Almighty love,
What honours ſhall we raiſe?
Not all the raptur'd ſongs above
Can render equal praiſe.

12 (Second Part.) C. M.
Staughton 264. Liverpool 83.
God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

1 AMID the ſplendors of thy ſtate,
My GOD, thy LOVE appears
With the ſoft radiance of the moon
Among a thouſand ſtars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundleſs *Power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, ſpeaks
The *Goodneſs* of thy names.

3 Thy juſtice, holineſs, and truth,
Our ſolemn awe excite;
But the ſweet charms of ſovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and ſmoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion ſings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy councils and deſigns,
In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love ſupremely ſhines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above;
The joyful, the tranſporting news,
That GOD the LORD is LOVE!

13 L. M.
Derby 169. Rothwell 174. Portugal New 263.
The Loving-kindneſs of the Lord, Pſ. lxiii. 7.

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, in joyful lays,
And ſing thy great Redeemer's praiſe;
He juſtly claims a ſong from me,
His loving-kindneſs, O how free!

2 He ſaw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithſtanding all;
He ſav'd me from my loſt eſtate,
His loving-kindneſs, O how great!

3 Tho' numerous hoſts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppoſe,
He ſafely leads my ſoul along,
His loving-kindneſs, O how ſtrong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my ſoul has always ſtood,
His loving-kindneſs, O how good!

5 Often I feel my ſinful heart,
Prone from my JESUS to depart;
But, tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindneſs changes not.

6 Soon ſhall I paſs the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers muſt fail;
O! may my laſt expiring breath
His loving-kindneſs ſing in death!

7 Then let me mount and ſoar away
To the bright world of endleſs day;
And ſing, with rapture and ſurpriſe,
His loving-kindneſs in the ſkies.

14 C. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Michael's 119. Brighthelmſtone 208.

The Grace of God; or, Divine Condeſcenſion

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the ſkies,
To viſit earthly things,
With ſcorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

19

2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the ſkies,
To viſit ev'ry humble ſoul,
With pleaſure in his eyes.

5 Why ſhould the LORD, that reigns above,
Diſdain ſo lofty kings?
Say LORD, and why ſuch looks of love
Upon ſuch worthleſs things?

4 Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
Diſpute his awful will?
Aſk no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be ſtill.

5 Juſt like his nature is his grace,
All ſov'reign, and all free;
Great GOD, how ſearchleſs are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

15 11.s S——.

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God, Pſalm lxxxix. 1.

1 THY mercy, my GOD, is the theme of my ſong,
The joy of my heart, and the boaſt of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the firſt to the laſt,
Hath won my affections, and bound my ſoul faſt.

2 Without thy ſweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin ſoon would reduce me to utter deſpair;
But thro' thy free goodneſs, my ſpirits revive,
And he that firſt made me, ſtill keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardneſs depart;
Diſſolv'd by thy goodneſs, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praiſe of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy ſtands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No ſinner ſhall ever be empty ſent back,
Who comes ſeeking mercy for JESUS's ſake.

5 Thy mercy in JESUS exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll ſing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas JESUS, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of Mercies! thy goodneſs I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son:
All praiſe to the Spirit, whoſe whiſper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteouſneſs mine!

167.
Firth's 146.

The Long-ſuffering, or Patience of God.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell
Still doth thy good Spirit ſtrive!—
With the chief of ſinners dwell!
Tell it, unto ſinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

2 Yes, I ſtill lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love deſpair;
Still in ſpite of ſin I riſe,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!
JESUS, SAVIOUR, can it be?
All thy mercies height I prove,
All the depth is ſeen in me. Tell it, &c.

4 See a buſh, that burns with fire,
Unconſum'd amid the flame!
Turn aſide the ſight t'admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

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4 See a buſh, that burns with fire,
Unconſum'd amid the flame!
Turn aſide the ſight t'admire,
Lo the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

5 See a ſtone that hangs in air!
See a ſpark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death ſo near,
I to GOD the glory give.
Ever tell—to ſinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

17 C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The Holineſs of God, Iſaiah viii. 13.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy LORD, the Angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us ſing.

2 Heaven's brighteſt lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look, and dim!
The faireſt Angels have their ſpots,
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But ſinners and their wicked ways
Shall periſh from his ſight.

4 The deepeſt reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my ſoul, to GOD;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his ſublime abode.

5 With ſacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart ſhall pleaſe him more
Than the beſt forms of ſpeech.

6 Thou holy GOD! preſerve my ſoul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face ſhall ſee.

18 L.M. Beddome.

Green's Hundred 89. Old Hundred 100.

The Juſtice and Goodneſs of God.

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll ſpeak, of thee I'll ſing;
All thou haſt done, and all thou doſt,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee juſt:

2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promiſes,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What Angels taſte, what Devils feel:

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and ſmiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world reſtor'd:

4 While theſe excite my fear and joy;
While theſe my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble ſong,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

19 L.M. N———.

Portugal 97. Paul's 246. Wells 102.

The Truth and Faithfulneſs of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

1 YE humble Saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God:
How juſt and true are all his ways,
How much above your higheſt praiſe!

2 The words his ſacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What ſhould him tempt from frailty free,
Bleſt in his ſelf-ſufficiency?

3 He will not his great ſelf deny:
A God all truth can never lie:

As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their courſe,
Or backward haſten to their ſource;
Swift thro' the air, let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;

5 Let ſuns and ſtars forget to riſe,
Or quit their ſtations in the ſkies;
Let heaven and earth both paſs away,
Eternal truth ſhall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, GOD gave his Son
To die for crimes which men had done;
Bleſt pledge! he never will revoke
A ſingle promiſe he has ſpoke.

20 L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.
Wareham 117. Kingſbridge 88.

God Supreme and Self-ſufficient.

1 WHAT is our GOD, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The ſpacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how ſhort they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and GOD is all.

3 He ſpoke the wond'rous word, and lo!
Creation roſe at his command;
Whirlwinds and ſeas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There reſts the earth, there roll the ſpheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own ſelf-ſufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows
Meaſuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his ſea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my ſong, an endleſs round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raiſe;
All nature dwell upon the ſound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praiſe.

21 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Gainſborough 29. Brighthelmſtone 208.

Mercy and Truth met together; or, the Harmony of the divine Perfections, Pſalm lxxxv. 10.

1 WHEN firſt the God of boundleſs grace
Diſclos'd his kind deſign,
To reſcue our apoſtate race
From mis'ry, ſhame, and ſin;

2 Quick, through the realms of light and bliſs,
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet, 'midſt their joys, they paus'd awhile;
And aſk'd, with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
"But how can injur'd juſtice ſmile,
"Or look with pitying eyes?

4 ["Will the Almighty deign again
"To viſit yonder world;
"And hither bring rebellious men,
"Whence rebels once were hurl'd?

5 "Their tears, and groans, and deep diſtreſs,
"Aloud for mercy call;
"But ah! muſt truth and righteouſneſs
"To mercy victims fall?"

6 So ſpake the friends of GOD and man,
Delighted, yet ſurpris'd;
Eager to know the wond'rous plan,
That Wiſdom had devis'd.]

7 The Son of GOD attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd,
"In me let Mercy be rever'd,
"And Juſtice ſatisfy'd.

8 "Behold! my vital blood I pour
"A ſacrifice to GOD;
"Let angry Juſtice now no more
"Demand the ſinner's blood."

9 He ſpake, and Heav'n's high arches rung
With ſhouts of loud applauſe;
"He dy'd!" the friendly angels ſung,
Nor ceaſe their rapturous joys.

22 C. M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.

Iriſh 171. Braintree 25.

The Doctrine and Uſe of the Trinity, Eph. ii. 18.

1 FATHER of Glory! to thy name
Immortal praiſe we give,
Who doſt an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger ceaſe;
Our lives he ranſom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whoſe influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal GOD,

And ſpread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.
Let faith, and love, and duty, join,
One general ſong to raiſe;
Let ſaints in earth and Heav'n combine
In harmony and praiſe.

22 7's.

Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

To the Trinity.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord!
Self-exiſtent Deity,
By the hoſts of Heaven ador'd,
Teach us how to worſhip thee.
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combin'd
With ſociety complete.

2 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obſcurely known,
Three in one, and one in three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!
Be our all, O Lord divine!
Father, Saviour, vital Breath!—
Body, ſpirit, ſoul be thine,
Now, and at, and after death!

3 Glorious thou in holineſs,
FATHER didſt thy rights maintain;
Truth and grace at once expreſs,
When thy only Son was ſlain.
Here is deepeſt wiſdom ſeen;
Here the richeſt ſtores of grace;—
Mildeſt love, and veng'ance keen;
O how bright their mingled rays!

4 Fearful thou in praiſes, too,
Loving SAVIOUR, ſlaughter'd Lamb!
We, with joy and rev'rence, view
All thy glory, all thy ſhame!—
Be thy death the death of ſin,
Be thy life the ſinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within,—
Prophet, prieſt, and king, to me.

5 Wonder-working SPIRIT! thine
Th' efficacious grace we ſing;—
Set on us thy ſeal divine,
Safely to thy kingdom bring:
Mortify ſin, root and deed,
Daily ſtrengthen every grace;
Send us, urge us on with ſpeed,
And let glory crown the race!

23 L.M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Paul's 246. Angels' Hymn 60.

The Incomprehenſibility of God.

1 GOD is a name my ſoul adores—
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confeſs the Infinite unknown.

2 From thy great ſelf thy being ſprings:
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And ſelf-ſufficience bears them all.

4 Thy voice produced the ſeas and ſpheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets ſhine;
But nothing like thyſelf appears
Through all theſe ſpacious works of thine.

4 Still reſtleſs nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:

Thy being no ſucceſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt deſigns are one.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive forms;
Thy preſence ſhakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How ſhall affrighted mortals dare
To ſing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but ſhadows of thy face!

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach conſuming flame?
None but thy Wiſdom knows thy might,
None but thy Word can ſpeak thy name.

24 L. M. N—.

Lebanon 79. Marks 65.

The Moral Perfections of the Deity imitated.
Matt. v. 48.

1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For nobleſt thoughts and views deſign'd,
Make me ambitious to expreſs
The image of thy holineſs.

2 While I thy boundleſs love admire,
Grant me to catch the ſacred fire;
Thus ſhall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I ſee thy ſun ariſe
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven deſcends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my ſoul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;

So ſhall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed an hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon, thro' thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O, may the grace that pardons me,
Conſtrain me to forgive like thee!

25 L. M. Merrick's Psalms.

Glouceſter 12. Bromley 104.

The divine Perfections celebrated, Pſ. lxxxix. cxlv

1 MY grateful tongue, immortal King!
Thy mercy ſhall for ever ſing;
My verſe, to Time's remoteſt day,
Thy truth in ſacred notes diſplay.

2 O ſay, what ſtrength ſhall vie with thine?
What name among the ſaints divine,
Of equal excellence poſſeſs'd,
Thy ſov'reignty, great God, conteſt?

3 Thee, Lord, Heaven's hoſt their leader own
Thee, might unbounded, thee alone,
With endleſs majeſty has crown'd;
And faith unſully'd veſts thee round.

4 The Heaven above and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great poſſeſſor know:
By thee, this orb to being roſe,
And all that Nature's bounds incloſe.

5 From thee, amid the aërial ſpace,
The north and ſouth aſſume their place;
'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its ſwelling tide.

6 O bleſs'd the tribes, whoſe willing ear
Awakes the feſtal ſhout to hear;
Who thankful ſee, where'er they tread,
Thy favouring beams around them ſpread.

7 How ſhall they joy from day to day,
Thy boundleſs mercy to diſplay,
Thy righteouſneſs, indulgent LORD,
With holy confidence record!

8 O wiſe in all thy works! thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
And, grateful, thro' the length of days,
In ceaſeleſs ſongs repeat thy praiſe.

26 L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

1 ETERNAL power! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a GOD;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

2 The loweſt ſtep around thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3 LORD, what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH!

4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to liſp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

5 GOD is in Heaven, but man below;
Be ſhort our tunes; our words be few:
A ſacred reverence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues!

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

27 L. M. NEEDHAM.

Rochford 22. Wells 102.

A Summary View of the Creation. Gen. i.

1 LOOK up, ye ſaints! direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the ſkies;
With your glad notes his praiſe rehearſe
Who form'd the mighty univerſe.

2 He ſpoke, and, from the womb of night,
At once ſprang up the cheering light:
Him diſcord heard; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and ſpoke the GOD.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient ſun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor ſilver moon, nor ſtars delay
To glide along th' æthereal way.

4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and ſea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then ſpeaks the whole divinely good.

5 But, to complete the wond'rous plan,
From earth and duſt he faſhions man;
In man the laſt, in him the beſt,
The Maker's image ſtands confeſt.

6 LORD, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and ſoul anew;
Here bid thy pureſt light to ſhine,
And beauty glow with charms divine!

28 C. M.

Crowle 3. New York 33.

The Creation of Man; or, God the Searcher of the Heart. Pſalm cxxxix.

1 LORD! thy pervading knowledge ſtrikes
Through nature's inmoſt gloom,
And, in thy circling arms, I lay
A ſlumberer in the womb.

2 Thee will I honour, for I ſtand
A volume of thy ſkill!
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill!

3 Thine eye beheld me when the ſpeck
Of entity began;
And o'er my form, in darkneſs fram'd,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran:

4 Th' unfaſhion'd maſs by thee was ſeen;
My ſtructure, in thy book,
Was plann'd before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.

5 How precious are the ſtreaming joys
That from thy love deſcend!
Would I rehearſe their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end?

6 Not ocean's countleſs ſands exceed
The bleſſings of the ſkies;
With night's deſcending ſhades they fall,
With morning ſplendours riſe.

7 "Thine awful glories round me ſhine,
"My fleſh proclaims thy praiſe:
"LORD! to thy works of nature, join
"Thy miracles of grace."

29 C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Devizes 14. Tiverton 109.

A Song to Creating Wiſdom.

1 ETERNAL Wiſdom, thee we praiſe!
Thee the creation ſings!
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Thro' ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

5 But ſtill the wonders of thy Grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We ſee, adore, and love.

30 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

God's Goodneſs to the Children of Men. Pſ. vii. 31.

1 YE ſons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodneſs ſound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your ſongs invite,
Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light;

Where ſun, and moon, and planets, roll;
And ſtars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and ſhade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fiſh, and fowl, and beaſts, and worms.

4 View the broad ſea's majeſtic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remoteſt nations joins,
And on each wave his goodneſs ſhines.

5 But Oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
GOD's only Son, in fleſh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my ſoul, with rapture ſoar!
There, in the land of praiſe, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlaſting day.

31 L. M.

Rothwell 174. Virginia 234.

Providence; or God working all things after the Council of his own Will.

1 THY ways, O LORD! with wiſe deſign,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above;
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obſcure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the leaſt are ſure,
And the myſterious juſt and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Tho' now they ſeem to roam unev'd,

Are led or driven only where
They beſt and ſafeſt may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, truſting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin ſtray,
Nor ſhall the weakeſt fail or die.

5 My favour'd ſoul ſhall meekly learn
To lay her reaſon at thy throne;
Too weak thy ſecrets to diſcern,
I'll truſt thee for my guide alone.

32 C. M. STEELE.

Staughton 264. Abingdon 42. Prov. Coll. 10.

Creation and Providence.

1 LORD, when our raptur'd thought ſurveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
And bid our ſouls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footſteps ſhine;
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe
And ſpeak their ſource divine.

3 The living tribes of countleſs forms,
In earth, and ſea, and air!
The meaneſt flies, the ſmalleſt worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, LORD!
In all thy works appear:
And, O! let man thy praiſe record,—
Man, thy diſtinguiſh'd care!

5 From thee, the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame ſuſtains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd;
By Revelation's brighteſt rays
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

7 Thy Providence his conſtant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will the impending dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours lend.

8 On us that Providence has ſhone
With gentle ſmiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodneſs and thy praiſe!

33 L. M.

Kingſbridge 88. Green's Hundred 89.

Providence equitable and kind. Pſalm cvii.

1 THRO' all the various ſhifting ſcene
Of life's miſtaken ill or good;
Thy hand, O GOD! conducts unſeen
The beautiful viciſſitude.

2 Thou giveſt with paternal care,
Howe'er unjuſtly we complain,
To each their neceſſary ſhare
Of joy and ſorrow, health and pain.

3 Truſt we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terreſtial ball:
When moſt ſecure, the coming hour,
If thou ſee fit, may blaſt them all.

4 When loweſt ſunk with grief and ſhame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Loſt to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raiſe us up.

5 Thy powerful conſolations cheer,
Thy ſmiles ſuppreſs the deep-fetch'd ſigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That ſecret wets the widow's eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all ſhall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care; to all beſide
Indifferent let my wiſhes be:
"Paſſion be calm, and dumb be pride,
"And fix'd, O GOD, my ſoul on thee."

34 C.M. COWPER.

Gainſborough 29. Follett 181.

The Myſteries of Providence; or Light ſhining out of Darkneſs.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye yearful ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;

The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

35 C. M. Beddome.

Bedford 91. Stamford 9.

Myſteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal ſight;
Wrapt in impenetrable ſhades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliſs above
Where doſt thou ever reign,
Theſe myſteries ſhall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhall there
His brighteſt beams diſplay,
And not a hovering cloud obſcure
That never-ending day.

36 C. M. Addison.

Iriſh 171. Exeter 4.

The Traveller's Pſalm.

1 HOW are thy ſervants bleſs'd, O Lord,
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

3 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they paſs unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempeſt borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

4 The ſtorm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is ſtill.

5 In midſt of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodneſs we'll adore;
We'll praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preſerv'ſt that life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, when death ſhall be our lot,
Shall join our ſouls to thee.

37 C. M. Steele.

James 163. Elim 151. Staughton 264.

Praiſe for the Bleſſings of Providence and Grace.
Pſalm cxxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In ſongs of grateful praiſe.

2 In life's firſt dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

[Around my path what dangers roſe!
What ſnares ſpread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes;
But my preſerver, GOD.

How many bleſſings round me ſhone,
Where'er I turned my eye!
How many paſt, almoſt unknown,
Or unregarded by!]

Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhauſtleſs ſtore;
But, ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

While ſweet reflection, thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer bleſſings claim thy praiſe,
The bleſſings of thy grace.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious LORD!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy ſacred word,
Where all thy glories ſhine.

LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakneſs dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raiſe me to the ſkies.

Then ſhall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy ſons of light
In everlaſting praiſe.

THE FALL.

38 L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.
Wareham 117. Babylon-Streams 23.

Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam.

1 ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgres'd, and justice doom'd us dead
The fiery Law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

39 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Walsal 237. Ludlow 84.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart ſo baſe,
So falſe as mine has been:
So faithleſs to its promiſes,
So prone to every ſin;

3 My reaſon tells me thy commands
Are holy, juſt, and true;
Tells me whate'er my GOD demands
Is his moſt righteous due.

4 Reaſon I hear, her counſels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But ſtill I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear SAVIOUR, ſhall I feel
Theſe ſtruggles in my breaſt?
When wilt thou bow my ſtubborn will,
And give my conſcience reſt?

6 Break, ſovereign grace, O break the charm,
And ſet the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty GOD, thine arm,
And haſte to reſcue me.

40 S. M.

Wirkſworth 158 Stoke 207.

The Evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 9. *Matt.* xv. 19.

1 ASTONISH'D and diſtreſs'd,
I turn mine eyes within:
My heart with loads of guilt oppreſt,
The ſeat of every ſin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Diſtruſt, preſumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, ſlaviſh fear.

3 Almighty King of ſaints,
These tyrant luſts ſubdue;
Expel the darkneſs of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud Hoſannas raiſe;
My ſoul ſhall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praiſe.

41 L, M. Cruttenden.

Goulds 272. Kingſbridge 88. Virginia 234.

Sin and Holineſs.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,—
Imperfect grace, remaining ſin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart aſſail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious paſſion ſlain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me riſe,
Borne upwards to my native ſkies,
While faith aſſiſts my ſoaring flight
To realms of joy and words of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
'Ere earth reclaims my captive ſoul;
I feel its ſympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward courſe.

5 How ſhort the joys thy viſits give;
How long thine abſence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obſcure my riſing ſun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!

6 [Again the Spirit lifts his ſword,
And power divine attends the word;
I feel the aid its comforts yield,
And vanquiſh'd paſſions quit the field.]

7 Great GOD, aſſiſt me thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the deſponding heart canſt raiſe,—
The victory mine, and thine the praiſe.

42 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Ulverſton 179. Babylon-Streams 23.

The Effects of the Fall lamented, Pſ. cxix. 136, 158.

1 ARISE, my tendereſt thoughts, ariſe;
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human nature ſunk in ſhame;
See ſcandals pour'd on JESUS' name;
The father wounded thro' the ſon;
The world abus'd; the ſoul undone.

3 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.

4 My GOD, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep where moſt it loves;
Thy own all-ſaving arm employ,
And turn theſe drops of grief to joy.

SCRIPTURE;

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43 C. M.

Michael's 119. Sprague 166.

The inſpired Word, a Syſtem of Knowledge and Joy.
Pſalm cxix. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inſpiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines ſhine
To guide our ſouls to heaven.

2 It ſweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it ſtill imparts,
And quells our riſing fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, ſhall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

44 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Marks 65.

The Uſefulneſs of the Scriptures.

1 WHEN Iſrael thro' the deſert paſs'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waſte,
And leſſen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O GOD!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It ſheds a luſtre all abroad,
And points the path to bliſs and Heaven.

3 It fills the ſoul with ſweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;

It ſets our wandering footſteps right;
Diſplays thy love, and kindles ours:

4 Its promiſes rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleaſure it imparts;
It comforts and inſtructs us too.

5 Ye Britiſh iſles, who have this word,—
Ye ſaints, who feel its ſaving power,—
Unite your tongues to praiſe the LORD,
And his diſtinguiſh'd grace adore.

45 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Staughton 264. New York 33. Prov. Coll. 10.

The Riches of God's Word.

LET avarice, from ſhore to ſhore,
Her fav'rite GOD purſue;
Thy word, O LORD, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here, mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our ſight;
The pureſt gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counſels of redeeming grace,
Theſe ſacred leaves unfold;
And here, the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here, light deſcending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here, promiſes of heavenly love
Our ardent wiſhes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redreſt,
And all our wants ſupplied;
Nought we can aſk to make us bleſt,
Is in this book denied.

6 For theſe ineſtimable gains,
That ſo enrich the mind,
O may we ſearch with eager pains,
Aſſur'd that we ſhall find!

46 C. M. STEELE.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of Mercies! in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taſte.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys,
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

5 O may theſe heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light!

6 Divine Inſtructor, gracious LORD!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

47 C. M. Dr. Gibbons.
Salem 139. Braintree 25.

Our Duty to God, Exod. xx. 3—12.

THAT God, who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and ſea,
Own as thy God; and, to his name,
In homage bow the knee.

Let not a ſhape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or ſtone,
Be deem'd thy God; nor think him like
Aught thou haſt ſeen or known.

Take not in vain the name of God;
Nor muſt thou ever dare,
To make thy falſhoods paſs for truth,
By his dread name to ſwear.

That day, on which he bids thee reſt
From toil, to pray and praiſe—
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And conſecrate its rays.

O may that God, who gave theſe laws,
Write them on every heart;
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart!

48 C. M. Dr. Gibbons.
Workſop 31. Gainſborough 29.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

THY ſire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy mind and might,
Fear, love, and ſerve; ſo ſhall thy days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

The blood of man thou ſhalt not ſhed,
Its voice will pierce the ſky;
And thou, by the juſt laws of heaven,
For the dire crime ſhalt die.

3 To thine own couch thou ſhalt not take
A wife but her thine own:
Vaſt is the guilt, and on thine head
Heaven darts its vengeance down.

4 Thou ſhalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or ſtealth;
Thy goods, thy ſtores, muſt grow from right
Or GOD will curſe thy wealth.

5 No man ſhalt thou, by a falſe charge,
Or cruſh or brand with ſhame;
Dear as thine own, ſo wills thy GOD,
Muſt be his life and name.

6 Thy ſoul one wiſh ſhall not let looſe
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or ſmall or great,
For GOD has drawn the line.

[*Hymn XLVII. ver. 5, may be added here.*]

49 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Green's Hundred 89. Fawcett 184.

The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtleſs ſinner! raiſe thine eyes
Behold the balance lifted high:
There ſhall GOD's Juſtice be diſplay'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See, in one ſcale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldſt thou the awful teſt ſuſtain,
Thy works, how light—thy thoughts, how vain!

3 Behold! the hand of GOD appears
To trace thoſe dreadful characters;
"*Tekel!*—thy ſoul is wanting found,
"And wrath ſhall ſmite thee to the ground."

Let ſudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Confuſion wild o'erſpread thy face;
Thro' all thy thoughts, let anguiſh roll,
And deep repentance melt thy ſoul.

One only hope may yet prevail,—
CHRIST in the Scripture turns the ſcale;
Still doth the Goſpel publiſh peace,
And ſhew a Saviour's righteouſneſs.

JESUS, exert thy power to ſave,
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave,
Great GOD, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may ſing thy love.

50 L. M.

b.-Streams 23. Kingſbridge 88. Goulds 272.

e Practical Uſe of the Moral Law to the convinced Sinner.

HERE, LORD! my ſoul convicted ſtands
Of breaking all thy ten commands:
And on me juſtly might'ſt thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal ſhower.

But, thanks to GOD! its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O LORD, my wants I ſee;
Loſt and undone, I come to thee.

I ſee my fig-leaf righteouſneſs
Can ne'er thy broken law redreſs:
Yet, in thy Goſpel plan, I ſee
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

Here I behold thy wonders, LORD!—
How CHRIST hath, to thy Law, reſtor'd
Thoſe honours, on th' atoning day,
Which guilty ſinners took away.

5 Amazing wiſdom, power, and love,
Diſplay'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O LORD, my faith increaſe,
To love and truſt thy plan of grace.

51 C.M. COWPER.

Burford 198. Workſop 31.

Illegal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

1 NO ſtrength of nature can ſuffice
To ſerve the LORD aright;
And what ſhe has, ſhe miſapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and diſtreſs!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without ſucceſs.

3 Then, to abſtain from outward ſin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too:

4 Then, all my ſervile works were done
A righteouſneſs to raiſe;
Now, freely choſen in the Son,
I freely chooſe his ways.

5 "What ſhall I do?" was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
"What ſhall I render to the LORD?"
Is my inquiry now.

6 To ſee the Law by CHRIST fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a ſlave into a child,
And duty into choice.

52 L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.
Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

The Law and Goſpel; or, Chriſt a Refuge.

"CURST be the man, for ever curſt,
"That doth one wilful ſin commit:
"Death and damnation for the firſt,
"Without relief, and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gaſping breath
And Calvary ſay gentler things;

"Pardon, and grace, and boundleſs love,
"Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays, (the charming ſound
Dwells on his dying lips) "forgive!"
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live!"

Go, you that reſt upon the law,
And toil and ſeek ſalvation there;
Look to the flame that Moſes ſaw,
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair:

But I'll retire beneath the croſs,—
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen ſword, that Juſtice draws
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

53 148th. Cowper.
Eagle Street 16. Grove 125.

The Ceremonial Law. Heb. iv. 2.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view

Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the Goſpel too;
The types and figures were a glaſs,
In which they ſaw the Saviour's face.

2 The Paſchal ſacrifice,
And blood-beſprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry GOD.

3 The lamb, the dove, ſet forth
His perfect innocence,
Whoſe blood of matchleſs worth
Should be the ſoul's defence;
For he, who can for ſin atone,
Muſt have no failings of his own.

4 The ſcape-goat on his head
The people's treſpaſs bore,
And, to the deſert led,
Was to be ſeen no more;
In him our ſurety ſeem'd to ſay,
"Behold, I bear your ſins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well underſtood,
Expreſs'd the ſinner's plea;
Deſcrib'd a guilty ſoul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death diſcharg'd.

6 JESUS, I love to trace,
Throughout the ſacred page,
The footſteps of thy grace,
The ſame in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchſaf'd to me.

THE GOSPEL.

54 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Langdon. 217.

The Goſpel of Chriſt.

1 GOD, in the goſpel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known;
'Tis here, his richeſt mercy ſhines,
And truth is drawn in faireſt lines.

2 Here, ſinners of an humble frame
May taſte his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely juſt, immenſely good.

3 Here, JESUS in ten thouſand ways
His ſoul-attracting charms diſplays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting ſtrains.

4 Wiſdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the ſinner live,
It bids the drooping ſaint revive.

5 Our raging paſſions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite ſouls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey thro'.

6 May this bleſt volume ever lie
Cloſe to my heart, and near my eye,
'Till life's laſt hour my ſoul engage,
And be my choſen heritage!

55 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Iriſh 171. Cambridge New 74.

The Goſpel worthy of all acceptation. 1 Tim. i. 15.

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of GOD,
Whom Seraphim obey,

The boſom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 Into our ſinful world he comes
The meſſenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Tranſgreſſors of the deepeſt ſtain
In him ſalvation find:
His blood removes the fouleſt guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

4 Our JESUS ſaves from ſin and hell;
His words are true and ſure;
And on this rock our faith may reſt
Immoveably ſecure.

4 O let theſe tidings be receiv'd
With univerſal joy,
And let the high angelic praiſe
Our tuneful powers employ!

6 "Glory to GOD, who gave his SON
"To bear our ſhame and pain!
"Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
"In endleſs bleſſings reign."

56 C. M.

Wiltſhire 110. Oxford 177.

The Goſpel a Feaſt. Iſaiah xxv. 6.

1 ON Sion, his moſt holy mount,
GOD will a feaſt prepare,
And Iſrael's ſons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet ſhare.

2 Marrow and fatneſs are the food
His bounteous hand beſtows:
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vileſt of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4 The pain'd, the ſick, the dying, now
To eaſe and health reſtor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliſs unknown,
What dainties ſhall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feaſt of heaven!

6 There joys immeaſurably high
Shall overflow the ſoul,
And ſprings of life that never dry,
In thouſand channels roll.

57 148th. Altered by TOPLADY.
Portſmouth New 144. Jubilee New 197.

The Jubilee.

1 BLOW, ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of GOD,
The ſin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

3 [Ye, who have ſold for nought
The heritage bove,

Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of JESUS' love:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And ſafe in JESUS dwell,
And bleſt in JESUS live:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.]

5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The ſov'reign grace of heav'n;
Though ſums immenſe ye owe,
A free diſcharge is given:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

6 The Goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy ſouls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

7 JESUS, our great High Prieſt,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary ſpirits, reſt;
Ye mournful ſouls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

58 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Glouceſter 12. Derby 169.
The Goſpel Jubilee. Pſalm lxxxix. 15.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful tidings round:
Let every ſoul with tranſport hear,
And hail the LORD's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thouſand talents owe,

When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious GOD forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of ſin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty aſſert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boaſt, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden ſtreets and pearly gates.

5 Her bleſt inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immenſely great;
Their joy ſtill riſes with the debt.

6 O happy ſouls that know the ſound,
Celeſtial light their ſteps ſurround,
And ſhew that jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years ſhall run.

59 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.
Oxford 177. Hammond 226.

The glorious Goſpel of the Bleſſed God. 1 Tim. i. 11.

1 WHAT wiſdom, majeſty, and grace,
Thro' all the Goſpel ſhine!
'Tis GOD that ſpeaks, and we confeſs
The doctrine moſt divine.

Down from his ſtarry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble fleſh aſſumes.

3 The mighty debt, that ſinners ow'd,
Upon the croſs he pays:
Then thro' the clouds aſcends to GOD,
Midſt ſhouts of loftieſt praiſe.

4 There he our great High Prieſt appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours ſalvation down.

5 Great GOD, with reverence we adore
Thy juſtice and thy grace:
And on thy faithfulneſs and power
Our firm dependence place.

60 L. M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.
Goulds 272. Mark's 65. Ulverſton 179.

The Goſpel is the Power of God to Salvation.
Rom. i. 16.

1 WHAT ſhall the dying ſinner do,
That ſeeks relief for all his woe?
Where ſhall the guilty conſcience find
Eaſe for the torment of the mind?

2 How ſhall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can ſouls, all o'er defil'd with ſin,
Make their own powers and paſſions clean?

3 In vain we ſearch, in vain we try,
Till JESUS brings his Goſpel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell
Which ſave rebellious ſouls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting ſpirits up;
We read the grace, we truſt the word,
And find ſalvation in the LORD.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treaſure ſhines;
Brought near the doctrine of the croſs,
All nature's gold appears but droſs.

6 Should vile blaſphemers with diſdain
Pronounce the truths of JESUS vain,
We'll meet the ſcandal and the ſhame,
And ſing and triumph in his name.

61 C. M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.
London 180. Follet 181.

A Rational Defence of the Goſpel.

1 SHALL Atheiſts dare inſult the croſs
Of our incarnate GOD!
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood!

2 What if he chooſe myſterious ways
To cleanſe us from our faults;
May not the works of ſovereign grace
Tranſcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his Goſpel bid us ſtrive
With fleſh, and ſelf, and ſin?
The prize is moſt divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the men, deſpis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more;
For ſo the Prophets ſpake.

5 Do ſome, that own his ſacred truth,
Indulge their ſouls in ſin?
None ſhould reproach the Saviour's name;
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith be firm and ſtrong;
Our lips profeſs his word;
Nor ever ſhun thoſe holy men
Who fear and love the LORD

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

62 5, 6. TOPLADY's altered.
Bourton 50. Haughton 68.

Everlaſting Love, Electing Grace, and Perſonal Holineſs.

1 HOW happy are we,
Our Election who ſee,
And venture, O LORD, for ſalvation on thee!
In JESUS approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.

2 'Tis ſweet to recline
On the boſom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With ſinging and triumph to Zion we move.

3 Our ſeeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and ſhall have all the praiſe.
No ſinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 Our SAVIOUR and friend
His love ſhall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never ſhall end:
Whom once he receives
His SPIRIT ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

5 This proof we would give,
That thee we receive;
Thou art precious alone to the ſouls that believe.
Be precious to us!
All beſides is as droſs,
Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy croſs.

PART THE SECOND.

6 Yet, one thing we want,
More HOLINESS grant!
For more of thy mind and thy image we pant;
Thine image impreſs
On thy favourite race;
O faſhion and poliſh thy veſſels of grace!

7 Thy workmanſhip we
More fully would be;
LORD, ſtretch out thine hand, and conform us to thee:
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, *fill* us with holineſs, *fill* us with love.

8 Vouchſafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory beſtow:
Our harps ſhall be tun'd,
The Lamb ſhall be crown'd,
Salvation to JESUS thro' heav'n ſhall reſound.

63 L. M. BEDDOME.

Kingſbridge 88. Lewton 30.

The Conſequences of Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

1 WHO ſhall condemn to endleſs flames
The choſen people of our GOD!
Since, in the book of life, their names
Are fairly writ in JESUS' blood,

2 He, for the ſins of all the elect,
Hath a complete atonement made:
And juſtice never can expect
That the ſame debt ſhould twice be paid.

3 Not tribulation, nakedneſs,
The famine, peril, or the ſword;
Not perſecution, or diſtreſs,
Can ſeparate from CHRIST the LORD.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Not preſent things, nor things to come,
Can change his purpoſes of love.

5 His ſovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulneſs ſhall ſtill endure;
And thoſe, who on his word depend,
Shall find his word for ever ſure.

64 148th. L. H. C.

Betheſda 112. Eagle-Street 16. Hinton 276.

Eternal and unchangeable Love. 2 Tim. i. 12.—Chap. ii. 13.—Phil. i. 6.

1 O My diſtruſtful heart,
How ſmall thy faith appears!
But greater, LORD, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did JESUS once upon me ſhine?
Then JESUS is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Tho' dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is ſtill
Eternally the ſame:
My ſoul thro' many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, LORD, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou haſt begun
In me, a ſinful worm;
'Midſt all my fears, and ſin, and woe,
Thy SPIRIT will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At firſt did freely move:
I ſtill ſhall ſee thy face,
And feel that God is LOVE!
Myſelf into thy arms I caſt,
LORD, ſave, O ſave my ſoul at laſt!

65 8. 7. 4.
Lewes 63. Painſwick 162.

The godly Conſideration of Election in Chriſt comfortable.

1 SONS we are, thro' GOD's election,
Who in JESUS CHRIST believe:
By eternal deſtination,
Sovereign grace we here receive:
LORD, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

2 Every fallen ſoul, by ſinning,
Merits everlaſting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has reſtor'd thy ſons again.
Countleſs millions
Shall in life, through JESUS, reign.

3 Pauſe, my ſoul! adore, and wonder!
Aſk, "O why ſuch love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

4 Since that love had no beginning,
And ſhall never, never ceaſe;
Keep, O keep me, LORD, from ſinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holineſs.

5 When I quit this feeble manſion,
And my ſoul returns to thee;
Let the power of thy aſcenſion
Manifeſt itſelf in me:
Thro' thy SPIRIT,
Give the final victory!

6 When the angel ſounds the trumpet;
When my ſoul and body join;
When my SAVIOUR comes to judgment,
Bright in majeſty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy righteouſneſs as mine.

7 When in that bleſt habitation,
Which my GOD has fore-ordain'd;
When, in glory's full poſſeſſion,
I with ſaints and angels ſtand;
FREE GRACE only
Shall reſound thro' Canaan's land.

66 6. 8. 4. OLIVER.
Leoni 90.
The Covenant God.

1 THE GOD of Abram praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And GOD of love!
JEHOVAH, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confeſt,
I bow, and bleſs the ſacred name
For ever bleſs'd.

2 The GOD of Abram praiſe;
At whoſe ſupreme command,
From earth I riſe, and ſeek the joys
At his right hand:

I'd all on earth forſake,
It's wiſdom, fame, and power:
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tower.

3 The GOD of Abram praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himſelf my GOD!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Thro' JESUS' blood.

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn;
I on his oath depend;
I ſhall, on eagles wings upborn,
To Heaven aſcend;
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his power adore;
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

PART THE SECOND.

5 Tho' nature's ſtrength decay,
And earth and hell withſtand;
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At GOD's command:
The watery deep I paſs,
With JESUS in my view,
And thro' the howling wilderneſs
My way purſue.

6 The goodly land I ſee,
With peace and plenty bleſt;
The land of ſacred liberty
And endleſs reſt

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the LORD our King,
The LORD our righteouſneſs!
Triumphant o'er the world and ſin,
The Prince of Peace
On Sion's ſacred height
His kingdom ſtill maintains;
And glorious, with his ſaints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 The ranſom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face,
Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He ſhews his ſcars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And ſound thro' all the worlds above,
"The ſlaughter'd Lamb!"

9 The whole triumphant hoſt
Give thanks to GOD on high,
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!"
They ever cry.
Hail Abram's GOD and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majeſty are thine,
And endleſs praiſe.

67 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Miſſionary 257. Workſop 31. Salem 139.

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble. 2 Sam xxiii. 5.

1 MY GOD, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure;

And, in its matchleſs grace, I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

2 What, tho' my houſe be not with thee
As nature could deſire?
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy ſervants all aſpire.

3 Since thou, the everlaſting GOD,
My Father art become;
JESUS, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy ſov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou doſt,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the laſt accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that ſhall the firſt notes employ
Of my celeſtial ſong.

68 112th. BENTLEY's COLLECTION.
Scarborough 203. Hoxton 121.
Pleading the Covenant. Pſalm lxxiv. 20.

1 O LORD, my GOD! whoſe ſovereign love
Is ſtill the ſame, nor e'er can move,
Look to the covenant, and ſee,
Has not thy love been ſhewn to me?
Remember me, my deareſt friend,
And love me always to the end.

2 Be with me ſtill, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My ſtrong, my ſtubborn will incline
To be obedient ſtill to thine:
O lead me, by thy gracious hand,
And guide me ſafe to Canaan's land.

69 7.

Feverſham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in JESUS' name!
Ye, who his ſalvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who ſee the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

3 Mourning ſouls, dry up your tears;
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves to death and ſin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop and taſte redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred reſt;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We ſhall all the fulneſs prove
Of our LORD's redeeming love.

7 He ſubdu'd th' infernal powers;
Thoſe tremendous foes of ours
From their curſed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.

3 Hither, then, your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful ſtring;
Mortals, join the hoſt above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

70 L. M. Steele.

Wincheſter 137. Rothwell 174

Redemption by Chriſt alone, 1 Pet, i. 18, 19.

1 ENSLAV'D by ſin, and bound in chains
Beneath its dreadful tyrant ſway,
And doom'd to everlaſting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected ſtore
Suffice to purchaſe our releaſe;
A thouſand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-ſufficient ranſom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors ſhed.

4 Jesus the ſacrifice became,
To reſcue guilty ſouls from hell:
The ſpotleſs, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging juſtice fell.

5 Amazing goodneſs! Love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchleſs grace; nor yield to ſin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy love purſue
The glorious work it has begun:
Each ſecret lurking foe ſubdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

71 8, 7, 4. F———.
Weſtbury 51. Trevecca 37.
Finiſhed Redemption.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks aſunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the ſky!
"It is finiſh'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finiſh'd!—O what pleaſure
Do theſe charming words afford!
Heavenly bleſſings without meaſure
Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD.
It is finiſh'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finiſh'd all the types and ſhadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finiſh'd all that GOD had promiſ'd;
Death and hell no more ſhall awe.
It is finiſh'd!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 [Happy ſouls, approach the table,
Taſte the ſoul-reviving food;
Nothing half ſo ſweet and pleaſant
As the Saviour's fleſh and blood.
It is finiſhed!
CHRIST has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye ſeraphs,
Join to ſing the pleaſing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praiſe Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

72 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Leeds 19. Rochford 22.

[Verſes 1, 2, and 6, of this Hymn, are ſet to the Tune called *Salvation*, 277.]

It is finiſhed, John xix. 30.

'TIS finiſh'd!—ſo the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd.
'Tis finiſh'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finiſh'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets ſaid,
Is now fulfill'd, as was deſign'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

'Tis finiſh'd—Aaron now no more
Muſt ſtain his robes with purple gore;
The ſacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewiſh rites no more remain.

'Tis finiſh'd—this my dying groan
Shall ſins of every kind atone:
Millions ſhall be redeem'd from death,
By this my laſt expiring breath.

'Tis finiſh'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkneſs ſpoil'd:
Peace, love, and happineſs again
Return, and dwell with ſinful men.

'Tis finiſh'd—let the joyful ſound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
'Tis finiſh'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and ſky.

73 8s. D. Turner.
Limefield 94.

Gratitude to God for Redemption, Eph. i. 7, 11.

SHALL Jesus deſcend from the ſkies,
To atone for our ſins by his blood. 46

And ſhall we ſuch goodneſs deſpiſe,
And rebels ſtill be to our GOD?

2 [No brute could be ever ſo baſe!
Shall man thus ungrateful then prove?
Forbid it, O GOD of all Grace!
Forbid it, thou SPIRIT of Love!

3 The devils would laugh us to ſcorn,
For folly ſo ſhameful as this;
O let us to GOD then return,
Sure never was goodneſs like his.]

4 He ſav'd us, or we had been loſt,
Nor comfort, nor hope had e'er known;
Yet he knew this ſalvation would coſt
No leſs than the blood of his Son.

5 Thro' him we forgiveneſs ſhall find,
And taſte the ſweet bleſſings of peace;
If, contrite and humbly reſign'd,
We truſt in his promiſed grace.

6 This world, then, with all its gay joy
That its thouſands has ſnar'd and undone,
May tempt, but ſhall never deſtroy
Whom JESUS has mark'd for his own.

7 While here thro' the deſert we ſtray,
Our GOD ſhall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And alſo of fire in the night:

8 'Till, the Jordan of death ſafely paſs'd,
We land on the heavenly ſhore,
Where we the hid manna ſhall taſte,
Nor hunger nor thirſt any more.

9 And there, while his glories we ſee,
And feaſt on the joys of his love,
We chang'd to his likeneſs ſhall be,
And then ſhall all gratitude prove.

74 8, 8, 6. TOPLADY.
Chatham 59. Hinton 276.
Christ's Atonement.

O Thou, who didſt thy glory leave
Apoſtate ſinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall,—
If thou haſt bought me with a price,
My ſins againſt me ne'er ſhall riſe;
For thou haſt borne them all.

And waſt thou puniſh'd in my ſtead?
Didſt thou without the city bleed,
To expiate my ſtain?
On earth my GOD vouchſaf'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The ſufferings of the man.

Behold him for tranſgreſſors given!
Behold th' incarnate King of Heaven
For us, his foes, expire!
Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.

Ye ſaints, the man of ſorrows bleſs,
The GOD, for your unrighteouſneſs,
Deputed to atone:
Praiſe, till, with all the ranſom'd throng,
Ye ſing the never-ending ſong,
And ſee him on his throne.

75 8, 7. L. H. C.
Tabernacle 239. Trowbridge 21.
Gratitude for the Atonement.

HAIL! thou once deſpiſed JESUS,
Hail thou Galilean king!
Thou didſt ſuffer to releaſe us;
Thou didſt free ſalvation bring.

Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our ſin and ſhame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given thro' thy name.

2 Paſchal Lamb, by GOD appointed,
All our ſins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and GOD.

3 JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hoſt adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's ſide;
There for ſinners thou art pleading;
There thou doſt our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worſhip, honour, power, and bleſſing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudeſt praiſes, without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic ſpirits!
Bring your ſweeteſt, nobleſt lays!
Help to ſing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praiſe.

76 7's.

Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Pleading the atonement, Pſalm lxxxiv. 9.

1 FATHER, GOD, who ſeeſt in me
Only ſin and miſery,

Turn to thy anointed one,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the ſinner, ſee;
Look thro' JESUS' wounds on me.

2 Heavenly Father, LORD of all,
Hear, and ſhow thou hear'ſt my call!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me a ſinner now!
Now the ſtone to fleſh convert,
Caſt a look, and melt my heart.

3 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my ſuit I join;
Join'd with his, it cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn, from me, thy glorious eyes
To his bloody ſacrifice,—
To the full atonement made,
To the utmoſt ranſom paid:
And, if mine, thro' him thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

JESUS, anſwer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bleſs me, whilſt on thee I call:
Am I thine, thou Son of GOD?
Take the purchaſe of thy blood.

6 Father, ſee the victim ſlain,
Offer'd up for guilty men:
Hear his blood prevailing cry;
Let thy bowels then reply!
Then thro' him the ſinner ſee;
Then, in JESUS, look on me!

77 C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION, Miſſionary 259. Cambridge New 74. Follett 18.

Efficacious Grace, Pſalm xlv, 3, 5.

1 HAIL! mighty JESUS! how divine
Is thy victorious ſword!
The ſtouteſt rebel muſt reſign
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
They pierce the hardeſt heart;
Thy ſmiles of grace the ſlain revive,
And joy ſucceeds to ſmart.

3 Still gird thy ſword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majeſtic ſway:
Go forth, ſweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete;
When all the choſen race
Shall, round the throne of glory, meet
To ſing thy conquering grace;

5 O may my humble ſoul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praiſe will ſound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

78 L. M.

Kingſbridge 88. New Sabbath 122.

The Converſion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1—10.

1 ONCE, as the Saviour paſs'd along,
Zaccheus fain the LORD would ſee;
Of ſtature ſmall, to 'ſcape the throng,
He ran before and climb'd a tree.

2 As the omniſcient Lord drew nigh,
Upward he look'd and ſaw him there;
"Zaccheus, haſten down, for I
"Muſt be thy gueſt to-day; prepare.

" To-day," the pardoning Saviour cries,
" Salvation to thy houſe is come,
" On wings of ſov'reign love it flies;
" Go, tell the bliſsful news at home."

LORD, look on ſouls that gaze around;
To every liſtening ſinner ſpeak;
Now may thy ancient love abound;
From every ſeat a captive take.

Sinners, make haſte our GOD to meet;
Come to the feaſt his love prepares;
" The loſt are ſought and ſav'd",—how ſweet!
And " not the righteous," CHRIST declares.

Say, what are you come out to view;
JESUS who once for ſinners died?
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
" Caſt ſinful righteous ſelf aſide."

LORD, wilt thou ſtoop to be my gueſt?
Doſt thou invite thee to my home?
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breaſt,
To-day let thy ſalvation come.

79 C. M.

New York 33. Hammond 226. Staughton 264.

The Loſt Sheep found; or, Joy in Heaven on the Converſion of a Sinner. Luke xv. 3, 4.

WHEN ſome kind ſhepherd from his fold
Has loſt a ſtraying ſheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's ſteep:

But O the joy! the tranſport ſweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his ſhoulder binds.

3 Homeward he haſtes to tell his joys,
And make his bliſs complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful ſhepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one ſinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His ſins and errors mourns!

5 Pleas'd with the news, the ſaints below
In ſongs their tongues employ;
Beyond the ſkies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6 Well-pleas'd, the Father ſees and hears
The conſcious ſinner weep;
JESUS receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his ſheep:

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"A wandering ſheep's return'd," they ſing,
And ſtrike the ſounding lyre.

80 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Wantage 204. Bangor 231.

The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

1 AS on the croſs the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd ſalvation on a wretch
That languiſh'd at his ſide.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and ſhame,
The penitent confeſs'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to CHRIST,
And thus his prayer addreſs'd:

" JESUS, thou Son and heir of heaven!
" Thou ſpotleſs Lamb of GOD!
" I ſee thee bath'd in ſweat and tears,
" And welt'ring in thy blood.

" Yet quickly, from theſe ſcenes of woe,
" In triumph thou ſhalt riſe,
" Burſt thro' the gloomy ſhades of death,
" And ſhine above the ſkies.

" Amid the glories of that world,
" Dear Saviour! think on me.
" And in the vict'ries of thy death
" Let me a ſharer be."

His prayer the dying JESUS hears,
And inſtantly replies
" To-day thy 'parting ſoul ſhall be
" With me in Paradiſe."

81 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New Eagle Street 55. Ryland 48.

tal Union to Chriſt in Regeneration, 1 Cor. vi. 17.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlaſting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would reſign,
Our ſouls are in thy hands.

To thee we ſtill would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us CHRIST to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit ſhall unite
Our ſouls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our ſouls divide
From theſe abodes of clay:
But love ſhall keep us near thy ſide
Thro' all the gloomy way.

5 Since CHRIST and we are one,
Why ſhould we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

82 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Rochford 22. Langdon 217.

Praiſe to God for renewing Grace.

1 TO God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my ſoul her tribute bring:
Join me, ye ſaints, in ſongs of praiſe,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpleſs once I lay,
Juſt breathing all my life away;
He ſaw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a GOD:

3 With ſpeed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and ſooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 Theſe proofs of love, my deareſt LORD!
Deep in my breaſt I will record:
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue ſhall tune thy praiſe,
Thro' the remainder of my days:
And, when I join the powers above,
My ſoul ſhall better ſing thy love.

83 L. M.

Bab.-Streams 23. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

Human Righteouſneſs inſufficient to juſtify. Mic. vi. 6-8.

WHerewith, O Lord, ſhall I draw near,
Or bow myſelf before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What ſhall I bring to gain thy grace?

Will gifts delight the LORD moſt High?
Will multiply'd oblations pleaſe?
Thouſands of rams his favour buy?
Or ſlaughter'd millions e'er appeaſe?—

Can theſe aſſuage the wrath of GOD?
Can theſe waſh out my guilty ſtain?
Rivers of oil, or ſeas of blood?—
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain.

What have I then wherein to truſt?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boaſt,
My glory ſwallow'd up in ſhame.

Guilty, I ſtand before thy face;
My ſole deſert is hell and wrath:
'Twere juſt the ſentence ſhould take place;—
But O, I plead my Saviour's death!

I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for ſinners on the tree;
I plead his righteouſneſs alone:
O put the ſpotleſs robe on me.

84 L. M.

Leeds 19. Lewton 30.

Imputed Righteouſneſs, Jer. xxiii. 6. Iſa. xlv. 24.

JESUS, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds, in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the duſt of death, I riſe
To take my manſion in the ſkies;
E'en then ſhall this be all my plea,
"JESUS hath liv'd and dy'd for me."
Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge ſhall lay?
While, thro' thy blood, abſolv'd I am
From ſin's tremendous curſe and ſhame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of GOD,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, LORD, thy baniſh'd ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
JESUS, the Lord, our righteouſneſs.

85 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.
New Haven 248. Hoxton 121.
The pardoning God, Micah vii. 18.

1 GREAT GOD of Wonders! all thy ways
Are matchleſs, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd ſhine:
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

2 Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to ſpare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honour ſhare:
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

Angels and men reſign their claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
Theſe glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

In wonder loſt, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our GOD,
Pardon for crimes of deepeſt dye;
A pardon ſeal'd with JESUS' blood:
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

O may this ſtrange, this matchleſs grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praiſe,
And all the angelic choirs above.
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

86 C. M. STEELE.

Ludlow 84. Brighthelmſtone 208.
Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hoſ. xiv. 4.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the LORD;
How oft' my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

Yet, ſov'reign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear LORD, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

And canſt thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And ſhall a pardon'd rebel live
To ſpeak thy wond'rous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliſs reſtore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, ſo free, ſo ſweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy ſacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

87 L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Milbank 113. New Sabbath 122. Lewton 30.

Divine Forgiveneſs. Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful ſound
To malefactors doom'd to die:
Publiſh the bliſs the world around;
Ye ſeraphs, ſhout it from the ſky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-meaſuring every crime:
Unclouded ſhall its glories ſhine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er ſins unnumber'd as the ſand,
And like the mountains for their ſize,
The ſeas of ſovereign grace expand,
The ſeas of ſovereign grace ariſe.

4 For this ſtupendous love of heaven
What grateful honours ſhall we ſhow?
Where much tranſgreſſion is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardours glow:

5 By this inſpir'd, let all our days
With various holineſs be crown'd;
Let truth and goodneſs, prayer and praiſe,
In all abide, in all abound.

88 S. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Wirksworth 158. Broderip's 252.

Confession and Pardon, 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 13.

1 MY sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint,

2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

4 Oh, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all;
And weep, and love, and die.

6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise!
"Behold my wounded veins!
"Here flows a sacred crimson flood
"To wash away thy stains."

7 See God, is reconcil'd!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

89 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Pardon ſpoken by Chriſt, Mat. ix. 2.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmeſt powers ſhall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle ſmiles call me thy child,
And ſpeak my ſins forgiv'n;
The accents mild ſhall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand ſhall lead,
The darkeſt path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit theſe mortal ſhores,
And mingle with the dead.

5 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which ſcatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life beſtow.

90 L. M. Stogdon.

Virginia 234. Kingſbridge 88.

God ready to forgive; or, Deſpair ſinful.

1 WHAT mean theſe jealouſies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to ſave,
Or lov'd to ſee us drench'd in tears,
Or ſink with ſorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want ſlaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep deſpairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the ſins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimſon morn,
IMMANUEL's blood will make them white
As ſnow thro' the pure æther borne.

LORD, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms ſurpriſe;—
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A moſt amazing ſacrifice?

"I've found a ranſom," ſaith the LORD,
"No humble penitent ſhall die:"
LORD, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

91 8, 6, 8. CRUTTENDEN.
Ewell 80. Francis 200. Weſton Favell 27.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3.

LET others boaſt their ancient line,
In long ſucceſſion great;
In the proud liſt, let heroes ſhine,
And monarchs ſwell the ſtate;
Deſcended from the King of King's,
Each ſaint a nobler title ſings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious GOD! thy ſon,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied riſe,
And loſe their luſtre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obſcure, I paſs my days,
To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child ſhall raiſe,
And ſeat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well-pleas'd with thoſe beyond the grave.

4 JESUS, my elder brother, lives;
With him I too ſhall reign:
Nor ſin, nor death, while he ſurvives,
Shall make the promiſe vain:
In him my title ſtands ſecure,
And ſhall, while endleſs years endure:

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my ſoul, ſhalt ſhine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day:
Bleſs'd Saviour, haſte, and come away.

92 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Braintree 25. Stamford 9.

Abba, Father, Gal. iv. 6.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raiſe its head,
Diſdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, GOD! how ſweet the ſound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could ſo delight the ear.

3 Come ſacred Spirit, ſeal the name,
On my expanding heart;
And ſhew that in Jehovah's grace
I ſhare a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a ſignal ſo divine,
Unwavering I believe?
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the ſign deceive.

93 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Otford 106. Follett 181.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Tranſported fall before his feet
Who makes the priſoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of ſin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain;
Smiling he deals thoſe pardons round
Which free from endleſs pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We loſe the terrors of the ſlave,
And Abba, Father! cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and ſing his grace;
The ſinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to ſeek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your father's houſe above;
There ſhall you wear immortal crowns,
And ſing immortal love.

94 7s. Humphreys.

Georgia 192. Turin 244.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

1 BLESSED are the ſons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ranſom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

2 God did love them, in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the ſeal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe:
With them, &c.

3 They are juſtify'd by grace,
They enjoy a ſolid peace;
All their ſins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in God's great day:
With them, &c,

4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteouſneſs!
Born of God, they hate all ſin,
God's pure ſeed remains within:
With them, &c.

5 They have fellowſhip with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

6 Tho' they ſuffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleaſures which can never cloy:
With them, &c.

7 They alone are truly bleſt—
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd;
They are, by his Spirit, ſeal'd:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

95 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Chriſtians the Sons of God. John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boaſt the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As thoſe who bear the Chriſtian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the ſons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the ſky.

3 [On them, a happy choſen race,
Their Father pours his richeſt grace:
To them his counſels he imparts,
Aud ſtamps his image on their hearts.

4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
His pity and his love engage:
He claſps them in his arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.]

5 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whiſpers inſtruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

6 When, thro' temptation, they rebel,
His chaſt'ning rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He ſoothes the pain and heals the ſmart.

7 Their daily wants his hands ſupply,
Their ſteps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift beſtow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too.

9 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilſt all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeneſs in my face.

96 S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Harborough 142. Simons 250.

Communion with God and Chriſt. 1 John i. 5.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendſhip ſhall be ſweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our ſouls,
And wiſe to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are;
What various ſtores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bleſs thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmeſt love!
'Till the communion be complete
In nobler ſcenes above.

97 L. M. Brunout.

Ulverſton 179. Rippon's 188.

Deſiring Communion with God.

1 MY riſing ſoul, with ſtrong deſires,
To perfect happineſs aſpires,
With ſteady ſteps would tread the road
That leads to Heaven—that leads to GOD.

2 I thirſt to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above:
My deareſt LORD, I long to be
Empty'd of ſin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn:
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the firſt to ſay,
Thou wilt not hear when ſinners pray.

98 C. M. COWPER.

Ludlow 84. Condeſcenſion 116.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24

1 O FOR a cloſer walk with GOD,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew
When firſt I ſaw the LORD?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of JESUS, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How ſweet their memory ſtill!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove! return
Sweet meſſenger of reſt!
I hate the ſins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5 The deareſt idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with GOD,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

99 C. M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.

Worksop 31. Wantage 204.

O that I knew where I might find him;—Sins and Sorrows laid before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.

1 O THAT I knew the ſecret place,
Where I might find my GOD!
I'd ſpread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my ſins ariſe,
What ſorrows I ſuſtain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wreſtle with my GOD;
I'd plead, for his own mercy's ſake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My GOD will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans.

5 Ariſe, my ſoul, from deep diſtreſs,
And baniſh every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To ſpread thy ſorrows there.

100 C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.
Abridge 201. Elenborough 170.
Sanctification and Pardon.

1 WHERE ſhall we ſinners hide our heads;
Can rocks or mountains ſave?
Or ſhall we wrap us in the ſhades
Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no ſhelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Thoſe guardian drops our ſouls ſecure,
And waſh away our ſin;
Eternal juſtice frowns no more,
And conſcience ſmiles within.

4 We bleſs that wond'rous purple ſtream
That cleanſes every ſtain;
Yet are our ſouls but half redeem'd
If ſin, the tyrant, reign.

5 Lord, blaſt his empire with thy breath!
That curſed throne muſt fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate ye all.

101 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Mark's 65. Bowden 78.
Abundant Life by Chriſt our Shepherd, John x. 10.

1 PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on ſo kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.

2 Hail, great Immanuel, from above!
High ſeated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent down,—
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.

3 Scarce half alive we ſigh and cry,
Scarce raiſe to thee our languid eye;
Kind Saviour, let our dying ſtate
Compaſſion in thy heart create.

4 The ſhepherd's blood the ſheep muſt heal;
O may we all its influence feel!
'Till inward deep experience ſhow,
CHRIST can begin a heav'n below.

102 S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Simons 250. Broderip's 252.

The Leper healed; or, Sanctification implored.
Matt. viii. 2, 3.

1 BEHOLD the lep'rous Jew,
Oppreſs'd with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at JESUS' feet
For pity and relief.

2 "O ſpeak the word," he cries,
"And heal me of my pain:
"LORD, thou art able, if thou wilt,
"To make a leper clean."

3 Compaſſion moves his heart:
He ſpeaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his ſtrength return,
And all his ſickneſs cur'd.

4 To thee, dear LORD, I look,
Sick of a worſe diſeaſe:
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me eaſe.

5 But thy Almighty grace
Can heal my lep'rous ſoul:
O bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

103 S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Hopkins 157. Kibworth 249.

The Security of Chriſt's Sheep, John x. 27—29.

1 MY ſoul, with joy attend,
While Jesus ſilence breaks;
No angel's harp ſuch muſic yields,
As what my ſhepherd ſpeaks.

2 "I know my ſheep," he cries,
"My ſoul approves them well:
"Vain is the treacherous world's diſguiſe,
"And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
"With tokens of my love;
"But richer paſtures I prepare,
"And ſweeter ſtreams, above.

4 "Unnumber'd years of bliſs
"I to my ſheep will give;
"And, while my throne unſhaken ſtands,
"Shall all my choſen live.

5 "This try'd Almighty hand
"Is rais'd for their defence:
"Where is the power ſhall reach them there?
"Or, what ſhall force them thence?"

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promiſe live,
Can on this promiſe die.

104 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Angels Hymn 60. Green's Hundred 89.

Noah preſerved in the Ark, and the Believer in Chriſt, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

1 THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous ſtreams it fell!

Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And ſwept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the talleſt ſons of pride
Fled from the cloſe-purſuing wave;
Nor could their mightieſt towers defend,
Nor ſwiftneſs 'ſcape, nor courage ſave.

4 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How ſhrill the univerſal cry
Of millions, in the laſt deſpair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring ſky!

4 Yet Noah, humble happy ſaint!
Surrounded with a choſen few,
Sat in his ark, ſecure from fear,
And ſang the grace that ſteer'd him thro'.

5 So may I ſing, in JESUS ſafe,
While ſtorms of vengeance round me fall;
Conſcious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what ſhakes this earthly ball.

6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that ſure retreat;
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer ſeat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is ſeen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endleſs life to all their ſouls.

105 C. M. F——.

Bedford 91. Brighthelmſtone 208.

Perſeverance, Pſalm cxix. 117.

1 LORD, haſt thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me ſuch ſupplies of grace,
That I may preſevere.

2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Suſtain a feeble worm,
I ſhall eſcape, ſecure from harm,
Amid the dreadful ſtorm.

3 Be thou my all-ſufficient friend,
Till all my toils ſhall ceaſe;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlaſting peace.

106 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Kingſbridge 88. Ulverſton 179.

Perſeverance deſired.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou haſt redeem'd me with thy blood;
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.

2 But ah! ſhould my inconſtant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For ſuch ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the ſhame, I deprecate:
And yet, ſo mighty are my foes,
I dare not truſt my warmeſt vows.

4 Pity my frailty, deareſt Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O ſteel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So ſhall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears:
So ſhall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Chriſtian name.

107 5. 6. TOPLADY.
Horſington 219. Winwick 75.

The Method of Salvation.

1 THEE, Father! we bleſs,
Whoſe diſtinguiſhing grace
Selected a people to ſhew forth thy praiſe:
Nor is thy love known
By election alone;
For, O! thou haſt added the gift of thy Son.

2 The goodneſs in vain
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ranſom for men.
Great SURETY of thine,
Thou didſt not decline
To concur with the Father's moſt gracious deſign.

3 To JESUS, our friend,
Our thanks ſhall aſcend;
Who ſaves to the utmoſt, and loves to the end.
Our ranſom he paid!
In his merit array'd
We attain to the glory for which we were made.

4 Sweet Spirit of grace!
Thy mercy we bleſs
For thy eminent ſhare in the council of peace:
Great Agent divine,
To reſtore us is thine,
And cauſe us afreſh in thy likeneſs to ſhine.

5 O GOD, 'tis thy part
To convince and convert;
To give a new life, and create a new heart:
By thy preſence and grace
We're upheld in our race,
And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

FATHER, SPIRIT, and SON,
Agree thus in one,
The ſalvation of thoſe he has mark'd for his own;
Let us, too, agree
To glorify THEE,—
Thou ineffable ONE, thou adorable THREE

108 8. 7. 4.
Lewes 63 Helmſley 223.
Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 JESUS is our great ſalvation,
Worthy of our beſt eſteem!
He has ſav'd his favourite nation;
Join to ſing aloud to him:
He has ſav'd us,
CHRIST alone could us redeem.

2 When involv'd in ſin and ruin,
And no helper there was found;
JESUS our diſtreſs was viewing;
Grace did more than ſin abound:
He has call'd us,
With ſalvation in the ſound.

3 Save us, from a mere profeſſion!
Save us from hypocriſy;
Give us, LORD, the ſweet poſſeſſion
Of thy righteouſneſs and thee:
Beſt of favours!
None compar'd with this can be.

4 Let us never, LORD, forget thee:
Make us walk as pilgrim's here:
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near:
Bid us praiſe thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:

Saints are kept from final falling:
All the glory, LORD, be thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, LORD, is thine.

109 C. M.

Aſhley 152. Great Milton 212.

Complete Salvation.

1 SALVATION, thro' our dying GOD,
Shall ſurely be complete *;
He paid what'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.

2 He ſends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Diſplays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, ſubdues our foes,
And ſhews our ſins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderneſs,
And brings us ſafe to heaven.

4 Salvation now ſhall be my ſtay:
"A ſinner ſav'd," I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

110 11. 8. K——.

Calne 69: Pithay 191.

Diſtinguiſhing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 IN ſongs of ſublime adoration and praiſe,
Ye pilgrims! for Sion who preſs,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and diſtinguiſhing grace.

* Chriſt has made a *complete* atonement for his people; in *that* ſenſe *his* work is finiſhed:—The work of the Spirit, which at preſent, in ſome of the ſaints, is only *begun*, in due time ſhall be completed alſo.

2 His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and diſcovered its flame
When each with the cords of his kindneſs he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the ſtate you were in,
Your boſoms his love had ne'er felt: [in ſin,
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd, too,
And ſunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit eſteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even ſo, Father!" you ever muſt ſing,
"Becauſe it ſeem'd good in thy ſight."

5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey!
While others were ſuffered to go
The road which by nature we choſe as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy ſtill to ſound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your ſongs.

III (Firſt Part.) C: M.

Iriſh 171. Cambridge New 74.

By the Grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 8.

1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy ſovereign grace
That all my bleſſings flow;
Whate'er I am, or do poſſeſs,
I to thy mercy owe.

2 'Tis this my powerful luſts controls,
And pardons all my ſin;
Spreads life and comfort thro' my ſoul,
And makes my nature clean.

3 'Tis this upholds me whilſt I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thouſand ſaints receive
Their all, as well as I.

4 How full muſt be the ſprings, from whence
Such various ſtreams proceed!
The paſture cannot but be rich,
On which ſo many feed.

111 (Second Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Price's 187. Lowell 260.

Salvation by Grace from the firſt to the laſt.

Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd the way
To ſave rebellious man;
And all the ſteps *that* grace diſplay
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 [Grace firſt inſcrib'd my name
In GOD's eternal book:
T'was grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my ſorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new ſupplies, each hour, I meet
While preſſing on to GOD.

5 [Grace taught my ſoul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Thro' everlaſting days;
It lays in heaven the topmoſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

112 C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Waybridge 92. Sprague 166.

God glorious and Sinners ſaved. Iſaiah xliv. 23.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.

2 [Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ;
They ſhow the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.]

3 But, when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms,

4 Our thoughts are loſt in reverend awe,—
We love, and we adore;
The firſt arch-angel never ſaw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

6 [When ſinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear myſteries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!]

7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

8 Oh may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

113 C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Grove Houſe 143. Hammond 226.

O Lord, ſay unto my ſoul, 'I am thy ſalvation.'
Pſalm xxxv. 3.

1 SALVATION!—Oh, melodious ſound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Reſcu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradiſe of bliſs,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewilder'd ſoul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Preſume to raiſe a trembling eye
To bleſſings ſo divine?

4 The luſtre of ſo bright a bliſs
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almoſt perverts
The promiſe into tears.

5 My Saviour GOD, no voice but thine
Theſe dying hopes can raiſe:
Speak thy ſalvation to my ſoul,
And turn my prayer to praiſe.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES*.

114 (Firſt Part.) L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Paul's 246. Ulverſton 149. Gould's 272.

God reaſoning with Men. Iſaiah i. 18.

1 "COME, ſinners," ſaith the mighty GOD,
"Heinous as all your crimes have been,
"Lo! I deſcend from mine abode
"To reaſon with the ſons of men.

2 "No clouds of darkneſs veil my face,
"No vengeful lightnings flaſh around:
"I come with terms of life and peace;
"Where ſin hath reign'd, let grace abound."

3 Yes, LORD, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious ſceptre bow;
Oh make our crimſon ſins like wool,
Our ſcarlet crimes as white as ſnow.

4 So ſhall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praiſes with a tuneful voice,
While, humbly proſtrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

114 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Manning 245. Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my face. Pſalm xxvii. 8.

1 JEHOVAH ſpeaks, "Seek ye my face!"
My ſoul admires the wondrous grace.
I'll ſeek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O let me ſee thy face and live. 64

* The ſection of Hymns, entitled *Scripture Invitations*, is now enlarged, principally on account of VILLAGE WORSHIP.

2 I'll wait; perhaps my LORD may come;
(If I turn back, how ſad my doom!)
And, begging, in his way I'll lie
Till the ſweet hour he paſſeth by.

3 Daily I'll ſeek with cries and tears,
With ſecret ſighs, and fervent pray'rs;
And, if not heard—I'll weeping ſit,
And periſh at the Saviours feet.

4 But canſt thou, LORD! ſee all my pain,
And bid me ſeek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canſt not, me deceive,—
The ſoul that ſeeks thy face *ſhall* live.

115 (Firſt Part.) 8, 7, 4.

Helmſley 223. Jordan 81.

Come and welcome to Jeſus Chriſt. Iſaiah lv. 1.

1 COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore!
JESUS ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirſty! come, and welcome;
GOD's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger;
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the *fitneſs* he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him;
This he gives you:
'Tis his Spirit's riſing beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Loſt and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners JESUS came to call.

5 View him proſtrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is FINISHED!"
Sinner, will not *this* ſuffice?

6 Lo, th'incarnate GOD aſcended
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other truſt intrude;
None but JESUS
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the lamb;
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners *here* may ſing the ſame.

115 (Second Part.) 8. 7. 4. Mr. FOUNTAIN, (one of the Miſſionaries in Bengal.)

Helmſley 223. Painſwick 162.

The Goſpel meſſage; or, *reconciliation to God.*

1 SINNERS, you are now addreſſed
In the name of CHRIST our LORD;
He hath ſent a meſſage to you,
Pay attention to his word;
He hath ſent it,
Pay attention to his word.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been;
You have ſpent your lives in nothing
But in adding ſin to ſin:
All your actions
One continued ſcene of ſin.

3 Yet your long-abuſed Sovereign
Sends to you a meſſage mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconcil'd;
Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconcil'd.

4 Pardon, now, is freely publiſh'd
Thro' a Mediator's blood;
Who hath dy'd, to make atonement
And appeaſe the wrath of GOD!
Wondrous mercy!
See, It flows through JESUS' blood!

5 In his name, you are entreated
To accept this Act of grace;
This the day of your acceptance,
Liſten to the terms of peace:
O delay not,
Liſten to the terms of peace.

6 Having thus, then, heard the meſſage,
All with Heav'nly mercy fraught;
Go and tell the gracious JESUS
If you will be ſav'd or not:
Say, poor ſinner,
Will you now be ſav'd or not?

[May be ſung to Trowbridge 21, by omitting the Chorus of each Verſe.]

116 (First Part.) C. M. FAWCETT.

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Let the Wicked forsake his Way, &c. Isaiah lv. 7.

1 SINNERS, the voice of GOD regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sins destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he, that turns to GOD, shall live
Thro' his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign LORD,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a GOD;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

116 (Second Part.) L. M.

Ulverſton 179. Marks 65. Bredby 165.

The Angels haſtened Lot, Gen. xix. 15.
I made haſte, *and delayed not*, Pſal. cxix. 6

1 HASTEN, O ſinner, *to be wiſe*,
And ſtay not for the morrow's ſun;
The longer wiſdom you deſpiſe,
The harder is ſhe to be won.

2 O haſten, *mercy to implore*,
And ſtay not for the morrow's ſun;
For fear thy ſeaſon ſhould be o'er
Before this evening's ſtage be run.

3 O haſten, ſinner, *to return*,
And ſtay not for the morrow's ſun,
For fear thy lamp ſhould fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O haſten, ſinner, *to be bleſt*,
And ſtay not for the morrow's ſun,
For fear the curſe ſhould thee arreſt,
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O LORD, do thou the ſinner turn!
Now rouſe him from his ſenſeleſs ſtate!
O let him not thy counſel ſpurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

117 L. M. STEELE.

Kingſbridge 88. Ulverſton 179. Gould's 27

Weary Souls invited to Reſt. Matt. xi. 28.

1 COME, weary ſouls, with ſins diſtreſt,
Come, and accept the promis'd reſt;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come, and ſpread your woes abroad;
Divine compaſſion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows
To cleanſe your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endleſs peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 LORD, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And ſweetly influence every breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

118 148th.

Eagle Street 16. Bethesda 112.

Yet there is Room. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE dying ſons of men,
Immerg'd in ſin and woe,
The goſpel's voice attend,
While JESUS ſends to you:
Ye periſhing and guilty, come,
In JESUS' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuſes frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, ſinner, come:
For every trembling ſoul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His meſſengers proclaim;
He is a gracious LORD,
And faithful is his name:

Backſliding ſouls, return and come,
Caſt off deſpair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring ſheep, draw near;
CHRIST calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whoſoever will now come:
In mercy's breaſt there ſtill is room.

119 7's.

Hotham 224. Bath Abbey 147.

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, ſinner's friend!
What a feaſt doſt thou prepare,
And what invitations ſend!
Now fulfil thy great deſign,
Who didſt firſt the meſſage bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

2 Ruſhing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulſion need
Glory to forſake, and GOD;
See they run with rapid ſpeed:
Draw them back by love divine;
With thy grace their ſpirits win:
Every heart, &c.

3 Thus their willing ſouls compel,
Thus their happy minds conſtrain
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to GOD, and grace again;
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once outſtretch'd to bleed for ſin:
Every heart to thee incline;
Now compel them to come in.

120 C. M. STEELE.

Huddersfield 202. Wiltſhire 110. Miſſionary 257.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

1 THE SAVIOUR calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls, diſmiſs your fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For every thirſty longing heart,
Here ſtreams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliſs impart
To baniſh mortal woe.

3 Here ſprings of ſacred pleaſure riſe
To eaſe your every pain:
(Immortal fountain! full ſupplies!)
Nor ſhall you thirſt in vain.

4 Ye ſinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let ſinners fly,
And take the bliſs thy love imparts;
And drink, and never die.

121 (Firſt Part.) 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150. Weſtbury-Leigh 278.

Whoſoever will, let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.

1 YE ſcarlet-colour'd ſinners, come;
JESUS, the LORD, invites you home;
O whither can you go?
What! are your crimes of crimſon hue?
His promiſe is for ever true;
He'll waſh you white as ſnow.

2 Backſliders, fill'd with your own ways,
Whoſe weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterneſs are ſpent,
Return to JESUS; he'll reveal
His lovely face, and ſweetly heal
What you ſo much lament.

3 Tried ſouls! look up—he ſays, 'Tis I—
He loves you ſtill, but means to try
If faith will bear the teſt:
The LORD has giv'n the chiefeſt good,—
He ſhed for you his precious blood;
O truſt him for the reſt!

4 Ye tender ſouls, draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;---
Preſs on, the LORD hath more to give:
By faith upon him daily live,
And you ſhall find it ſo.

121 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Miſſionary 257.

The invitation of Wiſdom.

1 LO! Wiſdom ſtands with ſmiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can reſiſt the wondrous grace,
And ſlight her pow'rful charms.

2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our ſight
Riches which ſhall endure;
Not ſparkling rubies half ſo bright,
Not fineſt gold ſo pure.

3 Eternal pleaſures fill her train,
Pleaſures which never cloy;
"Come, drink of bliſs unmix'd with pain,
"And taſte celeſtial joy."

Immortal crowns ſhe now diſplays,
And thrones beyond the ſkies;
Accept her bleſſings while ſhe ſtays,
And ſeize the glorious prize.

121 (Third Part) L M.

Ulverſton 179 Portugal 97.

The invitation of Wiſdom accepted. Rev. iii. 17.

1 I HEAR the counſel of a friend,
And to his ſoothing voice attend;
"Come, ſinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
"Come, buy, from my unbounded ſtore.

2 "I only aſk you to receive,
"For freely I my bleſſings give;"—
JESUS! and are thy bleſſings free?
Then I may dare to come to thee.

3 I come for grace, like gold refin'd,
T'enrich and beautify my mind;
Grace that will trials well endure,
And in the furnace grow more pure.

4 Naked, I come for that bright dreſs,
Thy perfect ſpotleſs righteouſneſs;
That glorious robe, ſo richly dy'd
In thine own blood, my ſhame to hide.

5 Like Bartimeus, now to thee
I come, and pray that I may ſee.
Ev'n clay is eye-ſalve in thy hand,
If thou the bleſſing but command.

6 Here, wretched, poor, and blind, I came;
O let me not return the ſame;
Let me depart, all-gracious LORD!
Happy, enrich'd, to ſight reſtor'd.

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Whoſe weeping nights and wretched days
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Ev'n clay is eye-ſalve in thy hand,
If thou the bleſſing but command.

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O let me not return the ſame;
Let me depart, all-gracious LORD!
Happy, enrich'd, to ſight reſtor'd.

122 L. M. Beddome.

Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

The First Promise. Gen. iii. 15.

1 WHEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd
Adam, our head and parent, fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.

2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy thro' his Son.

3 Serpent, accurs'd, thy sentence read:
"Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel;
"The woman's seed shall break thy head,
"Thy malice faintly bruise his heel."

4 Thus God declares; and Christ descends,
Assumes a mortal form, and dies;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.

5 Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes:
His power the Prince of Darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

123 L. M. Fawcett.

Lebanon 79. Islington 40.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are ſtrong;
And, if the conflict ſhould be long,
Thy LORD will make the tempter flee:
For, as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

Should perſecution rage and flame,
Still truſt in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou ſhalt ſee
That, as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

When call'd to bear the weighty croſs,
Or ſore affliction, pain, or loſs,
Or deep diſtreſs, or poverty—
Still, as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

When ghaſtly death appears in view,
CHRIST's preſence ſhall thy fears ſubdue:
He comes to ſet thy ſpirit free;
And, as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

124 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Fear not, for I am with thee. Iſaiah xli. 10.

AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
To diſſipate our fear?
Doſt thou proclaim thyſelf our GOD,
Our GOD for ever near?

Doſt thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble ſaints?
And in ſuch friendly accents ſpeak
To ſoothe their ſad complaints?

Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes,
While ſuch a voice we hear?
Why riſe our ſorrows and our fears,
While ſuch a friend is near?

To all thine other favours, add
A heart to truſt thy word;
And death itſelf ſhall hear us ſing,
While reſting on the LORD.

125 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Maidſtone 196. Sprague 166.

My Grace is ſufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii.

1 KIND are the words that JESUS ſpeaks
To cheer the drooping ſaint;
" My grace ſufficient is for you,
" Tho' nature's powers may faint.

2 " My grace its glories ſhall diſplay,
" And make your griefs remove;
" Your weakneſs ſhall the triumphs tell
" Of boundleſs power and love.

3 What, tho' my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why ſhould I deſpair?
While my kind Saviour's arms ſupport,
I can the burden bear.

4 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis good to truſt thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulneſs, and love,
Will ever be the ſame.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace
I all things can perform;
And, ſmiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging ſtorm.

126 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New York 32. Devizes 14.

My God ſhall ſupply all your need. Phil. iv. 19,

1 MY GOD!—how cheerful is the ſound
How pleaſant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleaſure bound,
Where GOD hath fix'd his ſeat.

2 What want ſhall not our GOD ſupply
From his redundant ſtores?
What ſtreams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!

rom CHRIST, the ever-living ſpring,
Theſe ample bleſſings flow:
repare, my lips, his name to ſing,
Whoſe heart has lov'd us ſo.

ow, to our Father and our GOD,
Be endleſs glory given,
hro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the higheſt heaven.

127 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Arlington 17. Hammond 226.

not; it is your Father's good Pleaſure to give you the Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

E little flock, whom JESUS feeds,
Diſmiſs your anxious cares;
ook to the ſhepherd of your ſouls,
And ſmile away your fears.

ho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His ſtaff is your defence:
idſt ſands and rocks, your ſhepherd's voice
Calls ſtreams and paſtures thence.

our Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
is feebleſt child his love ſhall call
To triumph in his ſight.

'en thouſand praiſes, LORD, we bring,
For ſure ſupports like theſe:
nd, o'er the pious dead, we ſing
Thy living promiſes.

or all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bleſs a Saviour's name:
or ſhall that ſtroke diſturb the ſong
Which breaks this mortal frame.] 71

128 11s. K——.

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Exceeding great and precious promiſes. 2 Pet. i.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye ſaints of the Lo
Is laid for your faith in his excellent wo
What more can he ſay than to you he hath
You who unto JESUS for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition,—in ſickneſs, in heal
In Poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the
"As thy days may demand, ſhall thy ſtreng
"ever be.

3 "Fear not I am with thee, O be not diſma
"I, I am thy GOD, and will ſtill give thee
"I'll ſtrengthen thee, help thee, and cauſe
"to ſtand,
"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand

4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to
"The rivers of woe ſhall not thee overflow;
"For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bl
"And ſanctify to thee thy deepeſt diſtreſs.

5 "When thro' fiery trials thy path-way ſhall
"My grace all-ſufficient ſhall be thy ſupply;
"The flame ſhall not hurt thee; I only de
"Thy droſs to conſume, and thy gold to re

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people ſhall pr
"My ſovereign, eternal, unchangeable lo
"And when hoary hairs ſhall their temples a
"Like lambs they ſhall ſtill in my boſom be bo

7 "The ſoul that on JESUS hath lean'd for re
"*I will not, I will not*, deſert to his foes;
"That ſoul, tho' all hell ſhould endeavour to ſh
"*I'll never*, no *never*, no *never forſake!*"

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Tranſlation of Heb. xi

CHRIST.

129 (First Part) C. M.

ridge 201. Bedford 91. Cambridge new 74.

The Divinity of Christ.

THEE we adore, Eternal Word!
The FATHER's equal SON;
y Heaven's obedient Hosts ador'd,
E'er time its course begun.

he first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
or not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.

ut, ransom'd sinners, with delight,
Sublimer facts survey,—
he All-creating WORD unites
Himself to dust and clay.

ee the Redeemer cloth'd in flesh,
And ask the reason "Why?"
he answer fills my soul afresh,—
"To suffer, bleed, and die!"

reation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form;
Man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

he LORD of Glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
ustice the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish, too.—

OD over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;

And thus, to ſouls with ſin diſtreſt,
Eternal bliſs enſures.

8 What wonders in thy perſon meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

129 (Second Part) C. M. Medley.
Iriſh 171. Arlington 17.

The Incarnation of Chriſt. Luke ii. 14,

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the ſolemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auſpicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous ſong began,
And ſweet ſeraphic fire
Thro' all the ſhining legions ran,
And ſtrung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift thro' the vaſt expanſe it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the ſong, the joy was new,
'Twas more than Heaven could hold.

4 Down thro the portals of the ſky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 [Wrapt in the ſilence of the night
Lay all the eaſtern world,
When burſting, glorious, heavenly light
The wond'rous ſcene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark! the cherubic armies ſhout,
And glory leads the ſong;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

[O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and ſongs to raiſe,
Sweetly to bear our ſouls above,
And mingle with their lays!]

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to GOD on high!
" Good will and peace are now complete;
" JESUS was born to die."

Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend
Tho' earth, and time, and life, ſhould fail,
Thy praiſe ſhall never end.

130 7s. J. C. W.
Georgia 192. Hart's 221.

The Song of the Angels.

1 HARK, the herald angels ſing,
" Glory to the new-born King;
" Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
" GOD and ſinners reconcil'd."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumph of the ſkies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs!

3 [Mild he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raiſe the ſons of earth;
Born, to give them ſecond birth.]

4 Come, deſire of nations! come,
Fix in us thy humble home:
Riſe, the woman's promis'd ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem ſing,
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
"God and ſinners reconcil'd!"

131 C. M. Steele.

Charleſton 195. Sprague 166.

The Incarnation. John. i. 14.

1 AWAKE, awake the ſacred ſong
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' eternal word.

2 That awful word, that ſovereign power
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn, illuſtrious hour!)
Was once in fleſh array'd!

3 Then ſhone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with ſinful worms.

4 To dwell with miſery below,
The Saviour left the ſkies;
And ſunk to wretchedneſs and woe,
That worthleſs man might riſe.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their ſongs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worſhip pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we ſing as angels do,
Our higheſt praiſe were poor.

132 8. 7. 4. ROBINSON.

Lewes 63. Painſwick 162.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 MIGHTY GOD! while angels bleſs thee,
May an infant liſp thy name?
LORD of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy juſt and lawful praiſe. Hal.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a ſeraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with ſkill and kindneſs wrought: Hal.

4 For thy Providence, that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a ſparrow:
Bleſſed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightneſs all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expreſſion:
Who dare ſing that awful ſong? Hal.

6 Brightneſs of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praiſe unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, ſuch guilty ſilence!
Sing the LORD who came to die. Hal.

7 Did archangels ſing thy coming?
Did the ſhepherds learn their lays?—
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuſe to praiſe. Hal.

8 From the higheſt throne in glory,
To the croſs of deepeſt woe;
All to ranſom guilty captives:
Flow, my praiſe, for ever flow. Hal.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footſtool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own. Hallelujah, &c.

133 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26. Jerſey 15.

The condeſcending Grace of Chriſt. Matt. xx. 28.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How ſweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King;

3 For us, mean, wretched, ſinful men,
Thou laid'ſt that glory by;—
Firſt, in our mortal fleſh, to ſerve;
Then, in that fleſh, to die.

4 Bought with thy ſervice and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death reſign.

134 C. M.

Tiverton 169. Otford 166.

The Redeemer's Meſſage. Luke iv. 18, 19.

HARK, the glad ſound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!

Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a ſong.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes, the priſoners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And, on the eyes oppreſt with night,
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And, with the treaſures of his grace,
T' inrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hoſannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

135 L. M. (Firſt Part.) Dr. Doddridge.
Leeds 19. Rowles 73.

Chriſt's Tranſfiguration. Matt. xvii. 4.

1 WHEN at a diſtance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What tranſport pours o'er all our breaſt,
And charms our cares and woes to reſt!

2 With thee in the obſcureſt cell
On ſome bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And ſhare their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I ſee the King of Glory ſhine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor, thus his ſervants view'd
His luſtre, when transform'd he ſtood;
And, bidding earthly ſcenes farewel,
Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleaſant here to dwell."

5 Yet ſtill our elevated eyes
To nobler viſions long to riſe;
That grand aſſembly would we join
Where all thy ſaints around thee ſhine:

6 That mount, how bright! thoſe forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come death, dear envoy of my GOD,
And bear me to that bleſt abode.

135 (Second Part) 8, 8, 6.

Hinton 266. Chatham 59.

Gethſemane, Matt. xxvi. 36—45.

1 IMMANUEL, ſunk with dreadful woe,
Unfelt unknown to all below—
Except the Son of GOD—
In agonizing pangs of ſoul,
Drinks deep from wormwood's bittereſt bowl,
And ſweats great drops of blood.

2 See his diſciples ſlumbering round,
Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
He treads the preſs alone:
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes,
The curſe awaits him from the ſkies—
His death it muſt atone.

3 O Father, hear! this cup remove!
Save thou the darling of thy love
(The proſtrate victim cries)
From overwhelming fear and dread!
Tho' he *muſt* mingle with the dead—
His people's ſacrifice.

4 His earneſt prayers, his deep'ning groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
Amazement wrapt the ſky;
"Go, ſtrengthen CHRIST!" the Father ſaid:
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſeraph bow'd his head,
And left the realms on high.

5 Made ſtrong in ſtrength, renew'd from heav'n,
JESUS receives the cup as giv'n,
And, perfectly reſign'd,
He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
Suſtains the curſe,—removes it all,—
Nor leaves a dreg behind.

136 L. M. WHITEFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Babylon Streams 23, Green's Hundred 89.

Behold the Man. John xix. 5.

1 YE that paſs by, behold the man!
The man of grief, condemn'd for you
The LAMB of GOD, for ſinners ſlain!—
Weeping, to Calvary purſue.

2 His ſacred limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With nails they faſten to the wood—
His ſacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His ſtreaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain guſhing from his ſide.

4 Thou dear, thou ſuffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to ſinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd;
Oh, may our inmoſt nature ſhake,
And bow with JESUS crucify'd!

6 At thy laſt gaſp, the graves diſplay'd
Their horrors to the upper ſkies;
Oh that our ſouls might burſt the ſhade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, ariſe!

7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and aſunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

137 L. M. STEELE.

Dreſden 178. Paul's 246.

A Dying Saviour.*

1 STRETCH'D on the croſs, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans ariſe!
See, from his hands, his feet, his ſide,
Runs down the ſacred crimſon tide!

2 But life attends the deathful ſound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital ſtream, how free it flows
To ſave and cleanſe his rebel foes!

3 To ſuffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, ſurpriſing grace!
Yet paſs rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

* See Hymns on Redemption and the Lord's Supper.

4 And didſt thou bleed?—for ſinners bleed!
And could the ſun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his ſickening ray,
And darkneſs veil'd the mourning day

5 Can I ſurvey this ſcene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Inſenſible to love or pain?

6 Come, deareſt LORD! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this ſtupid heart;
'Till all its powers and paſſions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

138 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Canterbury 199. Tunbridge 103.

The attraction of the Croſs. John xii. 32.

1 YONDER—amazing ſight!—I ſee
Th' incarnate Son of GOD
Expiring on th' accurſed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimſon tide puts out the ſun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd ſky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amaz'd Centurion, cry
"*This* is the Son of GOD!"

4 So great, ſo vaſt a ſacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If GOD's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The ſinner ſure may live.

5 Oh, that theſe cords of love divine
Might draw me, LORD, to thee!
Thou haſt my heart, it ſhall be thine—
Thine it ſhall ever be!

139 L. M.

Rochford 22. Redemption 243.

The dying Love of Chriſt conſtraining to thankful Devotion. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 SEE, LORD, thy willing ſubjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our ſovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy ſoul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our ſouls, and bid us ſing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condeſcenſions of his love.

4 Amazing love! that ſtoop'd ſo low,
To view with *pity's* melting eye
Vile men, deſerving endleſs woe:
Amazing love!—did JESUS *die?*

5 He died, to raiſe to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
Oh, let his praiſe each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run!'

6 He died!—ye ſeraphs, tune your ſongs!
Reſound, reſound, the Saviour's name!
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

140 148th Dr. Doddridge.
Reſurrection 72. Darwell's 82.

The Reſurrection of Chriſt. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 YES! the Redeemer roſe,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our helliſh foes
High rais'd his conquering head;
In wild diſmay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And ſink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full aſſembly meet
To wait his high commands,
And worſhip at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What muſic fills the air!
Their anthems ſay,
"Jesus, who bled,
"Hath left the dead:
"He roſe to day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the ſound,—
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And ſend the echo round
The globe on which you dwell!
Tranſported, cry—
"Jesus, who bled,
"Hath left the dead,
"No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant LORD,
Who ſav'ſt us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou riſing, reigning GOD!
With thee we riſe,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the ſkies.

141 7's.

Eaſter Hymn 232. Feverſham 220.

The Reſurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

1 CHRIST, the LORD, is riſen to day!
Sons of men and angels ſay!
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens,— and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the ſun's eclipſe is o'er:
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
CHRIST hath burſt the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
Chriſt hath opened paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious king!
"Where, O death! is now thy ſting?"
Once he died our ſouls to ſave:
"Where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

5 Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Our's the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

6 What, tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,

Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praiſe to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION—thou.

142 7ˢ.

Hart's 221. Eaſter Hymn 232.

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.

1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raiſe
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe!
Let the earth's remoteſt bound
Hear the joy-inſpiring ſound. Hal.

3 Now, ye ſaints, lift up your eyes!
Now to glory ſee him riſe,
In long triumph, up the ſky—
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.

4 Heaven diſplays her portals wide!
Glorious hero, thro' them ride!
King of Glory! mount the throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.

5 Praiſe him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praiſe, and ſweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the ſtrains be ſweet and ſtrong! Hal.

6 Every note with wonder ſwell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal ſting? Hal.

143 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christ's Reſurrection a Pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave ſurvey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
I ſee fulfill'd what prophets ſay,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb ſhall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all who truſt his name
Shall riſe, and draw immortal breath!

3 [Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whoſe offences he was ſeiz'd:
In *his* releaſe *our own* we ſee,
And ſhout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.]

4 JESUS, once number'd with the dead,
Unſeals his eyes to ſleep no more;
And ever lives their cauſe to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy riſen LORD, my ſoul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too ſhalt bear an harp of gold
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Tho' in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My fleſh for ever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

144 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New York 33. Crowle 3.

Comfort to ſuch who ſeek a riſen Jeſus, Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

1 YE humble ſouls that ſeek the LORD,
Chace all your fears away;

And bow with pleaſure down to ſee
The place where JESUS lay.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that boſom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

A moment give a looſe to grief,—
Let grateful ſorrows riſe;
And waſh the bloody ſtains away
With torrents from your eyes.

Then dry your tears, and tune your ſongs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain,

High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once diſhonour'd head;
And, thro' unnumber'd years, he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

With joy like his ſhall every ſaint
His empty tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe, with his aſcending LORD,
To realms of endleſs day.

145 L. M. WESLEY'S COLLECTION.
Cheſhunt New 160. Coombs's 45.
Chriſt's Aſcenſion, Pſalm xxiv. 7.

1 OUR LORD is riſen from the dead;
Our JESUS is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky,

2 There his triumphal chariot waits:
And angels chant the ſolemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlaſting doors, give way!" 80

3 Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold the radiant ſcene;
He claims thoſe manſions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The LORD that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, ſin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlaſting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"—
The LORD, of boundleſs power poſſeſt;
The King of ſaints and angels too;
GOD over all, for ever bleſt!

146 148th DR. DODDRIDGE.
Darwell's 82. Swithin's 44.
Jeſus ſeen of Angels, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 OH ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble ſong
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace;
His beauteous face
In Heaven ye view.

2 Ye ſaw the heaven-born child
In human fleſh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praiſe to GOD,
And peace on earth,
For ſuch a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

Ye, in the wilderneſs,
Beheld the tempter ſpoil'd,—
Well-known in every dreſs,
In every combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

Around the bloody tree
Ye preſs'd, with ſtrong deſire,
That wond'rous ſight to ſee,—
The LORD of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In ſad ſurpriſe.

5 Around his ſacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep;
Till the bleſt moment come
To rouſe him from his ſleep;
Then roll'd the ſtone,
And all ador'd
Your riſing LORD,
With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The ſhining conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of GOD;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And ſtruck your ſtrings
Of ſweeteſt ſound.

7 The warbling notes purſue,
And louder anthems raiſe;

While mortals ſing with you
Their *own* Redeemer's praiſe:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the ſame,
Perform thy part.

147 L. M. STEELE.
Portugal 97. Redemption 243.
The exalted Saviour.

1 NOW let us raiſe our cheerful ſtrains,
And join the bliſsful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they ſing his wond'rous love.

2 While ſeraphs tune th' immortal ſong,
Oh, may we feel the ſacred flame;
And every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 JESUS, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels,—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 JESUS, who dy'd that we might live,—
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;—
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For ſuch immeaſurable grace!

5 Were univerſal nature ours,
And art, with all her boaſted ſtore;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would ſtill confeſs the offerer poor!

6 Yet, tho' for bounty ſo divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raiſe;—
JESUS, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praiſe!

L. M. DR. WATTS'S MISCELLANY.

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Chriſt, Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brighteſt monument of praiſe
That e'er the GOD of Love deſign'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

Begin, my ſoul, the heavenly ſong,—
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel ſounds theſe awful things,
He tunes and ſummons all his ſtrings.

Proclaim inimitable love!—
JESUS, the LORD of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array
And veils the GOD in mortal clay.

He, that diſtributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:
The Prince of Life reſigns his breath;
The King of Glory bows to death.

But ſee the wonders of his power!—
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He daſh'd the riſing hopes of hell.

Thus were the hoſts of death ſubdu'd,
And ſin was drown'd in JESU's blood:
Then he aroſe, and reigns above,
And conquers ſinners by his love.

Who ſhall fulfil this boundleſs ſong!
The theme ſurmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp deſpairs!

149 148th.

Greenwich New 62. Portſmouth New 144

The Kingdom of Chriſt, Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King:
Your GOD and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The GOD of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our ſins deſtroy,
And every boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
JESUS the judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice,—
The trump of God ſhall ſound, rejoice.

150 104th. FAWCETT.

nover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

e Fulneſs of Chriſt, John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

A FULNESS reſides
In JESUS our head,
And ever abides
To anſwer our need:
The Father's good pleaſure
Has laid up in ſtore
A plentiful treaſure
To give to the poor.

Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints
His mercy will hear:
His fulneſs ſhall yield us
Abundant ſupplies;
His power ſhall ſhield us,
When dangers ariſe.

The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redreſs;
Still more he beſtows,
And grace upon grace:
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive;
He has a redundance
For all that believe.

Whatever diſtreſs
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will JESUS beſtow,
As ſtill ſhall ſupport us,
And ſilence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us
While JESUS is near.

5 When troubles attend,
Or danger or ſtrife,
His love will defend
And guard us thro' life:
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting
His hand will ſupply.

151. 8's.

New Jeruſalem 230. Uxbridge 161.

The unſearchable Riches of Chriſt. Eph. iii. 8.

1 HOW ſhall I my Saviour ſet forth?
How ſhall I his beauties declare?
O how ſhall I ſpeak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never expreſs,
Nor ſaints who ſit neareſt his throne,
How rich are his treaſures of grace:—
No! this is a myſt'ry unknown.

2 In him, all the fulneſs of GOD
For ever tranſcendently ſhines;
Tho' once like a mortal he ſtood
To finiſh his gracious deſigns:
Tho' once he was nail'd to the croſs,
Vile rebels like me to ſet free,
His glory ſuſtained no loſs,—
Eternal his kingdom ſhall be.

3 His wiſdom, his love, and his power,
Seem'd then with each other to vie,
When ſinners he ſtoop'd to reſtore,—
Poor ſinners, condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aſide,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay—
Poor ſinners he lov'd till he dy'd—
To waſh their pollutions away.

O ſinners, believe and adore,
This Saviour ſo rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treaſures of goodneſs in him:
Come, all ye who ſee yourſelves loſt,
And feel yourſelves burden'd with ſin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toſs'd,
Believe, and your peace ſhall begin.

Now, ſinners, attend to his call,
"Whoſo hath an ear let him hear,"
He promiſes mercy to all
Who feel their ſad wants, far and near:
He riches has ever in ſtore,
And treaſures that never can waſte:
Here's pardon, here's grace; yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at laſt.

152 L. M. STEELE.

Kingſbridge 88. Portugal 97.

The Interceſſion of Chriſt. Heb. vii. 25.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the bleſt aſſurance gives!)
And now, before his father GOD,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Juſtice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy ſmiles, and all is peace.

Hence, then, ye black deſpairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful interceſſions riſe;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark diſtreſsful hour,
When ſin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That JESUS bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cauſe can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads, and muſt prevail.

153 C. M. TOPLADY.

Newbury 132. Charleſton 195.

Chriſt's Interceſſion prevalent. John xvii. 24.

1 AWAKE, ſweet gratitude! and ſing
Th' aſcended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cauſe above.

2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble ſuit below;
But with authority he aſks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to GOD by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breaſt,
And ſpreads his wounded hands.

4 His ſweet atoning ſacrifice
Gives ſanction to his claim:
"Father, I will that all my ſaints
"Be with me where I am:

5 "By their ſalvation, recompenſe
"The ſorrows I endur'd;
"Juſt to the merits of thy Son,
"And faithful to thy word."

Eternal life, at his requeſt,
To every ſaint is given:
Safety below, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

[Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father ſmiles on thee;
And now, thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear LORD, remember me.

Let the much incenſe of thy prayer
In my behalf aſcend;
And, as its virtue, ſo my praiſe
Shall never never end.]

154 C M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Michael's 119. Elim 151.

Chriſt's Interceſſion typified by Aaron's Breaſt-plate.
Exodus xxviii. 29.

NOW let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
Our great High-prieſt above,
And celebrate his conſtant care
And ſympathetic love.

Tho' rais'd to a ſuperior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the ſhining train,
With matchleſs honours crown'd;

The names of all his ſaints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor ſhall the meaneſt Chriſtian ſay
That he hath loſt his part.

Thoſe characters ſhall fair abide
Our everlaſting truſt,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to duſt.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breaſt
May thy dear name be worn,—
A ſacred ornament and guard,
To endleſs ages borne!

155 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

Chriſt's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials and interceſſion for him. * Luke xxii. 31, 32.

1 HOW keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful, and how great!
Tho' not one grain ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Yet will he ſift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he ſeems to triumph moſt,
The captive ſoul regain.

3 There is a ſhepherd kind and ſtrong,
Still watchful for his ſheep;
Nor ſhall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchſafes to keep.

4 Bleſt Jesus! intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raiſe us when we proſtrate lie;
And comfort loſt reſtore,

5 Thy ſecret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
But, 'midſt whole ſhowers of fiery darts,
That temper'd ſhield prevail.

6 Secur'd ourſelves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST*.

156 L. M.

Mark's 65. Ulverſton 179.

Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

1 WHERE is my GOD? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble ſighs?
Are theſe weak breathings of deſire
Too languid to aſcend the ſkies?

2 No, LORD! the breathings of deſire,
The weak petition, if ſincere,
Is not forbidden to aſpire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my ſoul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer ſtands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incenſe in his hands!

4 He ſweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whoſe power and love forbid deſpair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious LORD!
With ſtronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the bliſsful word,
My FATHER, GOD, with joy divine.

* Theſe characters of Chriſt follow one another alphabetically. Others, which it was neceſſary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.

157 L. M.

Lebanon 79. Lewton 30.

Brazen Serpent. Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

1 WHEN Iſrael's grieving tribes complain'd,
With fiery ſerpents greatly pain'd,
A ſerpent ſtrait the prophet made
Of molten braſs, to view diſplay'd.

2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful ſighs aſcend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Deſcends a power that makes them whole.

3 But, Oh, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's Croſs impart!
What life, by faith, our ſouls receive!
What pleaſures do his ſorrows give.

4 Still, may I view the Saviour's croſs,
And other objects count but loſs;
Here ſtill be fix'd my feaſted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his ſacrifice!

5 JESUS the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atonement ſet me free!—
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

158 L. M. FAWCETT.

Iſlington 40. New Sabbath 122.

Bread of Life. John vi. 35, 48.

1 DEPRAVED minds on aſhes feed,
Nor love, nor ſeek for heavenly bread;
They chuſe the huſks which ſwine do eat,
Or meanly crave the ſerpent's meat,

2 JESUS! thou art the living bread
By which our needy ſouls are fed;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

4 Without this bread, I ſtarve and die;
No other can my need ſupply:
But this will ſuit my wretched caſe,
Abroad, at home, in every place.

4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor
Who aſk for bread at mercy's door
This living food deſcends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.

5 This precious food my heart revives;
What ſtrength what nouriſhment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celeſtial bread!

159 L. M. Fawcett.

Leeds 19. Madan's 107.

Bridegroom and Huſband; or, the Marriage between Chriſt and the Soul.

1 JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
His life my wretched ſoul to ſave:
Reſolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious, I againſt him ſtrove
'Till melted and conſtrain'd by love;
With ſin and ſelf I freely part,
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedneſs he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his ſpouſe;
My debts he pays, and ſets me free,
And make his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aſide,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himſelf beſtows my wedding-dreſs,—
The robe of perfect righteouſneſs.

5 Loſt in aſtoniſhment, I ſee,
JESUS! thy boundleſs love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praiſe thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O Saviour, keep me, near thy ſide!
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my LORD depart.

160 L. M. Beddome.

Kimbolton 251. Chard 175.

Bright and morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16

1 YE worlds of light, that roll ſo near
The Saviour's throne of ſhining bliſs
O tell, how mean your glories are,—
How faint and few, compar'd with his!

2 We ſing the bright and morning Star,
JESUS, the ſpring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams ſpread wide abroad;—
Point out the puzzled Chriſtian's way:
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a conſtant day.

4 [Thus, when the Eaſtern Magi brought
Their royal gifts, a ſtar appears;
Directs them to the babe they ſought,
And guides their ſteps, and calms their fears.]

5 When ſhall we reach the heav'nly place
Where this bright ſtar ſhall brighteſt ſhine?
Leave far behind theſe ſcenes of night,
And view a luſtre ſo divine?

161 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Bath Chapel 26. Evans's 190.

Chief among Ten Thouſand; or, the Excellencies of Chriſt. Cant. v. 10—16.

TO CHRIST, the Lord, let every tongue
Its nobleſt tribute bring:
When he's the ſubject of the ſong,
Who can refuſe to ſing!

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majeſtic ſweetneſs ſits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the ſons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He ſaw me plung'd in deep diſtreſs,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the ſhameful croſs,
And carried all my grief.

6 [His hand a thouſand bleſſings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His preſence gilds my darkeſt hours,
And guards my ſleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And ſaves me from the grave.] 88 H 4

8 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shews me the glories of my GOD,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thouſand hearts to give,
LORD, they ſhould all be thine!

162 8. 7. MADAN's COLLECTION.
Welſh 210. Trowbridge 21.
Conſolation of Iſrael. Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, thou long expected JESUS!
Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
Let us find our reſt in thee:
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the ſaints thou art;
Dear deſire of every nation,—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring;
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

163 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.
Wareham 117. Wells 102.
Corner-Stone. 1 Pet. ii. 6. Iſa. xxviii. 16.

1 LORD, doſt thou ſhew a corner-ſtone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may riſe
Sublime in light beyond the ſkies?

2 We own the work of ſov'reign love;
Nor death nor hell the hopes ſhall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation ſtand,
Laid by thy own Almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this ſtone have try'd,
And all the powers of hell defy'd;
Floods of temptation beat in vain,
Well doth this rock the houſe ſuſtain.

4 When ſtorms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling ſouls ſhall hide,
And here ſecurely they abide:

5 While they, that ſcorn this precious ſtone,
Fond of ſome quickſand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

164 C. M.

New York 33. Stillman 66.

Deſire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties ſhine
With never fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remoteſt end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows aſcend,
In thee their wiſhes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment ſhed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the ſacred odours ſpread
Thro' all IMMANUEL's ground.

4 Millions of happy ſpirits live
On thy exhauſtleſs ſtore;
From thee they all their bliſs receive,
And ſtill thou giveſt more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

165 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Stamford 9. Huddersfield 202.

The Door, John x. 9. Hoſea ii. 15.

1 AWAKE, our ſouls, and bleſs his name,
Whoſe mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide diſplay'd,
The building's ſtrong and fair;
Within are paſtures freſh and green,
And living ſtreams are there.

3 Enter, my ſoul, with cheerful haſte,
For Jesus is the door:
Nor fear the ſerpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 Oh, may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'lling thro' one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home!

166 L. M. Steele.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Our Example, John xiii. 15.

1 AND is the Goſpel peace and love?
Such let our converſation be;
The ſerpent blended with the dove,
Wiſdom and meek ſimplicity.

3 Whene'er the angry paſſions riſe,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to ſtrife,
To JESUS let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Chriſtian life!

3 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And theſe the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright!

5 Diſpenſing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Oh, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But, ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aſide!
LORD, we depend upon thy care,
And aſk thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

167 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bramcoate 8. Antigua 120.

Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope, Heb. vi. 19, 20.

1 JESUS, the Lord, our ſouls adore!
A painful ſufferer now no more,
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extenſive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undiſturb'd his ſeat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And ſing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet, 'midſt the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himſelf alone!
His meaneſt ſervants ſhare their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raiſe, raiſe, my ſoul, thy raptur'd ſight,
With ſacred wonder and delight;
JESUS, thy own Forerunner, ſee
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling tempeſt yell,
And foaming waves to mountains ſwell;
No ſhipwreck can my veſſel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

168 104th HART.

Stockwell 140. Hanover 130.

Fountain opened for Sinners, Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of CHRIST,
LORD, help us to ſing,—
The blood of our Prieſt,
Our crucify'd King:
The fountain that cleanſes
From ſin and from filth,
And richly diſpenſes
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain ſo dear
He'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the ſpear,
It flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water;
The firſt to atone,

To cleanſe us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3. This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But, if guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain, unſeal'd,
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the ſmall:
Here's ſtrength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's health for the ſickly,
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathſome, and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come juſt as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all ſtain
Whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows ſweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanſe ſouls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

169 C. M. COWPER.
Tunbridge 103. Evans's 190.
Praiſe for the Fountain opened.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's veins;
And ſinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, tho' vile as he,
Waſh all my ſins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its power,
Till all the ranſom'd church of GOD
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

4 E'er ſince by faith I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

5 But when this liſping ſtammering tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler ſweeter ſong,
I'll ſing thy power to ſave.

170 L. M. NEWTON.
Kingſbridge 88. Magdalene 214.
Friend.

1 POOR, weak, and worthleſs, tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
JESUS, the Saviour, is his name:
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ranſom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his power, my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from GOD,
And brought me to his choſen fold.

He cheers my heart, my want ſupplies,
And ſays that I ſhall ſhortly be
Enthron'd with him above the ſkies:
Oh! what a friend is CHRIST to me!

PAUSE.

Is this thy Kindneſs to thy Friend, 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

But, ah! my inmoſt ſpirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may ſwim,
To think of my perverſe returns:—
I've been a faithleſs friend to him.

Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, diſtruſt, and diſobey;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my friend can ſay.

[He bids me always freely come,
And promiſes whate'er I aſk:
But I am ſtraiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a taſk.

Before the world, that hates his cauſe,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with ſhame;
Loth to forego the world's applauſe,
I hardly dare avow his name.]

Sure, were not I moſt vile and baſe,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the GOD of grace,
He'd frown and ſpurn me from his ſight.

171 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Gift of God, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the ſhadows of the night,
Amid the buſineſs of the day!

2 When ſhall I ſee thy ſmiling face,—
That face which I have often ſeen?
Ariſe, thou Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious Gift of GOD
To ſinners weary and diſtreſt;
The firſt of all his gifts beſtow'd,
And certain pledge of all the reſt.

4 Could I but ſay this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich ſinner's ſtate.

5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, aſleep,
It never ſhould from thence depart!

172 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Oxford 177. Newbury 132.

Head of the Church, Epheſians iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, I ſing thy matchleſs grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy ſaints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead
When moſt he ſeems alive.

3 Thy ſaints on earth, and thoſe above,
Here join in ſweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common LORD.

4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
This bond to diſunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt preſent
Before thy Father's face;
Nor ſhall a wrinkle or a ſpot
Its beauteous form diſgrace.

173 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Liverpool 83. Iriſh 171.

Jeſus—precious to them that believe, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul!
My tranſport and my truſt:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious powers can wiſh,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my heart,
And ſhed its fragrance there;
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
And, dying, claſp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

174 7's.

Turin 244. Feversham 220.

Immanuel, Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 GOD *with us!* O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
GOD and man in CHRIST unite:—
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2 GOD *with us!* Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 GOD *with us!* But tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 [GOD *with us!* Oh, blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
JESUS shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 GOD *with us!* Oh, wond'rous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may IMMANUEL sing,
As we ought, our GOD and King.

175 C. M. STEELE.

Charleston 195. Milbourn Port 183. America 265.

King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

Infinite power, and boundleſs grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praiſe?

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wiſh like them to ſing.

And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain?
LORD, teach our ſongs to riſe!
Thy love can animate the ſtrain,
And bid it reach the ſkies.

Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth ſhall raiſe,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praiſe.

176 C. M. W——.

Miles's Lane 32. Condeſcenſion 116.

Crown him.

BACKSLIDERS, who your miſery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backſlidings heal:
Oh, crown him LORD of all.

Though crimſon ſin increaſe your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was ſpilt;
Oh, crown him LORD of all.

Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He underſtands the ſpirit's groan;
Oh, crown him LORD of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not caſt out,
Altho' your faith be ſmall:
His faithfulneſs you cannot doubt;
Oh, crown him LORD of all.

177 C. M.

Miles's Lane 32. Foſter 96.

The ſpiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

1 ALL-HAIL the power of JESU's name!
Let angels proſtrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him LORD of all.

MARTYRS.

2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the ſtem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown him LORD of all.]

CONVERTED JEWS.

3 [Ye choſen ſeed of Iſrael's race,
A remnant weak and ſmall!
Hail him, who ſaves you by his grace,
And crown him LORD of all.]

BELIEVING GENTILES.

4 Ye Gentile ſinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him LORD of all.

SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

5 [Babes, men, and ſires, who know his love,
Who feel your ſin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hoſts above,
And crown him LORD of all.

SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terreſtrial ball,
To him all majeſty aſcribe,
And crown him LORD of all.

OURSELVES.

7 Oh that, with yonder ſacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlaſting* ſong,
And crown him LORD of all.

178 112th. C. WESLEY.

Uffculm 93. Hoxton 121.

Kinſman, Ruth iii. 2—9.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our kinſman near allied in blood,
Fleſh of our fleſh, bone of our bone,
The Son of Man, the Son of GOD;
And, lo! we lay us at thy feet
Our ſentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my fleſh below,
To thee, O JESUS, I apply;
Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
Thou never canſt thyſelf deny,
Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or ſlight a ſinful beggar's prayer.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greateſt need,
I truſt my faithful friend to prove;
Now o'er thy meaneſt ſervant ſpread
The ſkirt of thy redeeming love:
Under thy wings of mercy take,
And ſave me for thy merit's ſake.

4 Haſt thou not undertook my cauſe,
LORD over all, to worms allied?
Anſwer me from that bleeding croſs,
Demand thy dearly-ranſom'd bride
And let my ſoul, betroth'd to thee,
Thine, wholly thine, for ever be!

179 L. M. FAWCETT.

Babylon Streams 23. Kingſbridge 88. Gould's 2

Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.

1 BEHOLD the ſin-atoning LAMB,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and ſhame,
See him deſcending from above.

2 Our ſins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ranſom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in ſweat and blood.

3 To ſave a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon, and peace, thro' him abound;
He can the richeſt bleſſings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying ſinner live.

6 JESUS, my LORD, I look to thee—
Where elſe can helpleſs ſinners go?
Thy boundleſs love ſhall ſet me free
From all my wretchedneſs and woe.

180 S. M. J. C. W.
New Eagle Street 55. Enfield 5.
Leader.

1 THOU very paſchal Lamb,
Whoſe blood for us was ſhed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ranſom'd people lead.

2 Angel of Goſpel-grace!
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the choſen race,
In Iſrael's camp appear.

3 Throughout the deſert-way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting ſouls ſuſtain
With bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

181 L. M. STEELE.
Virginia 234. Rippon's 188.
Life of the Soul. John xiv. 19.

1 WHEN ſins and fears prevailing riſe,
And fainting hope almoſt expires,
JESUS, to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my ſoul's deſires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living LORD?
And can my hope—my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlaſting word;
That word which built the earth and ſky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is ſure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and reſt ſecure.

4 Here let my faith unſhaken dwell;
Immovable the promiſe ſtands;
Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er diſſolve the ſacred bands.

5 Here, O my ſoul, thy truſt repoſe!
If JESUS is for ever mine,
Nor death itſelf, that laſt of foes,
Shall break a union ſo divine.

182 8. 7.
Carliſle 95. Welſh 210.
Light. Iſaiah ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of thoſe, whoſe dreary dwelling
Borders on the ſhades of death,
Come! and, thy dear ſelf revealing,
Diſſipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chaſing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifeſt the favour
Thou haſt for the ranſom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
Come, and bring thy Goſpel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of ſalvation,
Give the pardon of our ſins:
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Every burden'd ſoul releaſe;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

183 7's. W——

Scotland 194. Stoel 164. Alceſter 213.

Melchizedek a Type of Chriſt. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

1 KING of Salem, bleſs my ſoul!
Make a wounded ſinner whole!
King of righteouſneſs and peace,
Let not thy ſweet viſits ceaſe!

2 Come! refreſh this ſoul of mine
With thy ſacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which can not be told.

3 Hail, Melchizedek divine!
Thou great High-Prieſt ſhalt be mine:
All my powers before thee fall,—
Take not tythe, but take them all;

184 C. M.

New York 33. Providence College 10.

Meſſenger of the Covenant. Mal. iii. 1.

1 JESUS, commiſſion'd from above,
Deſcends to men below,
And ſhews from whence the ſprings of love
In endleſs currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundleſs heaven adores,
Whom angels long to ſee,
Quitted with joy thoſe bliſsful ſhores,
Ambaſſador to me!

3 To me, a worm, a ſinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn:
A foe, a traitor to my GOD,
And of a traitor born:

4 To me, who never ſought his grace,
Who mock'd his ſacred word;
Who never knew or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhorr'd

5 To me, who could not even praiſe
When his kind heart I knew,
But ſought a thouſand devious ways
Rather than keep the true:

6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
So vile a worm to bleſs;
He took with gladneſs all my blame,
And gave his righteouſneſs.

7 Oh that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than ſeraphs know,
Like burning ſeraphs ſhine!

185 L. M. NEEDHAM.

New Sabbath 122. Mark's 65.

Meſſiah. Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

1 GLORY to GOD! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whoſe name is love;
Ye ſaints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of GOD to man.

2 Oh what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to ſend!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And GOD be glorious to forgive!

3 Meſſiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal ſceptre's broke;
And time ſtill proves what Jacob ſpoke.

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
The time prophetic ſeals requir'd;
Cut off for ſins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Meſſiah did atone.

5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-ſhone:
It wanted not thy glittering ſtore,
Meſſiah's preſence grac'd it more.

6 We ſee the prophecies fulfill'd
In JESUS, that moſt wond'rous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

7 JESUS, thy Goſpel firmly ſtands
A bleſſing to theſe favour'd lands;
No infidel ſhall be our dread,
Since thou art riſen from the dead.

186 7. 6. 8. C. WESLEY.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

Paſſover. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

1 CHRIST our paſſover is ſlain,
To ſet his people free,—
Free from ſin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny.
LORD, that we may now depart
And truly ſerve our pardoning GOD,
Sprinkle every houſe and heart
With thine-atoning blood.

2 Let the Angel of the LORD
His awful charge fulfil;
Let his peſtilential ſword
The firſt-born victims kill;
Safe in ſnares and deaths we dwell,
Protected, by that crimſon ſign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Iſrael ſhew?
Know'ſt thou not, moſt righteous GOD,
We on the paſchal Lamb rely?—
See us cover'd with the blood,
And paſs thy people by.

187 C. M. STEELE.

Stillman 66. Condeſcenſion 116.

Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A *real* prize attracts my view,
A treaſure all divine.

2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye ſpecious baits of ſenſe;—
Ineſtimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immenſe!

3 JESUS, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely ſweet!
JESUS, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleaſure, meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boaſted ſtores reſign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treaſures all depart,—
Of this dear gift poſſeſs'd,
I'd claſp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bleſs'd.

6 Dear ſovereign of my ſoul's deſires,
Thy love is bliſs divine;
Accept the wiſh that love inſpires,
And bid me call thee mine.

188 L. M. STEELE.

Ulverſton 179, Portugal 97. Gould's 272.
Phyſician of Souls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which ſin has made,
Where ſhall the ſinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is Nature's aid;
The work exceeds all Nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal ſtrength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And ſpreads its poiſon to the heart.

3 And can no ſovereign balm be found?
And is no kind phyſician nigh
To eaſe the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great phyſician near:
Look up, O fainting ſoul, and live:
See, in his heavenly ſmiles appear
Such eaſe as nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliſs, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear ſacred flood
Can eaſe thy pain and heal thy woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart;
For here a ſovereign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound. 99 I 3

189 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Ludlow 84.

Phyſician; or, the Miracles of Chriſt.

1 JESUS, ſince thou art ſtill to-day
As yeſterday the ſame;
Preſent to heal—in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since ſtill thou go'ſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praiſe may ſhew,
Be all thy wonders ſhew'd.

LEPER.

3 Now, LORD, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathſome, and vile, and ſelf abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O LORD! mine ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my withered hands,
And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'ſt how long)
My voice I cannot raiſe;
But Oh! when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

LAME.

7 Lame, at the pool I ſtill am ſeen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And waſh away their grief.

8 Now ſpeak my mind, my conſcience ſound,
Give, and my ſtrength employ;
Light as an hart, my ſoul ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

BLIND.

9 If thou, my GOD, art paſſing by,
Oh! let me find thee near;
JESUS, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 See, I am waiting, in the way,
For thee the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
"Sinner, receive thy ſight."

POSSESSED.

11 Caſt out thy foes, and let them ſtill
To thy great name ſubmit:
Clothe with thy righteouſneſs, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

12 From ſin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt relieve my ſoul;
LORD, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

190 148th. CENNICK.

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

High Priest.

1 A GOOD High-priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And, taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by JESUS' name.

2 My LORD a priest is made,
As sware the mighty GOD
To Israel and his seed;
Ordain'd to offer blood
For sinners, who his mercy seek;
A priest, as was Melchizedek.

3 He once temptations knew
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour shew
To every tempted mind:
In every point, the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

4 He dies; but lives again,
And by the altar stands:
There shews how he was slain,
Op'ning his pierced hands:
Our priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
And laws, and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd, for me.

191 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Leeds 19. Langdon 217.

The Excellency of the Prieſthood of Chriſt.

1 'MONG all the prieſts of Jewiſh race,
JESUS the moſt illuſtrious ſtands:
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
Could claim ſuch high deſcent as he;
His nature and his name beſpeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Deſcended from th' eternal GOD,
He bears the name of his own Son;
And, dreſs'd in human fleſh and blood,
He puts his prieſtly garments on.

4 The mitred crown, th' embroider'd veſt,
With graceful dignity he wears;
And, in full ſplendour, on his breaſt
The ſacred oracle appears.

5 So he preſents his ſacrifice,—
An offering moſt divinely ſweet;
While clouds of fragrant incenſe riſe,
And cover o'er the mercy-ſeat.

6 The father with approving ſmile
Accepts the offering of his Son:
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haſte to bear the tidings down.

7 The welcome news their lips repeat
Gives ſacred pleaſure to my breaſt:
Henceforth, my ſoul, thy cauſe commit
To CHRIST, thy advocate and prieſt.

192 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Carey's 11. New Haven 248.

Prophet, Prieſt, and King. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
Oh, let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic boſoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy ſweet inſtructions I will hear;
The words, that from thy lips proceed,
Oh, how divinely ſweet they are!
Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

3 My great *High-Prieſt*, whoſe precious blood
Did once atone upon the croſs;
Who now doſt intercede with GOD,
And plead the friendleſs ſinners cauſe;
In thee I truſt; thee I would love,
And imitate the bleſt above.

4 My *King* ſupreme, to thee I bow,
A willing ſubject at thy feet;
All other lords I diſavow,
And to thy government ſubmit:
My *Saviour King* this heart would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

193 L. M.

Redemption 243. Well's Row 98.

The Ranſom. Iſaiah lxi. 2.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"A year of freedom to declare,
"From debts and bondage to diſcharge;
"And Jews and Greeks the grace ſhall ſhare:

"A day of vengeance I proclaim,
"But not on man the ſtorm ſhall fall;
"On me its thunders ſhall deſcend,
"My ſtrength, my love ſuſtain them all."

Stupendous favour! matchleſs grace!
JESUS has dy'd, that we might live:
Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could ſo divine a ranſom give.

To him, who lov'd our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let ſongs of joyful praiſes riſe
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

194 C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.
Oxford 177. Sprague 166.

Our Righteouſneſs. Jer. xxiii. 6.

SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we truſt;
Thou art the LORD our Righteouſneſs,
Thou art thine Iſrael's boaſt.

Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in duſt we lie,
'Till JESUS ſtretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

The ſins of one moſt righteous day
Might plunge us in deſpair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great ſurety clear.

That ſpotleſs robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of GOD
One blemiſh ſhall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To ſinners now are given;
Iſrael and Judah ſoon ſhall change
Their wilderneſs for heaven.

6 With joy we taſte that manna now,
Thy mercy ſcatters down;
We ſeal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

193 7' TOPLADY.
Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Rock ſmitten; or, the Rock of Ages. Iſa. xxvi. 4.

1 ROCK of ages, ſhelter me!
Let me hide myſelf in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded ſide which flow'd,
Be of ſin the double cure;
Cleanſe me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfill thy laws' demands:
Could my zeal no reſpite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for ſin could not atone:
Thou muſt ſave, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy croſs I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dreſs;
Helpleſs, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Waſh me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-ſtrings break in death,
When I ſoar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, ſhelter me!
Let me hide myſelf in thee!

196 L. M. STEELE.
Lebanon 72. Manning 245.
Saviour—the only One. Acts iv. 12.

1 JESUS, the ſpring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—
JESUS, no other name but thine
Can ſave us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boaſting reaſon find
The way to happineſs and GOD;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlaſting love,
To the bright realms of endleſs day.

4 Here let our conſtant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our ſteps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the bliſsful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

197 S. M. STEELE.
Finſbury 155. Mansfield 154.
Shepherd. Pſalm xxiii. 1—3.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My ſhepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all ſupply'd.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my ſweet repoſe.

3 Along the lovely ſcene
Cool waters gently roll,
Tranſparent, ſweet, and all ſerene,
To cheer my fainting ſoul.

4 Here let my ſpirit reſt;
How ſweet a lot is mine!
With pleaſure, food, and ſafety, bleſt;
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear Shepherd, if I ſtray,
My wandering feet reſtore;
To thy fair paſtures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

198 104th.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Hanover 130.

Strong-hold, Zech ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

1 YE priſoners of hope
O'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jesus look up
For certain relief:
There's no condemnation
In Jesus the Lord,
But ſtrong conſolation
His grace doth afford.

2 Should juſtice appear
A mercileſs foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And ſoon ſhall you know

That ſinners, confeſſing
Their wickedneſs paſt,
A plentiful bleſſing
Of pardon ſhall taſte.

3 Then dry up your tears,
Ye children of grief,
For JESUS appears
To give you relief:
If you are returning
To JESUS, your friend,
Your ſighing and mourning
In ſinging ſhall end.

4 "None will I caſt out
"Who come," ſaith the LORD,
Why then do you doubt?
Lay hold of his word:
Ye mourners of Sion,
Be bold to believe,
For ever rely on
Your Saviour, and live.

199 (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

New Sabbath 122. Martin's Lane 67.

Sun. Pſalm lxxxiv. 11.

1 GREAT GOD! amid the darkſome night,
Thy glories dart upon my ſight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The ſilver moon and ſtars of gold.

2 But, when I ſee the ſun ariſe,
And pour his glories o'er the ſkies,
In more ſtupendous forms I view
Thy greatneſs and thy goodneſs too.

3 Thou Sun of ſuns, whoſe dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's ſight!
How ſhall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vaſt immenſity?

4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The diſtant ſhadows of thy face;
As, in the pale and ſickly moon,
We trace the image of the ſun.

5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wiſdom are diſplay'd:
But, O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour ſhine!

6 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My ſoul ſecurely ſits and ſings;
And there enjoys, like thoſe above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

7 Oh, may the vital ſtrength and heat,
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my courſe to run
With the ſame vigour as the ſun!

200 C. M. TOPLADY.

New York 33. Condeſcenſion 116.

Vine and the Branches. John xv. 1—5.

1 JESUS, immutably the ſame!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-ſupporting ſtem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flouriſh and bear fruit:
My life I from thy ſap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

I can do nothing without thee;
My ſtrength is wholly thine:
Wither'd and barren ſhould I be,
If ſever'd from the Vine.

Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreſhing dew ſhall drop;
The plant, which thy right-hand ſet,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life ſhall bear
The feebleſt branch of thine.

201 L. M. CENNICK.
Leeds 19. Lewton 30.
Way to Canaan.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, 'till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from baniſhment—
The king's high-way of holineſs—
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not:
My grief, my burden, long has been
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbl'd but the more;
'Till late I heard my Saviour ſay
"Come hither, ſoul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My ſinful ſelf to thee I give:
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay—"BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD!"

202 8. 8. 6.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.

1 THERE is no path to heav'nly bliſs,
Or ſolid joy, or laſting peace,
But CHRIST, th' appointed road:
Oh, may we tread the ſacred WAY!—
By faith rejoice, and praiſe, and pray,
'Till we ſit down with GOD!

2 The types and ſhadows of the word
Unite in CHRIST, the man, the LORD,
The Saviour juſt and TRUE:
Oh, may we all his word believe!
And all his promiſes receive,
And all his precepts do.

3 As he above for ever lives,
And LIFE to dying ſinners gives
Eternal and divine:
Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then—ſav'd from ſin, and death, and hell—
Eternal life is mine.

203 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.
Bramcoate 8. Langdon 217.

Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.
1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

MY GOD! aſſiſt me while I raiſe
An anthem of harmonious praiſe:
My heart thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
And ſpread its banners in thy name.

In CHRIST I view a ſtore divine:
My Father, all that ſtore is thine!
By thee prepar'd, by thee beſtow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the GOD!

When gloomy ſhades my ſoul o'erſpread,
"Let there be light," th' almighty ſaid!
And CHRIST, my ſun, his beams diſplays,
And ſcatters round celeſtial rays.

Condemn'd, thy criminal I ſtood,
And awful Juſtice aſk'd my blood:
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteouſneſs and pardon down.

My ſoul was all o'erſpread with ſin;
And lo! his grace hath made me clean!
He reſcues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will beſtow.

Ye ſaints, aſſiſt my grateful tongue!
Ye angels, warble back my ſong!
For love like this demands the praiſe
Of heavenly harps and endleſs days.

204 C. M. TOPLADY.
Bedford 91. Brighthelmſtone 208.
All in All.

COMPAR'D with CHRIST, in all beſide
No comelineſs I ſee;

The one thing needful, dearest LORD,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My ALL IN ALL, I pray.

3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than Thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.

4 Lov'd of my GOD, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of Thee, e'er time began,
I'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign.
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O GOD, art mine.

205 8's K———
New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.

All in All; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.

1 THE Bible is justly esteem'd,
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to JEHOVAH's right-hand:
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books doth outshine;
But JESUS, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

2 In every *prophetical book*,
Where GOD his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold, as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:

His glories project to the eye;
And prove it was not his design
Thoſe glories concealed ſhould lie,
But there in full majeſty ſhine.

The *firſt gracious promiſe* to man
A bleſſed prediction appears;
His work is the ſoul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears:
How cheering the truth muſt have been,
That JESUS, the promiſed ſeed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and ſin,
And hell in captivity lead!

The *ancient Levitical Law*
Was prophecy, after its kind:
In types, there, the faithful foreſaw
The Saviour that ranſom'd mankind:
The altar, the lamb, and the prieſt,
The blood that was ſprinkled of old,
Had life, when the people could taſte
The bleſſings thoſe ſhadows foretold.

Review each prophetical *ſong*
Which ſhines in prediction's rich train,
The ſweeteſt to JESUS belong,
And point out his ſufferings and reign:
Sure David his harp never ſtrung
With more of true ſacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he ſung:—
And he was reveal'd to his ſight.

May JESUS more precious become!
His word be a lamp to our feet,
While we in this wilderneſs roam,
'Till brought in his preſence to meet!
Then, then we will gaze on thy face,—
Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King!—
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praiſes eternally ſing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACE OF THE SPIRIT.

206 (First Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

The promiſed Comforter. John xiv. 16–18.

1 JESUS, we hang upon the word
Our longing ſouls have heard from thee
Be mindful of thy promiſe, LORD,—
Thy promiſe made to ſuch as me;
To ſuch as Zion's paths purſue,
And would believe that God is true.

2 Thou ſay'ſt, "I will the Father pray,
"And he the Comforter ſhall give,
"Shall give him in your hearts to ſtay,
"And never more his temples leave;
"Myſelf will to my orphans come,
"And make you mine eternal home."

3 Come then, dear LORD! thyſelf reveal,
And let the promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace!
Thy ſorrowful diſciples cheer,
And ſend us down the Comforter.

4 He viſits oft' the troubled breaſt,
And oft' relieves our ſad complaint;
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again and faint,—
Repeat the melancholy moan,
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!"

5 Haſten him, LORD, into each heart,
Our ſure inſeparable guide:
Oh may we meet and never part!
Oh may he in our hearts abide!

And keep his houſe of praiſe and prayer,
And reſt and reign for ever there!

206 (Second Part.) 8ˢ.

Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30.

THE love of the Spirit I ſing,
By whom is redemption apply'd;
Who ſinners to JESUS can bring,
And make them his myſtical bride.

2 'Tis he circumciſes their hearts,
Their callouſneſs kindly removes;
Light, life, and affection imparts
To them that ſo freely he loves.

3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of JESUS to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to purſue.

4 The ſtubborneſt will he can bow,
The foes that dwell in us reſtrain;
And none can be trodden ſo low,
But he can revive them again.

5 His bleſt renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his ſaints;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

6 Impreſt with the image divine,
The ſoul to redemption he ſeals;
And each with the Saviour ſhall ſhine,
When glory complete he reveals.

7 How conſtant thy love I believe,
Which ſtedfaſt endures to the end;
Then never, my ſoul, may I grieve
So loving—ſo holy a friend.

207 (First Part.) L. M. B——.
Ayliffe Street 241. Ulverſton 179.

The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and ſtep preſide.

2 Conduct us ſafe, conduct us far
From every ſin and hurtful ſnare;
Lead to thy word that rules muſt give,
And teach us leſſons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us diſplay,
And make us know and chooſe thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holineſs,—the road
That we muſt take to dwell with GOD;
Lead us to CHRIST,—the living way;
Nor let us from his paſtures ſtray.

5 Lead us to GOD, our final reſt,
In his enjoyment to be bleſt;
Lead us to heaven, the ſeat of bliſs,
Where pleaſure in perfection is.

207 (Second Part.) C. M.
Follet 181 Braintree 25.

The Work of the Spirit repreſented by the Wind; or, ſovereign ſaving Grace. John iii. 8.

1 THE bleſſed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he pleaſe;
How happy are the men who feel
The ſoul-enlivening breeze.

2 He forms the carnal mind afreſh,
Subdues the power of ſin,
Transforms the heart of ſtone to fleſh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He ſheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead benighted ſoul
With light, and life, and joy!
None can thy mighty power control,—
Thy glorious work deſtroy.

208 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Magdalene 214. Rowles 73.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

1 BLESS'D Jesus! ſource of grace divine,
What ſoul-refreſhing ſtreams are thine!
Oh, bring theſe healing waters nigh,
Or we muſt droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller thro' deſert lands,
'Midſt ſcorching ſuns, and burning ſands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreſhing rain.

3 Our longing ſouls aloud would ſing,
Spring up, celeſtial Fountain, ſpring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirſty land below.

4 May this bleſt torrent near my ſide,
Thro' all the deſert, gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a ſea of joy and love!

209 L. M.

Kimbolton 251. Martin's Lane 67.

Divine Influences compared to Rain. Pſalm lxxii. 6.

1 AS ſhowers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus ſhall ſhed his bleſſings down;
Crown'd with whoſe life-infuſing drops,
Earth ſhall renew her bliſsful crops.

2 Lands, that beneath a burning ſky
Have long been deſolate and dry;
Th' effuſions of his love ſhall ſhare,
And ſudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains, in all their ſtore,
Drenching the paſtures o'er and o'er,
Are not ſo copious as that grace
Which ſanctifies and ſaves our race.

4 As, in ſoft ſilence, vernal ſhowers
Deſcend, and cheer the fainting flowers;
So, in the ſecreſy of love,
Falls the ſweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy ſilence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffuſing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let theſe bleſſings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild waſtes in verdure riſe,
And a young Eden bleſs our eyes.

210 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.
Wareham 117. Fawcett 184. Goulds 272.

Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign! from thy throne,
And ſend thy various bleſſings down:
While by thine Iſrael thou art ſought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, ſacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldeſt hearts with love;
Soften to fleſh the flinty ſtone,
And let thy god-like power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtieſt eyes
Shall floods of pious ſorrows riſe;
While all their glowing ſouls are borne
To ſeek that grace which now they ſcorn.

Oh, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate!
Each preſſing on with zeal to be
A living ſacrifice to thee.

In anſwer to our fervent cries,
Give us to ſee thy church ariſe;
Or, if that bleſſing ſeem too grea t
Give us to mourn its low eſtate.

211 (Firſt Part.) 112th. PRES. DAVIES.

Hoxton 121. Francis 200.

The Influences of the Spirit deſired.

ETERNAL Spirit! ſource of light!
Enliv'ning, conſecrating fire,
Deſcend, and with celeſtial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inſpire:
Our ſouls refine, our droſs conſume!
Come, *condeſcending* Spirit! come.

In our cold breaſts, O ſtrike a ſpark
Of the pure flame which ſeraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and ſtupid ſtill:
Come, *vivifying* Spirit, come
And make our hearts thy conſtant home.

Whatever guilt and madneſs dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the flame we ſhould expire:
Our breaſts expand to make thee room:
Come, *purifying* Spirit! come!

Let pure devotion's fervors riſe!
Let every pious paſſion glow!
Oh, let the raptures of the ſkies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, *condeſcending* Spirit! come
And make our ſouls thy conſtant home.

211 (Second Part) S. M.
Stoke 207. New Eagle-Street 55.
The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 COME, holy Spirit come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

212 (First Part) L. M.
Mark's 65. Chard 175.
Entire Dedication; or, Reasons for desiring the Work of the Spirit.

1 EMPTY'D of earth, I fain would be
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and dy'd,---
Surrender'd to the crucify'd!---

2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepar'd for Heaven, my noblest care,---
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
My friend, and my companion thou;
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.

Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyſelf the conqueſt get:
Let ſin no more oppoſe my Lord,
Slain by thy SPIRIT's two-edg'd ſword.

Conſtrain my ſoul Thy ſway to own:
Self-will, ſelf-righteouſneſs, dethrone:
Let Dagon fall before thy face,---
The ark remaining in its place.

Detach from ſublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty ſee, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celeſtial fire.

Larger communion let me prove
With thee, bleſt object of my love:
But, oh! for this no power have I;
My ſtrength is at *thy* feet to lie.

212 (Second Part) L. M.
Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.
A propitious Gale longed for.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "SWEET SPIRIT, come!
"Celeſtial breeze, no longer ſtay,
"But ſwell my ſails, and ſpeed my way!
"Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And looſe my cable from below:
"But I can only ſpread my ſail;
"THOU, THOU muſt breathe th'auſpicious gale!

213 L. M. STEELE.
Portugal 97. Ulverſton 179.
The Influences of the Spirit experienced.
John xiv. 16. 17.

DEAR Lord! and ſhall thy Spirit reſt
In ſuch a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious gueſt!
Favour aſtoniſhing, divine!

2 When ſin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almoſt expires in night,
Lord can thy Spirit then be here—
Great ſpring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the bleſt Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he ſuſtains my fainting hea;
Elſe would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When ſome kind promiſe glads my ſoul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempeſt of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wiſh, my heart aſpires;
Can it be leſs than power divine
Which animates theſe ſtrong deſires?

6 What leſs than thy Almighty word
Can raiſe my heart from earth and duſt,
And bid me cleave to thee, my LORD,
My life, my treaſure, and my truſt?

7 And, when my cheerful hope can ſay
"I love my GOD, and taſte his grace,"
LORD, is it not thy bliſsful ray
Which brings this dawn of ſacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O GOD of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earneſt of the joys above.

214 8ſ.

Uxbridge 161. New Jeruſalem 230.

The Holy Spirit addreſſed under Darkneſs.

1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
And viſit a ſorrowful breaſt;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And *bring* me aſſurance and reſt:

Thou only haſt pow'r to relieve
A ſinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
The ſenſe of redemption to give,
And ſprinkle his conſcience with blood.

With me, if of old thou haſt ſtrove,
And kindly withheld me from ſin;
Reſolv'd, by the ſtrength of thy love,
My worthleſs affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And ſet up thy reſt in my heart.

If, when I have put thee to grief
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodneſs hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
Oh, Spirit of pity and grace!
Relieve me again, and reſtore,
My ſpirit in holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to grieve thee no more.

If now I lament after GOD,
And pant for a drop of his love,—
If JESUS, who pour'd out his blood,
Obtain'd me a manſion above;
Come, heavenly Comforter! come,
Sweet witneſs of mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent home,—
And ſeal me eternally thine.

215 (Firſt Part.) L. M.

Bredby 165. Horſley 205. Gould's 272.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart. Pſ. li. 11.

STAY, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay!
Though I have done thee ſuch deſpite,
Caſt not a ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2 Though I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd:—

3 But Oh! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honour of my great High-Prieſt;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, ſwear
I ſhall not ſee thy people's reſt.

4 If yet thou canſt my ſins forgive,—
E'en now, O LORD! relieve my woes;
Into thy reſt of love receive,
And bleſs me with a calm repoſe.

5 E'en now my weary ſoul releaſe,
And raiſe me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

215 (Second Part.) C. M.
Worksop 31. Walſal 237.

The grieved Spirit deſired to return.

1 MY grace ſo weak, my ſin ſo ſtrong,
My heart is greatly pain'd:
Bleſs'd Spirit, art thou griev'd?—and is
Thine influence reſtrain'd?

2 Tell me—Oh, tell me what will pleaſe
And cauſe thee to return;
As doves the abſence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

3 Come, then, Celeſtial Helper! come
With energy divine;
Eaſe, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.

4 Vouchſafe, in anſwer to my prayer,
Thy viſits to renew;
Increaſe my faith, diſpel my fears;
Oh, guard and ſave me too.

215 (Third Part.) L. M.
Paul's 246. Portugal 97.

Prayer for all the ſaving Influences of Grace.

I'M in a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderneſs of toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleaſures kill, and glories cheat.

Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy ſhield of pow'r
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.

Teach me the flatt'ring path to ſhun,
In which the thoughtleſs many run;
Who for a ſhade the ſubſtance miſs,
And graſp their ruin in their bliſs.

Each ſacred principle impart;—
The faith, that ſanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aſpires;
And love, that warms with holy fires.

Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Juſt, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may my conſtant thought purſue—
That may I love and practiſe too.

Let neither pleaſure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wand'ring ſoul aſide;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.—

There glories ſhine and pleaſures roll
That charm, delight, tranſport—the ſoul;
And ev'ry panting wiſh ſhall be
Poſſeſt of boundleſs bliſs in Thee.

216 (Firſt Part.) C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
New York 33. Sprague 166.

Divine Drawings celebrated. Hoſea xi. 4.

MY God, what ſilken cords are thine!
How ſoft, and yet how ſtrong! 113 K 5

While power, and truth, and love, combine
To draw our ſouls along.

2 Thou ſaw'ſt us cruſh'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of ſin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthleſs hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thouſand ſins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when firſt the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort, thro' all this vale of tears,
In rich profuſion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity beſtows.

5 Drawn by ſuch cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

216 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal New 263. Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

The Time of Love; or Praiſe for the Work of the Spirit. Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.

1 LORD, 'twas a time of wond'rous love,
When thou didſt firſt draw near my ſoul,
And, by thy Spirit from above,
My raging paſſions didſt control.

2 Guilty and ſelf-condemn'd I ſtood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliſs ſo near;
But He my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.

3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, *equal* praiſe.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT*.

217 (First Part) 8. 8. 6. S. PEARCE.

Baltimore 167. Hinton 266.

CONTENTMENT *encouraged by the divine promiſe.*

Heb. xiii. 5.

LET Ocean's waves tumultuous riſe,
And ſtrive in vain to pierce the ſkies
And mingle with the ſtars;
Then diſappointed backward roll;
And, wild with rage, diſturb the pole
With their preſumptuous wars.

Let Rebel Angels, doom'd to fire,
Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God:
Then headlong from the etherial height
Precepitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod.

[Let murm'ring Mortals too repine,
Arraign the Providence divine,
And blame the deeds of Heav'n;
While paſſions ſtrong, without control,
Diſturb the agitated ſoul,
Enrag'd at what is giv'n.]

But ſhall the Chriſtian's nobler mind—
By Grace renew'd, by Heaven refin'd—
Indulge a murm'ring thought?
Shall he, who claims Jehovah's ſtrength,
Who ſhall be brought to Heav'n at length,
Bemoan *his* preſent lot?

* The Chriſtian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically, for the ſake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,
Nor let th' ungenerous thought arise,
Offspring of discontent:
No! while my God, my Saviour lives,
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.

6 Since he has said, "I'll ne'er depart;"
I'll bind his promise to my heart,
Rejoicing in his care;
This shall support, while here I live;
And, when in glory I arrive,
I'll praise him for it there.

217 (Second Part) S. M. BEDDOME, Gosport 53. Enfield 5.

Faith its Author and Preciousness. Eph. ii. 8.

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of GOD!

2 JESUS it owns a King,---
An all-atoning priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in CHRIST.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
LORD, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me!

218 C. M. Abingdon 42. Condescension 116.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;

Its aid in every duty brings,
And ſoftens all my cares:

2 Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
And lights the ſacred fire
Of love to GOD, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure deſire.

3 The wounded conſcience knows its power
The healing balm to give:
That balm the ſaddeſt heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celeſtial worlds,
Where deathleſs pleaſures reign;
And bids me ſeek my portion there,
Nor bids me ſeek in vain:—

5 Shews me the precious promiſe, ſeal'd
With the redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to reſt
Upon a faithful GOD.

6 There, there unſhaken, would I reſt
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory riſe!

219 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Rochford 22. Rothwell 174.

The ſtruggle between Faith and Unbelief. Mar. ix. 24.

1 JESUS, our ſouls delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice;
Yet ſtill our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promiſes our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and ſorrows riſe,
And hide the promiſe from our eyes.

3 O let not ſin and Satan boaſt,
While ſaints lie mourning in the duſt;
Nor ſee that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying ſpark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As ſhades diſpers'd by opening light.

220. 8s.
Lambeth 57. Uxbridge 161.
Faith fainting.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of diſtreſs,
Juſt ready all hope to reſign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Diſhearten'd with waiting ſo long,
I ſink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my ſong,
And ſtretch forth my hands unto GOD.

2 Shine, LORD! and my terror ſhall ceaſe;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to JESUS for peace,---
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour! for ſweet is thy voice;
Thy preſence is fair to behold;
Attend to my ſorrows and cries---
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If ſometimes I ſtrive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promiſe to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harraſs'd and caſt from thy ſight,
The tempter ſuggeſts, with a roar,---
"The LORD has forſaken thee quite;
"Thy GOD will be gracious no more."

4 Yet LORD, if thy love hath deſign'd
No covenant bleſſing for me,
Ah! tell me how is it I find
Some pleaſure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to reſcue thou art;
Thy grace is my ſhield and my tow'r;
Come ſuccour and gladden my heart,---
Let this be the day of thy power.

221 8, 8, 6.
Chatham 59. Weſtbury Leigh 278.
Faith Reviving.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?---
Haſt thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy ſpotleſs Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of ſin,
Which, LORD! was charg'd on thee?

2 Complete attonement thou haſt made,
And to the utmoſt farthing paid
Whate'er thy people ow'd;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If ſhelter'd in thy righteouſneſs
And ſprinkled with thy blood?

3 [If thou haſt my diſcharge procur'd,
And freely, in my room, endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment GOD cannot twice demand—
Firſt at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my ſoul, unto thy reſt!
The merits of thy great high-prieſt
Speak liberty and peace:
Truſt in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy baniſhment from GOD,
Since JESUS dy'd for thee. 116

222 8's.

New Jeruſalem 230. Lambeth 57.

Faith Conquering.

1. THE moment a ſinner believes,
And truſts in his crucify'd GOD,
His pardon at once he receives,---
Redemption in full thro' his blood
Tho' thouſands and thouſands of foes:
Againſt him in malice unite,
Their rage he, thro' CHRIST, can oppoſe--
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 The faith, that unites to the lamb,
And brings ſuch ſalvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of GOD's Spirit it is;
A principle, active and young,
That lives under preſſure and load;
That makes out of weakneſs more ſtrong,
And draws the ſoul upward to GOD.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquiſhes death and deſpair;
And Oh! let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer,---
Permits a vile worm of the duſt,
With GOD to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveneſs as juſt,
And look for his love to the end.

4 It ſays to the mountains, "Depart,"
That ſtand betwixt GOD and the ſoul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded conſciences whole:
Bids ſins of a crimſon-like dye
Be ſpotleſs as ſnow, and as white;
And raiſes the ſinner on high
To dwell with the angels of light.

223 8's. TOPLADY.

New Jeruſalem 232. Lock 49.

Faith Triumphing.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,---
Of covenant mercy I ſing;
Nor fear, with thy righteouſneſs on,
My perſon and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of GOD
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my tranſgreſſions from view.

The work which his goodneſs began,
The arm of his ſtrength will complete;
His promiſe is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,---
Not all things below nor above
Can make him his purpoſe forego,
Or ſever my ſoul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not eraſe;
Impreſs'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes! I to the end ſhall endure,
As ſure as the earneſt is given;
More happy, but not more ſecure,
The glorify'd ſpirits in heaven.

224 S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Salem New 99.

Weak Believers encouraged.

YOUR harps, ye trembling ſaints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praiſe of CHRIST our LORD
Bid every ſtring awake.

2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our houſe above
We every moment come.

3 His grace ſhall to the end
Stronger and brighter ſhine;
Nor preſent things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the ſpark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we ſhall clearly ſee
Not only that he ſhed his blood,
But each ſhall ſay, "FOR ME."

5 Tarry his leiſure, then;
Wait, the appointed hour;
Wait, till the bridegroom of your ſouls
Reveal his love with power.

5 Bleſt is the man, O GOD!
That ſtays himſelf on thee!
Who waits for thy ſalvation, LORD!
Shall thy ſalvation ſee.

225 L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.
Kingſbridge 88. Magdalene 214.
Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16.
Heb. x. 39.

1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's ſons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient ſins forgiven;

2 Not the beſt deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conſcience whole:
Faith is the grace,---and faith alone,
That flies to CHRIST, and ſaves the ſoul.

LORD, I believe thy heavenly word!
Fain would I have my ſoul renew'd:
I mourn for ſin, and truſt the LORD,
To have it pardon'd and ſubdu'd.

Oh, may thy grace its power diſplay!
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

226 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bedford 91, Brighthelmſtone 208.

Being in the Fear of God all the day long.
Proverbs xxiii. 17.

1 THRICE happy ſouls, who born from heav'n,
While yet they ſojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with GOD,
And ſpend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the ſacred pages o'er,
And praiſe thy name, and pray.

3 'Midſt hourly cares, may love preſent
Its incenſe to thy throne—
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!

4 As ſanctified to nobleſt ends,
Be each refreſhment ſought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wiſe inſtruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or, by temptations try'd,
We'll ſeek the ſhelter of thy wings,
And in thy ſtrength confide.

6 As different ſcenes of life ariſe,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidſt the ſocial band,---
In ſolitude with thee.

7 At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breaſt;
And, ſafely folded in thine arms,
Reſign our pow'rs to reſt.

8 In ſolid pure delights like theſe,
Let all my days be paſt;
Nor ſhall I then impatient wiſh,
Nor ſhall I fear the laſt.

227 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Stamford 9. Hammond 226. Bath Chapel 26

Fear of God. Prov, xiv. 26.

1 HAPPY beyond deſcription he
Who fears the LORD his GOD;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, ſacred paſſion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their ſource is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling ſlave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears,

4 Let fear and love, moſt holy GOD!
Poſſeſs this ſoul of mine;
Then ſhall I worſhip thee aright,
And taſte thy joys divine.

228 C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.
Michael's 119. Follett 181.
Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 AM I a ſoldier of the croſs,
A follower of the lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his cauſe,—
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?

2 Muſt I be carried to the ſkies,
On flowery beds of eaſe;
While others fought to win the prize,
And ſail'd thro' bloody ſeas!

3 Are there no foes for me to face!
Muſt I not ſtem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I muſt fight, if I would reign;
Increaſe my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy ſaints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die:
They ſee the triumph from afar,
And ſeize it with their eye.

6 When that illuſtrious day ſhall riſe,
And all thy armies ſhine
In robes of victory thro' the ſkies,
The glory ſhall be thine.

229 L. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.
Chard 175. Ayliffe-Street 241.
Gravity and Decency.

1 BEHOLD the Sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And ſhall they ſtoop to earthly toys? 119

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were ſpirits of celeſtial kind
Made for a jeſt, for ſport, and play—
To wear out time, and waſte the day?

3 Doth vain diſcourſe, or empty mirth,
Well ſuit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richeſt veſt;
Peacocks and flies are better dreſt;
This fleſh, with all its gaudy forms,
Muſt drop to duſt, and feed the worms.

5 LORD, raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher!
Touch our vain ſouls with ſacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll paſs theſe glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With ſuch diſdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us riſe
To manſions promis'd in the ſkies.

230 L. M.

Kingſbridge 88. Virginia 234. Gould's 272.

Hope ſet before us.

1 AND be it ſo—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, ſlaves to ſin and Satan's power,
Have never felt theſe hearts relent.

2 What ſhall we do?—ſhall we lie down,
Sink in deſpair, and groan, and die?
And, ſunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As ſinners, ſtrangers, we will come;
Among thy ſaints we aſk a place,---
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 LORD, we believe! Oh, chaſe away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:
LORD, we repent! Oh, let thy ray
Diſſolve our hearts in ſacred grief!

5 Now ſpread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with bleſſings from above,—
With all the joys of hope divine!

231 (Firſt Part.) L. M.

Chard 175, New Court 173.

Hope in Darkneſs.

1 O GOD, my ſun, thy bliſsful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarce thro' the ſhades a glimpſe of day
Appears to theſe deſiring eyes!
But ſhall my drooping ſpirit ſay,
The cheerful morn will *never* riſe?

3 Oh, let me not deſpairing mourn!
Tho' gloomy darkneſs ſpreads the ſky,
My glorious ſun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 Oh, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope ſhall in fruition die!
So tapers loſe their feeble ray
Beneath the ſun's refulgent eye.

231 (Second Part.) 148th. BEDDOME.

Carmarthen New 35.

Who can tell? or, hoping againſt Hope, Jonah iii.

1 GREAT GOD! to thee I'll make
My griefs and ſorrows known;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne:
Tho' by my ſins deſerving hell,
I'll not deſpair;—for, who can tell?

2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping ſoul canſt cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My foes ſubdue, my fears diſpel—
I'll daily ſeek;—for, who can tell?

3 Endanger'd or diſtreſt,
To thee alone I'll fly,
Implore thy powerful help,
And at thy footſtool lie;
My caſe bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait;—for, who can tell?

4 My heart miſgives me oft,
And conſcience ſtorms within;
One gracious look from thee,
Will make it all ſerene:
Satan ſuggeſts that I muſt dwell
In endleſs flames;—but, who can tell?

5 Vile unbelief, begone;
Ye doubts, fly ſwift away;
GOD hath an ear to hear,
While I've an heart to pray.
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever ſo;—and, who can tell?

232, 8. 8. 6.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150. Westbury-Leigh 278.

Hoping and Longing. Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 25.

COME, LORD! and help us to rejoice
In hope that we ſhall hear thy voice,—
Shall one day ſee our GOD;
Shall ceaſe from all our painful ſtrife,
Handle and taſte the Word of Life,
And feel the ſprinkled blood.

Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worſhip thee, a GOD unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's reſt, thy ſaints delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing now in earneſt hope,
We ſtand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruits of paradiſe
In endleſs plenty grow:

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with GOD's peculiar ſmile,
With every bleſſing bleſt;
There dwells the LORD, our Righteouſneſs,—
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlaſting reſt.

Oh, when ſhall we at once go up!
Nor this ſide Jordan longer ſtop,
But the good land poſſeſs:
When ſhall we end our ling'ring years,
Our ſorrows, ſins, and doubts, and fears,—
An howling wilderneſs.

6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, LORD! divide;
And, Oh, with all the sanctify'd,
Give us a lot of love!

283 L. M. STEELE,
Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.
1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious hand on which I live
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,---
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My GOD, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

234 L. M. STEELE.

New Sabbath 122, Langdon 217.

Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit bleſſed.

Matthew v. 3.

YE humble ſouls, complain no more;
Let faith ſurvey your future ſtore:
How happy, how divinely bleſt,
The ſacred words of truth atteſt.

2 When conſcious grief laments ſincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points, to your dejected eyes,
The bright reverſion in the ſkies.

3 In vain the ſons of wealth and pride
Deſpiſe your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boaſt their little ſtores:
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*!---

4 A kingdom of immenſe delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleaſures riſe,
And every wiſh hath full ſupplies:

5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time ſweeps earthly thrones away;
The ſtate, which power and truth ſuſtain,
Unmov'd for ever muſt remain.

6 There ſhall your eyes with raptures view
The glorious friend that dy'd for you;
That dy'd to ranſom, dy'd to raiſe
To crowns of joy and ſongs of praiſe.

7 JESUS, to thee I breathe my prayer!
Reveal, confirm my intereſt there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this, my ſoul deſires to know!

8 Oh, let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious bleſſing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largeſt wiſhes aſk no more.

235 C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Humble Pleadings for Mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet we ſinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcaſt eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 [On us, the vaſt extent diſplay
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 We ſink---with all this weight oppreſs'd,
Sink down to death and hell;
Oh, give our troubled ſpirits reſt,
Our numerous fears diſpel.]

4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhauſtleſs ſtore,
And thou thyſelf art love.

5 Oh, for thy own, for JESUS' ſake,
Our many ſins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And, breaking, ſoon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repoſſeſs thy throne.

236 L. M. BEDDOME.

Ulverſton 179. Rippon's 188. Babylon Streams 23.

The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.

1 LORD! with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and eaſe my ſmart:
Oh, help me ſoon, or elſe I die.

2 Here, on my ſoul, a burden lies!
No human power can it remove;
My numerous ſins like mountains riſe:
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

3 Break off theſe adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage ſet me free;
Reſcue from everlaſting pains;
And bring me ſafe to heaven and thee.

237 7s. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

Alceſter 213. Cookham 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,---
Poor in ſpirit, meek in heart,
I ſhall, as my maſter, be
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides;
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

3 Father, fix my ſoul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,---
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may ſeek and find,
Every good in JESUS join'd!
Him let Iſrael ſtill adore,
Truſt him, praiſe him evermore.

238 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Old Hundred 100. Chard 175.

Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

1 THE righteous Lord, ſupremely great,
Maintains his univerſal ſtate;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footſtool bends.

2 Yet juſtice ſtill with power preſides,
And mercy all his empire guides:
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And ſaints are lovely in his ſight.

3 No more, ye wiſe! your wiſdom boaſt;
No more, ye ſtrong! your valour truſt;
No more, ye rich! ſurvey your ſtore,—
Elate with heaps of ſhining ore;

4 Glory, ye ſaints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his ſovereign ſway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wiſdom, wealth, and power, we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our ſouls in raptures riſe.

6 All elſe, which we our treaſure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happineſs can move,
Whom God, the bleſſed, deigns to love?

239 S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Salem New 99. Mansfield 154.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Pſalm cxxxviii.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a ſacred ſong;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With muſic paſs along.

2 How ſtrait the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
No fierce deſtroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradiſe
In rich profuſion ſpring;
The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
And dear companions ſing.

4 See Salem's golden ſpires
In beauteous proſpect riſe;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which ſparkle thro' the ſkies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the ſhining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endleſs day!

240 7'. CENNICK.

Bath Abbey 147. Hart's 221.

Rejoicing in Hope. Iſaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii, 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to GOD
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed, be glad!
CHRIST our advocate is made;—
Us to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes,—
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt!
You on JESU's throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,—
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
CHRIST, your Father's darling ſon,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 LORD! ſubmiſſive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

241 L. M. COWPER.

Rochford 22. Mark's 65.

Return of Joy.

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 Oh, let me then, at length, be taught
(What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn,)
That GOD is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat!
But, when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,—
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

But, O my LORD, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will;
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.
Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praiſe receive;
Be ſhame, and ſelf-abhorrence, mine.

242 L.M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.

New Sabbath 122. Portugal 97.

Juſtice and Equity. Matt. vii. 12.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worſe
"Than we would have them deal with us!"
This golden leſſon, ſhort and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conſcience muſt approve
This univerſal law of love.
'Tis written in each mortal breaſt
Where all our tendereſt wiſhes reſt;
We draw it from our inmoſt veins,
Where love to ſelf reſides and reigns.
Is reaſon ever at a loſs?
Call in ſelf-love to judge the cauſe:
Let our own fondeſt paſſions ſhew
How we ſhould treat our neighbour too.
How bleſs'd would every nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradiſe below.

6 JESUS, forgive us, that we keep
Thy ſacred law of love aſleep;
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Thoſe ſavage paſſions, for our guide.

243 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Chard 175. Truro 105.

God ſhining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the LORD of boundleſs might
With uncreated glories bright
His preſence gilds the worlds above,—
Th' unchanging ſource of light and love.

2 Our riſing earth his eye beheld,
When, in ſubſtantial darkneſs veil'd,
The ſhapeleſs chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3 "Let there be light," JEHOVAH ſaid!
And light o'er all its face was ſpread;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born luſtre ſhone.

4 He ſees the mind, when loſt it lies
In ſhades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty GOD! with vigor ſhine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories ſtand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My ſoul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image ſhall diſplay;
While all my faculties unite
To praiſe the LORD, who gives me light.

244 L. M.

Kingſbridge 88. Lewton 30.

One thing I know. John ix. 25. Iſaiah liv. 13.

1 DEAR Saviour! make me wiſe to ſee
My ſin, and guilt, and remedy;
'Tis ſaid, of all thy blood has bought,
"They ſhall of Iſrael's GOD be taught."

2 Their plague of heart thy people know;
They know thy name, and truſt thee too;
They know the Goſpel's bliſsful ſound,
The paths where endleſs joys abound.

3 They know the Father and the Son;—
Theirs is eternal life begun:
Unto ſalvation they are wiſe,—
Their grace ſhall into glory riſe.

4 But—ignorance itſelf am I;
Born blind—eſtrang'd from thee I lie,
O LORD! to thee I humbly own
I *nothing* know as ſhould be known.

5 I ſcarce know GOD, or CHRIST, or ſin,—
My foes without, or plague within;
Know not my intereſt, LORD, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty!

6 But help me to declare to-day,
If *many* things I cannot ſay,
"ONE thing I know," all praiſe to thee,
"Tho' *blind* I was—yet now I *ſee*."

245 C. M. FAWCETT.

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Knowledge at preſent imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

1 THY way, O GOD! is in the ſea;
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the myſtery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy;—
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why?

4 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

246 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

Liberality; or, the Duty and Pleasures of Benevolence.

1 OH, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,—
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
Thro' all your lives let mercy run!

Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great ſalvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and ſickneſs help apply.

Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counſellor and ſtay;
Adopt the fatherleſs, and ſmooth,
To uſeful happy life, his way.

Let age, with want and weakneſs bow'd,
Your bowels of compaſſion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bleſs'd,—
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

When all is done, renounce your deeds—
Renounce ſelf-righteouſneſs with ſcorn
Thus will you glorify your GOD,
And thus the Chriſtian name adorn.

247 L. M. D. TURNER.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.

YES, I would love thee, bleſſed GOD!
Paternal goodneſs marks thy name!
Thy praiſes, thro' thy high abode,
The heav'nly hoſts with joy proclaim.

Freely thou gav'ſt thy deareſt Son
For man to ſuffer, bleed, and die;
And bid'ſt me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

In him, thy reconciled face
With joy unſpeakable I ſee;
And feel thy powerful wond'rous grace
Draw, and unite my ſoul to thee.

4 Whene'er my fooliſh wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this bliſsful centre ſtart,
LORD, fix it there to ſtray no more!

248 C. M. DR. RYLAND.

New York 33. Condeſcenſion 116.

Delight in God. Pſalm xxxvii. 4.

1 O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,—
My beſt, my only friend.

2 When all-created ſtreams are dry'd,
Thy fulneſs is the ſame;
May I with this be ſatisfy'd,
And glory in thy name!

3 Why ſhould the ſoul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters ſweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I muſt have all things, and abound,
While GOD is GOD to me.

5 Oh, that I had a ſtronger faith,
To look within the veil,—
To credit what my Saviour ſaith,
Whoſe word can never fail!

6 He, that has made my heaven ſecure,
Will here all good provide:
While CHRIST is rich, can I be poor,
What can I want beſide?

7 O LORD! I caſt my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern ſhall be
To love and pleaſe thee more.

249 L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRICS.
Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.
Love to CHRIST *preſent or abſent.*

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
JESUS, thy love exceeds the reſt!—
Love, the beſt bleſſing here below,—
The neareſt image of the bleſt.

2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each ſmile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of thy abſence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain;
And tears have their own ſweetneſs too.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove;
Or aſk the watchmen of the night
For ſome kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 JESUS, our GOD, yet rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face:—
'Tis beſt to ſee our LORD at home,
And feel the preſence of his grace.

250 7'. NEWTON.
Cookham 36. Alceſter 213.
Loveſt thou me. John xxi. 16.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought—
Do I love the LORD, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?—
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe
Who have never heard his name.

3 [Could my heart ſo hard remain,—
Prayer a taſk and burden prove,—
Every trifle give me pain,—
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,—
Can I deem myſelf a child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet, I mourn my ſtubborn will,—
Find my ſin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 [Could I joy his ſaints to meet;
Chooſe the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise ſweet;—
If I did not love the LORD?]

8 LORD, decide the doubtful caſe!
Thou, who art thy people's ſun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray!
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

251 L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRICS.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245. Gould's 272.

Desiring to love Christ.

1 COME, let me love! or is my mind
Harden'd to ſtone, or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed fair one bend,
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the ſkies!

2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt, and took my chains!

4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling ſkies!
JESUS, the GOD, extends his arms,—
Hangs on a croſs of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo,
In groans of an expiring GOD?

6 Again he lives! and ſpreads his hands,—
Hands, that were nail'd to torturing ſmart;
"By theſe dear wounds!" ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.

7 Sure I muſt love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears;—
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

252 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Sprague 166. Brighthelmſtone 208.

Profeſſion of Love to Chriſt.

1 AND have I, Christ, no love to thee,—
No paſſion for thy charms?
No wiſh my Saviour's face to ſee,
And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no ſpark of gratitude,
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whoſe generous boſom glow'd
With friendſhip all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindneſs tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No ſweet emotion feel?

4 Such baſe ingratitude as this
What heart but muſt deteſt!
Sure Christ deſerves the nobleſt place
In every human breaſt.

5 A very wretch, Lord! I ſhould prove,
Had I no love to thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I ceaſe to be!

253 8ˢ. B. Francis.
New Jeruſalem 230. Lock 49. Uxbridge 161.

Supreme Love to Chriſt.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praiſes aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To ſhout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them inceſſantly ſhine,
My boundleſs ineffable joy.

He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My ſoul from the confines of hell,
To live on the ſmiles of my GOD,
And in his ſweet preſence to dwell;
To ſhine with the angels of light;
With ſaints, and with ſeraphs to ſing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My JESUS, my Saviour, my King.

3 In Meſhech, as yet, I reſide,—
A darkſome and reſtleſs abode!
Moleſted with foes on each ſide,
And longing to dwell with my GOD:
Oh, when ſhall my ſpirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For manſions celeſtial, and range
Thro' realms of ineffable day!

4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
To ſee thee deſcend on the cloud,
Amidſt the bright numberleſs throng,
And mix with the triumphing croud:
Oh, when wilt thou bid me aſcend,
To join in thy praiſes above,
To gaze on thee world without end,
And feaſt on thy raviſhing love?

5 Nor ſorrow, nor ſickneſs, nor pain,
Nor ſin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever moleſt me again;
Perfection of glory reigns there:
This ſoul and this body ſhall ſhine
In robes of ſalvation and praiſe,
And banquet on pleaſures divine
Where GOD his full beauty diſplays.

6 Ye palaces, ſceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with diſdain I ſurvey; 130

Your pomps are but ſhadows and ſounds,
And paſs in a moment away;
The crown, that my Saviour beſtows,
Yon permanent ſun ſhall outſhine;
My joy everlaſtingly flows,—
My GOD, my Redeemer, is mine.

254 S. M. FAWCETT.

Vermont 134. Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Love to the Brethren.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Chriſtian love!
The fellowſhip of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We ſhare our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The ſympathizing tear.

4 When we aſunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we ſhall ſtill be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to ſee the day.

6 From ſorrow, toil, and pain,
And ſin, we ſhall be free;
And perfect love and friendſhip reign
Thro' all eternity.

255 S. M. BEDDOME.
Eagle Street New 55. Enfield 5.
Chriſtian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

LET party names no more
The Chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in CHRIST their head.

Among the ſaints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell!
Be baniſh'd far away:
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell
Who the ſame LORD obey.

Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above;
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

256 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
New Court 173. Antigua 120.
The Heart purified to unfeigned Love of the Brethren by the Spirit. 1 Peter i. 22.

GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchſafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour ſtrong theſe breaſts inflame
To all that own a Savior's name.

Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure:
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

Celeſtial dove! deſcend, and bring
The ſmiling bleſſings on thy wing;
And make us taſte thoſe ſweets below,
Which in the bliſsful manſions grow.

257 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Ludlow 84. Charmouth 28.
Love to our Neighbour; or, the good Samaritan.
Luke x. 29—37.

1 FATHER of mercies! ſend thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient ſouls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our ſympathizing breaſts
That generous pleaſure know,
Kindly to ſhare in others joy,
And weep for others woe!

3 When the moſt helpleſs ſons of grief
In low diſtreſs are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And ſwift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the ſkies;
And, 'midſt th'embraces of his God,
He felt compaſſion riſe:

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raiſe us from the ground,
And ſhed the richeſt of his blood
A balm for every wound.

258 C. M.
Workſop 31. Ann's 58.
Love to our Enemies from the Example of Chriſt.
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

1 ALOUD we ſing the wond'rous grace
Christ to his murderers bare;
Which made the tort'ring croſs its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive!" his mercy cried
With his expiring breath,

And drew eternal bleſſings down
On thoſe who wrought his death.

3 JESUS, this wond'rous love we ſing!
And, whilſt we ſing, admire:
Breathe on our ſouls, and kindle there
The ſame celeſtial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curſe—
With bleſſings—we repay.

259 C M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Providence College 10. New York 33.

All Attainments Vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3

1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richeſt gifts on me,
Still, O my GOD! I ſhould be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not ſhining wit, nor manly ſenſe,
Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itſelf could recompenſe
The want of love to GOD.

3 Did I poſſeſs the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace;
My loudeſt words—my loftieſt ſongs
Would be but ſounding braſs.

4 Tho' thou ſhouldſt give me heavenly ſkill,
Each myſt'ry to explain;
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I ſo ſtrong a faith, my GOD!
As mountains to remove;
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 [What tho', to gratify my pride
And make my heaven ſecure,
All my poſſeſſions I divide
Among the hungry poor;

7 What tho' my body I conſign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will ſhine
In rolls of endleſs fame!

8 Theſe ſplendid acts of vanity,
Tho' all the world applaud,
If deſtitute of charity,
Can never pleaſe my GOD.]

Oh, grant me, then, this one requeſt,
And I'll be ſatisfy'd,—
That love divine may rule my breaſt,
And all my actions guide.

260 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Mansfield 154. Mount Ephraim 185.

The Meek beautified with Salvation. Pſal. cxlix. 4.

1 YE humble ſouls, rejoice,
And cheerful praiſes ſing!
Wake all your harmony of voice;
For JESUS is your King!

2 That meek and lowly LORD,
Whom here your ſouls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
T' avow you for his own.

3 He brings ſalvation near,
For which his blood was paid!
How beauteous ſhall your ſouls appear,
Thus ſumptuouſly array'd!

4 Sing! for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's ſeat,
The talleſt ſons of pride ſhall lie
The footſtool of your feet.

5 Salvation, LORD, is thine,
And all thy Saints confeſs,
The royal robes, in which they ſhine,
Were wrought by ſovereign grace.

261 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Crowle 3. Miall 240.

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

1 HAPPY the man, whoſe cautious ſteps
Still keep the golden mean:
Whoſe life, by wiſdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conſcience clean.

2 Not of himſelf he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaſter's part;
His modeſt tongue the language ſpeaks
Of his ſtill humbler heart.

3 Not in baſe ſcandal's arts he deals;
For truth dwells in his breaſt:
With grief he ſees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the beſt.

4 What bleſſings bounteous heaven beſtows,
He takes with thankful heart:
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To ſect or party his large ſoul
Diſdains to be confin'd:
The good he loves of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.

7 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where reſts the peaceful dove.

7 His buſineſs is to keep his heart,
Each paſſion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his ſoul.

8 Not on the world his heart is ſet,
His treaſure is above;
Nothing beneath the ſovereign good
Can claim his higheſt love,

262 L. M.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wiſh. Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

1 THUS Agur breath'd his warm deſire—
"My GOD, two favours I require;
"In neither my requeſt deny,
"Vouchſafe them both before I die:

2 "Far from my heart and tents exclude
"Thoſe enemies to all that's good:
"*Folly*, whoſe pleaſures end in death,
"And *Falſhood's* peſtilential breath.

3 "Be neither wealth nor want my lot:
"Below the dome, above the cot,
"Let me my life unanxious lead;
"And know not luxury nor need."

4 Thoſe wiſhes, LORD, *we* make our own:
Oh, ſhed in moderation down
Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praiſe in death!

5 But, ſhouldſt thou large poſſeſſions give,
May we with thankfulneſs receive
Th' exub'rance—ſtill our GOD adore,
And bleſs the needy from our ſtore!

6 Or, ſhould we feel the pains of want,—
Submiſſion, reſignation grant;
Till thou ſhalt ſend the wiſh'd ſupply,
Or call us to the bliſs on high.

263 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Chriſtian Patience. Luke xxii. 19.

1 PATIENCE!—Oh, what a grace divine!
Sent from the GOD of power and love,
Submiſſive to its father's hand,
As thro' the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we ſerenely bear
The troubles of our mortal ſtate,
And wait contented our diſcharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Tho' we, in full ſenſation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our GOD ordains
We ſmile amid our heavieſt woes,
And triumph in our ſharpeſt pains.

4 Oh, for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breaſt,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,—
We reach the ſhores of endleſs reſt!

5 Faith into viſion ſhall reſign;
Hope ſhall in full fruition die;
And patience in poſſeſſion end
In the bright worlds of bliſs on high.

264 L. M. Beddome.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179. Gould's 27

Patience.

1 DEAR Lord! tho' bitter is the cup,
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up:—
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Dash it with thy unchanging love:
Let not a drop of wrath be there!—
The saints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

265 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Stillman 66. Hammond 226. Michael's 119.

God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm lxxxv. 8

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts! unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

266 112th. R. Hill.

Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

A Prayer for the promiſed Reſt. Iſaiah xxvi. 3.

1 DEAR friend of friendleſs ſinners, hear!
And magnify thy grace divine;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee reſign;
A worm, by ſelf and ſin oppreſt,
That pants to reach thy promis'd reſt.

2 With holy fear, and reverend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live, and move,
And ſtay myſelf on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breaſt,
To find in thee the promis'd reſt.

3 Thou ſay'ſt thou wilt thy ſervants keep
In perfect peace, whoſe minds ſhall be
Like new-born babes, or helpleſs ſheep,
Completely ſtay'd, dear LORD! on thee:
How calm their ſtate, how truly bleſt,
Who truſt on thee, the promis'd reſt!

4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cauſe;
Be thou my portion, LORD, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws:
In thy dear arms of love careſs'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd reſt.

5 Bid the tempeſtuous rage of ſin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my ſorrows into joy:
Oh, may my heart, by thee poſſeſs'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd reſt.

267 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

God hath commanded all Men every where to repent.
Acts, xvii. 30.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celeſtial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch, that ſcorns the mandate, dies
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the ſovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are diſpatch'd abroad
To warn the world of ſin.

3 The ſummons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:
Liſten, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vaſſals hear!

4 Together in his preſence bow,
And all your guilt confeſs;
Embrace the bleſſed Saviour now,
Nor triſle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet ſound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, ſubdu'd by goodneſs, fall,
And weep, and love, and praiſe.

268 (Firſt Part.) C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Walſal 237. Bangor 231.

Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus turned into Prayer. Acts viii. 21—24.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my ſoul diſplay;

And, conſcious of its innate arts,
Intreat thy ſtrict ſurvey.

2 If lurking in its inmoſt folds
I any ſin conceal,
Oh, let a ray of light divine
The ſecret guile reveal!

3 If tinctur'd with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure ſilver ſtream,
Waſh out th' accurſed ſtain.

4 If, in theſe fatal fetters bound,
A wretched ſlave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my ſoul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given:
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And ſeal its claim to heaven.

268 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rothwell 174. Portugal 97.

Hardneſs of Heart lamented.

1 LORD! ſhed a beam of heav'nly day,
To melt this ſtubborn ſtone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The ſeas can roar; the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling all things ſhew ſome ſign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt,
What but an adamant would melt!
Goodneſs and wrath in vain combine
To move this ſtupid heart of mine.

4 But ONE can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from droſs refine,
And melt this ſtubborn heart of mine.

5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my ſoul!
On me let ſtreams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

269 L. M. Dr. Doddridge
Coombs's 45. Bromley 104. Glouceſter 12.
Chriſt exalted to give Repentance. Acts v. 31.

1 EXALTED Prince of Life! we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by GOD's almighty hand,
And ſeraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour! we confeſs
The ſovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance ſhine,
And temper majeſty divine.

3 Wide thy reſiſtleſs ſceptre ſway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy croſs its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquiſh and forgive!
Thine Iſrael ſhall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

270 7s. Dr. S. Stennett.
Cookham, 36. Stoel 264.
Penitential Sighs.

1 FATHER! at thy call I come:
In thy boſom there is room
For a guilty ſoul to hide,—
Preſs'd with grief on every ſide.

Here I'll make my piteous moan!—
Thou canſt underſtand a groan:
Here my ſins and ſorrows tell;
What I feel thou knoweſt well.

Ah! how fooliſh I have been
To obey the voice of ſin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

Darkneſs fills my trembling ſoul;
Floods of ſorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

But, may ſuch a wretch as I,—
Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die,—
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be ſmil'd upon by heaven?

May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myſelf a child of thine,
And preſume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?

Yes, I may! for I eſpy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he ſent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.

Has my elder brother died?
And is juſtice ſatisfied?
Why—oh, why—ſhould I deſpair
Of my Father's tender care?

271 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.
Charmouth 28. Ann's 58.
The Penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear JESUS! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy ſeat
Preſumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh let not juſtice frown me hence:
Stay, ſtay the vengeful ſtorm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should cruſh a feeble worm

3 If tears of ſorrow would ſuffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears ſhould from both my weeping eyes
In ceaſeleſs torrents flow.

4 But no ſuch ſacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but thoſe which thou haſt ſhed,—
No blood, but thou haſt ſpilt.

5 Think of thy ſorrows, deareſt LORD!
And all my ſins forgive:
Juſtice will well approve the word
That bids the ſinner live.

272 C. M. STEELE.
Ludlow 84. Crowle 3,
Penitence and Hope.

1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recal
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet aſham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd,—betray'd
From JESUS to depart.—

3 From JESUS,—who alone can give
True pleaſure, peace, and reſt:
When abſent from my LORD, I live
Unſatisfy'd, unbleſt.

4 But he, for his own mercy's ſake,
My wandering ſoul reſtores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my LORD,
The penitential ſigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

6 Then ſhall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to ſeek thy face;
And grateful own how kind—how ſweet
Thy condeſcending grace.

273 L. M. BEDDOME.

Ulverſtone 179. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The Prodigal Son: or, the repenting Sinner accepted.

Luke. xv. 32.

1 THE mighty GOD will not deſpiſe
The contrite heart for ſacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd ſigh, the ſecret groan,
Riſes accepted to the throne.

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the bluſhing face;
His bowels yearn when ſinners pray;
And mercy bears their ſins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with ſhame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their ſad complaints, and ſpies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy poſſeſt
The tender parent's throbbing breaſt,
To ſee his ſpend-thrift ſon return,
And hear him his paſt follies mourn.

274 C. M. BEDDOME.

Walſal 237. Bangor 231.

Why weepeſt thou? John xx. 13.

1 WHY, O my ſoul! why weepeſt thou?
Tell me from whence ariſe
Thoſe briny tears that often flow,
Thoſe groans that pierce the ſkies.

2 Is ſin the cauſe of thy complaint,
Or the chaſtiſing rod?
Doſt thou an evil heart lament *,
And mourn an abſent GOD?

3 LORD, let me weep for nought but ſin!
And after none but thee!
And then I would—Oh, that I might!—
A conſtant weeper be!

275 C. M. COWPER.

Elenborough 170. Brighthelmſtone 208.

The contrite Heart. Iſa. lvii. 15.

1 THE LORD will happineſs divine
On contrite hearts beſtow;
Then tell me, gracious GOD! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but ſeem to hear in vain,
Inſenſible as ſteel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I ſometimes think myſelf inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;

* *Or*—Doſt thou departed friends lament?

But often feel another mind,
Averſe to all that's good.

My beſt deſires are faint and few,
I fain would ſtrive for more;
But, when I cry "My ſtrength renew",
Seem weaker than before.

Thy ſaints are comforted, I know,
And love thy houſe of prayer;
I ſometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

276 C. M, Beddome.

Abridge 201. Wantage 204.

Reſignation; or, God our Portion.

MY times of ſorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choiceſt comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou ſhouldſt take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were poſſeſs'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But ſeek enduring happineſs
In thee, and thee alone.

What is the world, with all its ſtore?
'Tis but a bitter-ſweet;
When I attempt to pluck the roſe,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliſs can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall:
'Midſt changing ſcenes and dying friends,
Be *Thou* my all in all.

277 C. M. COWPER.
Bedford 91. Crowle 3.

Submiſſion.

1 O LORD! my beſt deſires fulfil,
And help me to reſign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

2 Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command,
Whoſe love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee,
Who never haſt a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

5 Wiſdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall *I* reſiſt them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And cruſh'd before the moth?

6 But ah! my immoſt ſpirit cries,
Still bind me to thy ſway;
Elſe the next cloud, that veils my ſkies
Drives all theſe thoughts away.

278 C. M. STEELE.

James's 163. Tunbridge 103.

Filial Submiſſion. Heb. xii. 7.

1 AND can my heart aſpire ſo high,
To ſay, "My Father, GOD!"
LORD! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiſs the rod.

2 I would ſubmit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wiſe;
Let every anxious thought be ſtill,
Nor one faint murmur riſe.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkſome gloom;
And bid me wait ſerene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the ſcene.

4 "My Father"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And aſk the bliſs thoſe words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

279 C. M. T. GREENE.

Grove-Houſe 143. Condeſcenſion 116.

It is the Lord—let him do what ſeemeth good.
1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 IT is the LORD—enthron'd in light,
Whoſe claims are all divine;
Who has an undiſputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the LORD—ſhould I diſtruſt,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is juſt,
And muſt be righteous ſtill?

3 It is the LORD—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my eaſe;

And, of his bounties, may recal
Whatever part he pleaſe.

4 It is the LORD—who can ſuſtain
Beneath the heavieſt load,—
From whom aſſiſtance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the LORD—whoſe matchleſs ſkill
Can, from afflictions, raiſe
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praiſe.

6 It is the LORD—my cov'nant GOD,
Thrice bleſſed be his name!
Whoſe gracious promiſe, ſeal'd with blood,
Muſt ever be the ſame.

7 His cov'nant will my ſoul defend
Should nature's ſelf expire,
And the great Judge of All deſcend
In awful flames of fire!

8 And can my ſoul, with hopes like theſe,
Be ſullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou pleaſe,
To thee I all reſign.

280 L. M. NEEDHAM.

Braintree 25. Huddersfield 202.

Self-Denial: or, Taking up the Croſs.

Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

1 ASHAM'D of CHRIST!—my ſoul, diſdain
The mean ungen'rous thought:
Shall I diſown that friend, whoſe blood
To man Salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came:

For us, endur'd the painful croſs—
For us, deſpis'd the ſhame,
At *his* command, we muſt take up
Our croſs without delay;
Our lives—and thouſand lives of ours—
Can ne'er His love repay.
Each faithful ſuff'rer Jeſus views
With infinite delight:
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
Are precious in his ſight.
To bear his name—his croſs to bear—
Our higheſt honour this!
Who nobly ſuffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliſs.
But ſhould we, in the evil day,
From our profeſſion fly,—
JESUS, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

281 C. M.

Grove-houſe 143. Brighthelmſtone 208.

Self-Denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

1 AND muſt I part with all I have,
My deareſt Lord, for thee?—
It is but right! ſince thou haſt done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go!—One look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the loſſes I ſuſtain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand lives—
How worthleſs they appear
Compared with thee, Supremely Good!
Divinely Bright and Fair!

4 Saviour of ſouls! could I from thee
A ſingle ſmile obtain,
Tho' deſtitute of all things elſe,
I'd glory in my gain..

282 C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.
Crowle 3. Gainſborough 29.
Sincerity and Truth. Phill. iv. 8.

1 LET thoſe who bear the Chriſtian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The ſaints—the followers of the Lamb—
Are men of honour ſtill.

2 True to the ſolemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they ſwear:
Conſtant and juſt to all they ſpeak—
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words deviſe;
They know the God of Truth can ſee
Thro' ev'ry falſe diſguiſe.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the ſhapes it wears,
Firm to the truth: and, when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo! from afar the Lord deſcends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his ſaints—his faithful friends
Riſe, and poſſeſs their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the ſight,
And devils wiſh to die,
Where will the faithleſs hypocrite
And guilty lyar fly?

283 S. M. BEDDOME.

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Sincerity deſired.

IF ſecret fraud ſhould dwell
Within this heart of mine;
Purge out, O GOD! that curſed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.

If any rival there
Dares to uſurp the throne,
Oh, tear the infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyſelf alone.

Is any luſt conceal'd?
Bring it to open view;
Search, ſearch, dear LORD! my inmoſt ſoul,
And all its powers renew.

284 (Firſt Part.) C. M. FAWCETT.

Ann's 58. Stillman 66.

Spiritual Mindedneſs; or, Inward Religion.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its ſovereign virtue know!

2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world beſtows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us ſuch repoſe.

3 *Religion* ſhould our thoughts engage
Amidſt our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my ſtubborn will ſubdu'd,
His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my converſation prove
My heart to be ſincere.

6 Preſerve me from the ſnares of ſin,
Thro' my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue ſhine
To my Redeemer's praiſe.

7 Let lively hope my ſoul inſpire;
Let warm affections riſe;
And may I wait, with ſtrong deſire,
To mount above the ſkies!

284 (Second Part.) C. M.
Sprague 166.

Godlineſs profitable; or, the Benefit of genuine Religion. 1 Tim. iv. 8.

1 HOW vaſt the bleſſings, how divine,
From godlineſs which flow!
Nor men, nor angels, ſhould they join,
Can half its value ſhew.

2 Ten thouſand comforts it procures
To Chriſtians, while on earth;
It endleſs happineſs ſecures,
And frees from endleſs death.

3 GOD, for himſelf, hath ſet apart
The godly, whom he loves:
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.

4 [There is a rich and free reward,
The eye of faith deſcries,
Reſerv'd for all, who ſerve the LORD,
Above the ſtarry ſkies.]

5 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
CHRIST will on ſuch beſtow;
For them the ſeeds of bliſs are ſown,—
The fruits of glory grow.

285 C. M. TATE.
Exeter 4. Michael's 119.

Encouragement to truſt and love God. Pſ. xxxiv.

THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life—
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my GOD ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boaſt,
Till all, who are diſtreſt,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

The hoſts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their truſt.

Oh, make but trial of his love!—
Experience will decide
How bleſt are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye ſaints! and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his ſervice your delight,—
Your wants ſhall be his care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The LORD will food provide
For ſuch as put their truſt in him,
And ſee their needs ſupply'd.

286 (Firſt Part) L. M.
Bowden 78. Rowles 73.

Truſt and Confidence; or, looking beyond preſent Appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightneſs of his face:

But ſhall I therefore let him go,
And baſely to the tempter yield?
No, in the ſtrength of JESUS, no!
I never will give up my ſhield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil—
The empty ſtall no herd afford—
And periſh all the bleating race:
Yet, I will triumph in the LORD!—
The GOD of my ſalvation praiſe!

3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour *will* at length appear,
And ſhew the brightneſs of his face:
Tho' now my proſpects all be croſs'd—
My blooming hopes cut off I ſee;
Still will I in my JESUS truſt,
Whoſe boundleſs love can reach to me.

4 In hope—believing againſt hope—
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word ſhall bear me up
To ſeek ſalvation in his name:
Soon, my dear SAVIOUR, bring it nigh!
My ſoul ſhall then outſtrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

286 (Second Part.) L. M.
Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

All Things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii. 28.

1 TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears
Wants, loſſes, croſſes, groans, and tears
Will, thro' the grace of GOD, our friend,
In everlaſting triumphs end!

To thoſe who him ſincerely love,
All penal evils bleſſings prove;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

LORD, let this thought in deep diſtreſs
Our hopes confirm, our ſpirits raiſe;
Midſt earth and hell's oppoſing pow'rs,
We ſtill are ſafe if thou art ours.

287 L. M.

Ulverſton 179. Dreſden 178.

Humble Truſt; or, Deſpair prevented.

LORD, didſt thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to truſt thy blood?
Haſt thou not pardons, rich and free!
And grace, an overwhelming flood;

Who, then, ſhall drive my trembling ſoul
From thee, to regions of deſpair?
Who has ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's ſovereign reign:
What other happy ſouls have found
I'll ſeek; nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

I own my guilt; my ſins confeſs:
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore.

Were the black liſt before my ſight,
While I remember thou haſt dy'd,
'Twould only urge my ſpeedier flight
To ſeek ſalvation at thy ſide.

Low at thy feet I'll caſt me down;
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou ſpurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the *firſt* who periſh'd there. 144

287 (Second Part.) C.M.

Grove House 143 Bedford 91.

Truſt encouraged by the Promiſe,—I will be their God.

1 IF GOD is mine, then preſent things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, CHRIST, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then, from his love,
He every trouble ſends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliſs his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will ſupport my feeble frame,
Their utmoſt force repell.

4 If he is mine, let friends forſake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me *himſelf*,
Is more than theſe theſe to me.

5 If he is mine, I'll boldly paſs
Thro' death's tremendous vale:
He is a ſolid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6 Oh, tell me, LORD! that thou art mine;
What can I wiſh beſide?
My ſoul ſhall at the *fountain* live
When all the *ſtreams* are dry'd.

288 C.M. BEDDOME.

Oxford 177.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling ſouls! diſmiſs your fears;
Be mercy all your theme:
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued ſtream.

2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell:
GOD will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 *Fear not* the want of outward good:
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,—
And faithful to his Son.

5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.

6 You, in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards, the just.

288 (Second Part.) C. M.

Worksop 31. Ludlow 84.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

1 DEAR LORD! why should I doubt thy love,
Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Altho' thou hide thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd:
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd?

3 Haſt thou not form'd my ſoul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?

4 Doſt thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou haſt beſtow'd?
Or, are thoſe ſtreams of mercy dry,
Which once ſo freely flow'd?

5 LORD! let not groundleſs fears deſtroy
The mercies now poſſeſs'd:
I'll *praiſe* for bleſſings I enjoy,
And *truſt* for all the reſt.

289 8, 8, 6, JESSE.
Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Fears removed—It is I; be not afraid. John vi. 20.

1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of ſin,
From firſt to laſt, O LORD, I've been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt preſſes down my burden'd ſoul;
But JESUS can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

2 When firſt I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,—
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his voice more powerful came,
"'Tis I," he cried, "I, ſtill the ſame;
"Thou need'ſt not be afraid."

3 My heart was chang'd; in that ſame hour
My ſoul confeſs'd his mighty power;
Out flow'd the briny tear:
I liſten'd ſtill to hear his voice;
Again he ſaid, "In me rejoice;
"'Tis I;—thou need'ſt not fear."

4 "Unworthy of thy love!" I cry'd:
"Freely I love," he ſoon reply'd,
"On me thy faith be ſtaid:
"On me for every thing depend;
"I'm JESUS ſtill, the ſinner's friend,—
"Thou need'ſt not be afraid."

290 104th. NEWTON.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Suſſex 70.

I will truſt and not be afraid. Iſaiah xii. 2.

1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will ſurely appear;
By prayer let me wreſtle, and he will perform:
With CHRIST in the veſſel, I ſmile at the ſtorm.

2 Though dark be my way, ſince he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide:
Tho' ciſterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has ſpoken ſhall ſurely prevail.

3 His love, in time paſt, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at laſt in trouble to ſink;
Each ſweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleaſure to help me quite thro'.

4 Determin'd to ſave, he watch'd o'er my path
When, Satan's blind ſlave, I ſported with death;
And can he have taught me to truſt in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to ſhame?

5 Why ſhould I complain of want or diſtreſs,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no leſs:
The heirs of ſalvation, I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation muſt follow their LORD.

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that ſinners might live!

His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did CHRIST, my LORD, ſuffer, and ſhall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet ſhall work for my good,
The bitter is ſweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at preſent 'twill ceaſe before long,
And then, Oh, how pleaſant the conqueror's ſong!

291 L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

True Wiſdom. PROV. iii. 13—18.

1 HAPPY the man, who finds the grace—
The bleſſing of GOD's choſen race;
The wiſdom coming from above,
And faith that ſweetly works by love!

2 Happy, beyond deſcription, he,
Who knows, "the Saviour dy'd for me—"
The gift unſpeakable obtains,
And heavenly underſtanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her flowery paths are peace:
Wiſdom to ſilver we prefer,
And gold is droſs compar'd with her.

4 He finds, who wiſdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine ſhe is,
Set in the midſt of Paradiſe.

5 Happy the man, who wiſdom gains,
In whoſe obedient heart ſhe reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wiſdom, and CHRIST, and heaven, are one.

292 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

Zeal for Chriſt; or, Peter and John following their Maſter. John xxi. 18—20.

1 BLEST men, who ſtretch their willing hands
Submiſſive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that lov'd their ſouls in death!

2 Lead me to ſuffer and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord! art nigh:
One ſmile from thee my heart ſhall fire,
And teach me, ſmiling, to expire.

3 If nature at the trial ſhake,
And from the croſs or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raiſe,
And turn its tremblings into praiſe.

4 While ſcarce I dare, with Peter, ſay,—
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;"
Yet, in thy ſteps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and ſilent love.

293 (Firſt Part.) C. M. Beddome.
Bedford 91. Grove Houſe 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities purſue,
How ſlow th' advances which I make,
With heaven itſelf in view!

2 Inſpire my ſoul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;
Religion without zeal and love
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill
May I with fervour ſtrive;

And all thoſe powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

293 (Second Part.) C. M.
Great Milton 212. Condeſcenſion 116.

Zeal for God; or, longing for the Mind of Chriſt.

1 IF duty calls, and ſuffering, too,
My LORD! I'd follow thee;
As thou haſt done, ſo would I do;
As thou art, would I be.

2 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the ſame zeal my ſoul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekneſs, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct ſhine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, LORD, of thine!

4 Depending on thy ſov'reign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footſteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

5 Oh, let me run the Chriſtian's race
With diligence and ſpeed!
GOD's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.

6 Did JESUS leave the realms of bliſs
To ſave from ſin and hell?—
A love ſo wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

7 Thoſe who to CHRIST for refuge fly
Should in his footſteps tread;
Our Prophet, Prieſt, and King, ſhould be
Both truſted and obey'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

294 (First Part.) L. M. FAWCETT.

Fawcett 184. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

The Christian awakened.—"What must I do to be saved?" Acts ix. 6.

WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T'escape that vengeance due to me?

Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace, at last," I cry'd.

But when, great GOD! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
LORD, what a filthy wretch am I!

Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in JESUS' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

294 (Second Part.) C. M.

Abridge 201. Ann's 58. Elenborough 170.

The great Question answered.

1 IS there, in heav'n or earth, who can
A wretched mortal save?
Make a poor lep'rous sinner clean!
Redeem an helpless slave?—

2 Who can appease an angry GOD?—
Relieve a burden'd mind?
In whom a soul, o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
May ease and safety find?

3 Yes, there is ONE who dwells on high,
That can do this and more;—
A being of unbounded love,
And uncontrolled power.—

4 IMMANUEL is his name: who once,
Upon the accurs'd tree,
Bore the vast weight of all their sins
Who, burden'd, to him flee.

But now he lives—he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done;
Whilst GOD ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son.

6 JESUS! I to thy feet repair,
And there will prostrate lie;
Be thou propitious to my prayers;
And I shall never die.

295 8, 7. D. TURNER.

Trowbridge 21. Welsh 210. Tabernacle 239.

Supplicating—Jesus, thou Son of David, have Mercy on me. Mark x. 47.

1 JESUS! full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;

Let me know thy great ſalvation:
  See! I languiſh, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
  Overwhelm'd with helpleſs grief,
Proſtrate at thy feet repenting,
  Send, Oh ſend me quick relief!

[Whither ſhould a wretch be flying,
  But to him who comfort gives?—
Whither, from the dread of dying,
  But to him who ever lives?]

[While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
  Breathleſs, on the curſed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
  That thou ſuffer'd'ſt thus for me.

With thy righteouſneſs and Spirit,
  I am more than angels bleſt;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—
  Peace, and joy, and endleſs reſt:

Without thee, the world poſſeſſing,
  I ſhould be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven,—the land of bleſſing,
  Seeking good, and finding none.]

Hear then, bleſſed Saviour, hear me!
  My ſoul cleaveth to the duſt;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
  Lo! in thee I put my truſt.

On the word thy blood hath ſealed
  Hangs my everlaſting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed;
  Stay, Oh ſtay me, leſt I fall!

In the word of endleſs ruin,
  Let it never, LORD, be ſaid,
"Here's a ſoul that periſh'd, ſuing
  "For the boaſted Saviour's aid!"

10 Sav'd!—the deed ſhall ſpread new glory
Thro' the ſhining realms above!
Angels ſing the pleaſing ſtory,
All enraptur'd with thy love!

296 7's.

Stoel 164. (First Part.) Cookham 36.

Longing for an Intereſt in the Redeemer; or, venturing on the Mercy of God, in Chriſt.

1 GRACIOUS LORD, incline thine ear!
My requeſts vouchſafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceaſing cry;—
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

2 Wealth and honour I diſdain,
Earthly comforts, LORD, are vain;
Theſe can never ſatisfy,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

3 LORD, deny me what thou wilt,
Only eaſe me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing elſe but ſin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

5 Thou doſt freely ſave the loſt;
In thy grace alone I truſt:
With my earneſt ſuit comply;
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

6 Thou doſt promiſe to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
LORD, I know thou canſt not lie:—
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

Father, doſt thou ſeem to frown?
Let me ſhelter in thy Son!
JESUS! to thine arms I fly:
Come and ſave me, or I die.

296 (Second Part.) C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The plain ſerious Chriſtian's daily Hymn.

HELP *me, my God*—*Oh* SAVE *me.* Pſalm cix. 26.

HELP and SALVATION, LORD, I crave,
For *both* I greatly need;
None elſe theſe bleſſings can beſtow;
From thee they muſt proceed.

Help me thy glories to behold,
Thy lovelineſs to ſee:
Save from an atheiſtic heart,
Which ſhuns the deity.

[*Help* me the turpitude of ſin
With ſhame to realize:
Save from impenitence; and thaw
A breaſt as hard as ice.]

Help me to cleave to CHRIST alone!—
Where elſe can ſinners fly?
Save me from all ſelf-righteouſneſs,
And every idol nigh.

Help me to live upon thy word,—
The Chriſtian's daily food;
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.

Help me to do thy holy will;
Let duty bliſs diſpenſe:
Save from a diſobedient heart,
From ſloth and negligence.

Help me to perſevere in grace;
Still gladly following on:

Save me from each backsliding path
To which my heart is prone.

8 [*Help* in prosperity, that I
True gratitude may find;
Save me from pride and carnal ease,
And from an earthly mind.

9 *Help*, in adversity, to bow
My neck to bear the yoke:
Save me from wrath and discontent,
Which would my God provoke.]

10 *Help* me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and sin:
Save from temptation's snares without,
And this base heart within.

11 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy:
Save me from all the ills of life,
The dread of death destroy.

297 (First Part.) L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Mark's 65. Rowles 73.

Choosing the better Part. Luke x. 42.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my JESUS! ſtill be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thouſand worlds in thee.

297 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.
Weſtbury-Leigh 278. Broadmead 150.
Admiring the Love of God in Chriſt.

MY GOD! thy boundleſs love we praiſe:
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How ſweetly bloom below!
It ſtreams from thy eternal throne;
Thro' Heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis Love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale:
'Tis Love that loads the plenteous plain,
With bluſhing fruits and golden grain,
And ſmiles o'er ev'ry vale.

3 But, in thy Goſpel, it appears
In ſweeter fairer characters,
And charms the raviſh'd breaſt;
There, Love-immortal leaves the ſky
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary reſt.

4 There ſmiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of ſins forgiv'n:
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heav'n.

5 Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
My ſoul!—and hear a Saviour's voice
That calls thee to the ſkies:

Above life's empty ſcenes aſpire—
Its ſordid cares and mean deſire—
And ſeize th' eternal prize.

298 (Firſt Part.) S. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Kibworth 249. Eagle Street New 55.
Devoting himſelf to God. Rom. xii. 1.

1 AND will th' eternal king
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim;
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Deſcend, celeſtial fire!
The ſacrifice inflame;
So ſhall a grateful odour riſe,
Thro' our Redeemer's name.

298 (Second Part) S. M.
Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.
Go forward; or, Difficulties the occaſion of Prayer and Pleading. Exod. xiv. 15.

1 LIKE Iſrael, Lord, am I!
My ſoul is at a ſtand;
A ſea before, an hoſt behind,
And rocks on either hand.

2 O Lord! I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey:
Bid me advance; and, thro' the ſea,
Create a new-made way.

3 Without Thee, I muſt ſink
Beneath the ſwelling flood;

Or fall a prey to thoſe, who think
To glut them with my blood.

4 The time of greateſt ſtraights,
Thy choſen time has been
To manifeſt thy power is great,
And make thy glory ſeen.

5 Thou waſt by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:—
Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
By all of Abra'm's ſeed.

6 Thy power is ſtill the ſame;
On thee I would rely:
Wilt Thou not anſwer to thy name
To ſuch a worm as I?

7 Oh, ſend deliv'rance down!
Diſplay the arm divine!
So ſhall the praiſe be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

298 (Third Part.) L. M.

Lebanon 79. Paul's 246.

Renouncing the moral law as a covenant of life; but admiring it as a rule of conduct.

1 WHEN JESUS for his people dy'd,
The holy law was ſatisfied:
Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command but curſe no more.

2 He having ſuffer'd in their ſtead,
The law in cov'nant form is dead,
But rules them with a gentle ſway;
And they, with ſweet delight, obey.

3 Amazing Love!—how rich, how free!
That Chriſt ſhould die for ſuch as we!
From hence, the holieſt duties flow
Of ſaints above and ſaints below.

299 (First Part.) L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
New Court 173. Derby 163.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

1 AND will the offended God again
Return, and dwell with ſinful men?
Will he within this boſom raiſe
A living temple to his praiſe?

2 The joyful news tranſports my breaſt:
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly gueſt!
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.

3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train!
Here live, and here for ever reign!
Thy ſceptre o'er my paſſions ſway;
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reaſon and conſcience ſhall ſubmit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I'll conſecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

5 No idol-god ſhall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace:
Dagon before the ark ſhall fall,
And God in Christ be all in all.

299 (Second Part.) C. M.
Frome 255. Salem 139. Foſter 96.

Imploring the Preſence of God.

1 LORD! let me ſee thy beauteous face:
It yields a heav'n below;
And angels round the throne will ſay
'Tis all the heav'n they know.

2 A glimpſe—a ſingle glimpſe of thee
Would more delight my ſoul,
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I poſſeſs the whole.

299 (Third Part.) L. M.

Rowles 73. Langdon 217.

Happy in the Salvation of God. Pſal. xlvi. 4.

INDULGENT GOD! to Thee I raiſe
My ſpirit, fraught with joy and praiſe:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.
Rivers deſcending, LORD! from Thee,
Perpetual glide to ſolace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearſe
Demands an everlaſting verſe.
Yet one bleſt ſtream beyond the reſt
Extends the wideſt and the beſt—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!
I taſte—delight ſucceeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanſe me ſo:
Such joy and purity to ſhare
I would remain enraptur'd there—
Till death ſhall give this ſoul to know
The fulneſs ſought in vain below;—
The fulneſs of that boundleſs ſea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.
My ſoul—with ſuch a ſcene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor mourns a few chaſtizing woes
Sent with ſuch love—ſo ſoon to cloſe.

300 8,8,6. J. C. W. Chatham 59. Broadmead 150. Wellbury-Leigh 278.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From wordly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His ſoul diſdains on earth to dwell,
He only ſojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine:
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature-love—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,—
A country in the skies.

5 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay;
And angels beckon me away,
And JESUS bids me come.

6 I come, thy servant, LORD! replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end:
Now—Oh, my Saviour, brother, friend!—
Receive me to thy breast!

301 7. 6.
Amsterdam 136.
The Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace:

Riſe, from tranſitory things,
Towards heav'n thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and ſtars, decay;
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove:
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above!

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe;
Fire, aſcending, ſeeks the ſun;
Both ſpeed them to their ſource:
Thus a ſoul, new born of GOD,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To reſt in his embrace.

Ceaſe, ye pilgrims! ceaſe to mourn;
Preſs onward to the prize:
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant to the ſkies:
Yet, a ſeaſon, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

302 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Camb. New 74. Furman 135. Milbourn Port 183.
Running the Chriſtian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

AWAKE, my ſoul! ſtretch ev'ry nerve,
And preſs with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis GOD's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye.

A cloud of witneſſes around
Hold thee in full ſurvey;

Forget the ſteps already trod,
And on ward urge thy way.

4 Bleſs'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

303 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Coombs's 45. Bromley 104. Derby 169.

The Chriſtian Warfare. Eph. vi. 13—17.

1 MY Captain ſounds th' alarm of war:
"Awake! the powers of hell are near
"To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
"'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

2 Rous'd by the animating ſound,
I caſt my eager eyes around;
Make haſte to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet; faith my ſhield;
Thy word, my God, the ſword I wield:
With ſacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inſpires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
Reſolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to ſpread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope; in him I truſt;
His bleeding croſs is all my boaſt:
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

304 148th.

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125. Clapham 18.

The Chriſtian's Spiritual Voyage.

1 JESUS! at thy command
I launch into the deep,

And leave my native land,
Where ſin lulls all aſleep:
For thee I would the world reſign,
And ſail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wiſe;
My compaſs is thy word:
My ſoul each ſtorm defies,
While I have ſuch a LORD!
I truſt thy faithfulneſs and pow'r
To ſave me in the trying hour.

Tho' rocks and quickſands deep
Thro' all my paſſage lie;
Yet CHRIST will ſafely keep
And guide me with his eye.
My anchor hope ſhall firm abide,
And I each boiſt'rous ſtorm outride.

By faith I ſee the land,—
The port of endleſs reſt:
My ſoul, thy ſails expand,
And fly to JESUS' breaſt!
Oh, may I reach the heav'nly ſhore
Where winds and waves diſtreſs no more.

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And ſtorms forbear to toſs;
Be thou, dear LORD! ſtill nigh,
Leſt I ſhould ſuffer loſs:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempeſts burſting o'er my head.

Come, HOLY GHOST! and blow
A proſp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven—my deſtin'd place!
Then, in full ſail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and ſin behind. 155

305 7'.
Hotham 224.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the Refuge.

1 JESUS! lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly
While the raging billows roll,—
While the tempeſt ſtill is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still ſupport and comfort me!
All my *truſt* on thee is ſtay'd;
All my *help* from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O CHRIST! art all I want:
All in All in thee I find:
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind:
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs,
Vile and full of ſin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my ſins:
Let the healing ſtreams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the fountain art!
Freely let me take of Thee!
Spring thou up within my heart,—
Riſe to all eternity!

306 (First Part) L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

The Chriſtian's Temptations moderated, a Proof of God's Fidelity, 1 Cor. x. 13.

NOW let the feeble all be ſtrong,
And make Jehovah's arm their ſong:
His ſhield is ſpread o'er every ſaint;—
And, thus ſupported, who ſhall faint?

What tho' the hoſts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God reſtrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

Bound by his word, he will diſplay
A ſtrength proportion'd to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will ſhew a path of ſafe retreat.

Thus far we prove that promiſe good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wiſe, and juſt;
And ſtill, in him, let Iſrael truſt.

306 (Second Part) 7'. Cowper.
Bath Abbey 147. Alceſter 231.

Welcoming the Croſs.

'TIS my happineſs below
Not to live without the croſs;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loſs:
Trials muſt and will befal;
But—with humble faith to ſee
Love inſcrib'd upon them all—
This is happineſs to me.

God, in Iſrael, ſows the ſeeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;

These ſpring up, and choke the weeds
Which would elſe o'erſpread the ſoil:
Trials make the promiſe ſweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here—
No chaſtiſement by the way—
Might I not, with reaſon, fear
I ſhould prove a caſt-a-way?
Baſtards may eſcape the rod *
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Muſt not,—would not if he might.

307 L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.
Chard 175. Derby 169.

The Miniſtry of Angels.

1 GREAT GOD! what hoſts of angels ſtand
In ſhining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light;
With pinions ſtretch'd for diſtant flight!

2 Immortal fires! ſeraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In ſtrength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of GOD they dwell.

3 How eagerly they wiſh to know
The duties he would have them do:
What joy their active ſpirits feel
To execute their ſovereign's will!

4 Hither, at his commmand, they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie;
To ſhield our perſons night and day,
And ſcatter all our fears away.

* Heb. xii. 8.

[Aghaſt the hoſtile Syrian band
Around the helpleſs prophet ſtand,
While mighty *Gabriel* downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the ſkies.

Herod attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a *Peter* with his chain:
At one ſoft word an angel ſpeaks,
The maſſy chain aſunder breaks.]

Send, O my GOD, ſome angel down,
(Tho' to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endleſs day.

308 C. M. STEELE.

Charmouth 28. Workſop 31.

WALKING *in Darkneſs and truſting in* GOD, Iſaiah l. 10.

HEAR, gracious GOD, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my ſighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys ariſe?

My GOD—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy ſaints depend!

By ev'ry name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat:
Nor ſhould my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy ſacred ſeat.

Yet tho' my ſoul in darkneſs mourns,
Thy word is all my ſtay;
Here I would reſt till light returns,
Thy preſence makes my day.

5 Speak, LORD, and bid celeſtial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O ſmile, and bid my ſorrows ceaſe,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then ſhall my drooping ſpirit riſe,
And bleſs thy healing rays,
And change theſe deep complaining ſighs
For ſongs of ſacred praiſe.

309 S. M.

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not,
Rom. vii. 19.

1 I WOULD, but cannot ſing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my ſoul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This ſtony heart can ne'er relent
Till JESUS make it ſoft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A ſoul ſo baſe as mine.

4 I would, but cannot reſt
In GOD's moſt holy will;
I know what he appoints is beſt,
Yet murmur at it ſtill.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would eaſy be:
I would, but cannot—LORD, relieve,
My help muſt come from thee!

6 But if indeed I *would*,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the deſire is ſomething good,
For which my praiſe is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as deſtitute of will,
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou haſt begun?
And with a will, afford me ſtrength,
In all thy ways to run?

310 L. M. Beddome

Virginia 234. Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconſtancy.

1 THE wandering ſtar, and fleeting wind,
Both repreſent th' unſtable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconſtancy to view.

2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and ſtar,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and ſo falſe as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce thro' a ſingle hour the ſame;
We vow, and ſtraight our vows forget,
And then theſe very vows repeat.

4 We ſin forſake, to ſin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep diſtreſs, then raptures feel,
We ſoar to heaven, then ſink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, LORD, we confeſs
Our folly and unſteadfaſtneſs:
When ſhall theſe hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

311 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Marks 65. Ulverſton 179.

Pride lamented.

1 OFT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light ſome latent ſin;
But Pride, the vice I moſt deteſt,
Still lurks ſecurely in my breaſt.

2 Here with a thouſand arts ſhe tries
To dreſs me in a fair diſguiſe,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brighteſt form.

3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the ſkies;
And while the ſpecious tale ſhe tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

4 Read, O my GOD, the veil away,
Bring forth the monſter to the day;
Expoſe her hideous form to view,
And all her reſtleſs power ſubdue.

5 So ſhall Humility divine
Again poſſeſs this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my GOD,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

312 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Crowle 3. Wantage 204.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

1 WHY ſhould a living man complain
Of deep diſtreſs within,
Since every ſigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of ſin?

2 No, LORD, I'll patiently ſubmit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet ſure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou ſeeſt what floods of ſorrow riſe,
And beat upon my ſoul:
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My ſhipwreck'd ſoul is toſt;
Till I am tempted in deſpair
To give up all for loſt.

5 Yet thro' the ſtormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my GOD:
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will ſet my heart at eaſe:
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempeſt ceaſe.

313 7. 6. 8.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

Backſliding and returning; or, the Backſlider's Prayer.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring ſheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace reſtor'd,
On me be all its freeneſs ſhewn;
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my heart of ſtone.

2 Saviour, prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my heart of ſtone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die;
Life, and happineſs, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my heart of ſtone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father (at the point to die,
My Saviour gaſp'd), forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my loving, bleeding LORD,
This breaks my heart of ſtone.

314 C. M. FAWCETT.
London 180. Bangor 231.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii. 54—62.

1 HOW did the powers of darkneſs rage
Againſt the Son of GOD!
While cruel men on earth engage
To ſhed his precious blood.

2 His friends forſook him with ſurpriſe,
When that dread ſcene began;
And one perfidiouſly denies
He ever knew the man.

3 How feeble human efforts prove
Againſt temptation's power!
E'en *Peter*'s flaming zeal and love
Are vanquiſh'd in an hour.

4 His firmeſt purpoſe will not ſtand;
Behold his guilt and ſhame!
LORD, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I ſhall do the ſame.

5 At length the ſuffering Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes!
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.

6 So boundleſs is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble prayer:
If I am found in *Peter*'s caſe,
I would not ſtill deſpair.

7 Look on me, LORD, with eyes of love,
My wandering ſoul reſtore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me ſin no more.

315 C. M. NEWTON.

Crowle 3. Workſop 31.

O that I were as in Months paſt! Job xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when firſt I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Apply'd, to cleanſe my ſoul from guilt,
And bring me home to GOD.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praiſes tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening ſhades prevail'd,
His love was all my ſong.

3 In vain the tempter ſpread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's ſmiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my ſoul drew near the LORD,
And ſaw his glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promiſe mine.

5 Then to his ſaints I often ſpoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almoſt broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening ſhade prevails,
My ſoul in darkneſs mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noiſe,
For JESUS hides his face;
I read, the promiſe meets my eyes,
But will not reach my caſe.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And makes my ſoul his prey;
Yet, LORD, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

316 C. M. STEELE.

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Troubled but making GOD *a Refuge.*

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary ſoul;
On thee, when ſorrows riſe,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy word can bring a ſweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious GOD, where ſhall I flee?
Thou art my only truſt;
And ſtill my ſoul would cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the duſt.

5 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, ſtill the ear of ſovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find acceſs
To breathe my ſorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill,
Here let my ſoul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

317 C.M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Cambridge New 74. Hephzibah 77.

Perſecution to be expected by every true Chriſtian,
2 Tim. iii. 12.

GREAT Leader of thine Iſrael's hoſt,
We ſhout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beſet thee round,
And legions fled with ſhame.

2 A vict'ry glorious and complete,
Thou by thy death didſt gain;
So in thy cauſe may we contend,
And death itſelf ſuſtain!

3 By our illuſtrious General fir'd,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to ſtruggle and to bleed,
If thou, our LORD, be near.

4 We'll trace the footſteps thou haſt drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor ſhun thy combat and thy croſs,
May we but ſhare thy crown.

318 8. 7. 4. FAWCETT.

Weſtbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Caſt down, yet hoping in GOD, Pſalm xliii. 5.

1 O MY ſoul, what means this ſadneſs?
Wherefore art thou thus caſt down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladneſs,
Bid thy reſtleſs fears be gone;
Look to JESUS,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' Satan's ſtrong temptations
Vex and teaſe thee, day by day;
And thy ſinful inclinations
Often fill thee with diſmay;
Thou ſhalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thouſand ills beſet thee
From without and from within;
JESUS ſaith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will ſave from hell and ſin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' diſtreſſes now attend thee,
And thou tread'ſt the thorny road;
His right hand ſhall ſtill defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to GOD;
Therefore praiſe him,
Praiſe the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly hoſt above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceaſing ſing his love!
Happy ſongſters!
When ſhall I your chorus join?

319 C.M.

Brighthelmſtone 208. Frome 255. Grove Houſe 143.

The Requeſt.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliſs
Thy ſovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition riſe:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free;
"The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the ſweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy preſence thro' my journey ſhine,
"And crown my journey's end."

320 C.M. STEELE.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Watchfulneſs and Prayer, Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers riſe!
What ſnares beſet my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak reſiſtance, ah! how vain;
How ſtrong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious GOD, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and ſtrive,
Tho' trembling and afraid.

4 Increaſe my faith, increaſe my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting ſpirit up,
Or ſoon my ſtrength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aſide,
My GOD, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never ſtray,
From happineſs and thee.

321 L. M. NEWTON.

Kingſbridge 88. Rippon's 188.

Prayer anſwered by Croſſes.

1 I ASK'd the LORD that I might grow
In faith and love, and every grace,
Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek, more earneſtly, his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd prayer;
But it has been in ſuch a way
As almoſt drove me to deſpair.

3 I hop'd that in ſome favour'd hour
At once he'd anſwer my requeſt,
And by his love's conſtraining power
Subdue my ſins and give me reſt.

4 Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd,
Blaſted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd;
"Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the LORD reply'd,
"I anſwer prayer for grace and faith:

7 "Theſe inward trials I employ,
"From ſelf and pride to ſet thee free;
"And break thy ſchemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me."

322 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE

Ulverſton 179. Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal GOD,
For all the grace thou ſhed'ſt abroad;
For all thy influence from above
To warm our ſouls with ſacred love:

2 Bleſs'd be thy hand, which from the ſkies
Brought down this plant of paradiſe;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderneſs of earth.

3 But why does that celeſtial flower
Open and thrive and ſhine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4 Too plain, alas! the languor ſhews
Th' unkindly ſoil in which it grows;
Where the black froſt and beating ſtorm
Wither and rend its tender form.

5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams diſplay
To drive the froſt and ſtorms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant ſo much thy own.

6 And thou, bleſs'd Spirit, deign to blow
Freſh gales of heaven on ſhrubs below;
So ſhall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our GOD.

323 L. M. G——.

Lebanon 79. New Sabbath 122.

Riſing to GOD.

1 NOW let our ſouls, on wings ſublime,
Riſe from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and ſee
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celeſtial birth,
Why ſhould we grovel here on earth?
Why graſp at tranſitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to GOD?
For ſtrangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, ſweet hour of full diſcharge,
That ſets our longing ſouls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our GOD to dwell.

5 To dwell with GOD, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the ſweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

324 L. M. FAWCETT.

Magdalene 214. Lewton 30.

Remembering all the Way the LORD *has led him.*
Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my GOD hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate riſe,
And comforts mingle with my ſighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderneſs I roam,
Far diſtant from my bliſsful home;
LORD, let thy preſence be my ſtay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And ſins and ſnares my peace deſtroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an abſent GOD I mourn.

4 My ſoul, with various tempeſts toſs'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects croſs'd,
Sees every day new ſtraits attend,
And wonders where the ſcene will end.

5 Is this, dear LORD, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of GOD?
Are theſe the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderneſs below?

6 'Tis even ſo thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove
'Tis thus our pride and ſelf muſt fall,
That JESUS may be all in all.

325 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Sutton 149. Stockport 47.

Waiting for the Coming of his LORD; *or, the active Chriſtian,* Luke xii. 35—38.

1 YE ſervants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Obſervant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his ſight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's command;
And while we ſpeak he's near:
Mark the firſt ſignal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy ſervant he
In ſuch a poſture found;
He ſhall his LORD with rapture ſee,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 CHRIST ſhall the banquet ſpread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raiſe that favourite ſervant's head,
Amidſt th' angelic band.

326 L. M.
Ulverſton 179. Lewton 30.

Solicitous of finiſhing his Courſe with Joy, Acts xx. 24.

1 ASSIST us, LORD, thy name to praiſe
For the rich goſpel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.

2 With joy may we our courſe purſue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thouſand days.

3 Should bonds or death obſtruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll ſurvey,
And the laſt hour improve for thee,
The laſt of life or liberty.

4 Welcome thoſe bonds which may unite
Our ſouls to their ſupreme delight!
Welcome that death whoſe painful ſtrife
Bears us to CHRIST our better life!

327 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Martin's Lane 67. Portugal 97.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to JESUS.

1 O THOU, that haſt redemption wrought
Patron of ſouls thy blood hath bought!
To thee our ſpirit we commit,
Mighty to reſcue from the pit.

2 Millions of bliſsful ſouls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With ſongs of endleſs praiſe proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.

3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever conſtant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendſhip ſpoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.

4 We on that friendſhip, LORD, repoſe,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when ſinking in the grave,
Truſt thine Omnipotence to ſave.

5 O may our ſpirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midſt the bleſſings of thy reign,
Loſe all remembrance of their pain.

6 In raptures there divinely ſweet
Give us our kindred ſouls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph ſhall diſplay!

328 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.

The Chriſtian Warrior animated and crowned,
Rev. ii. 10.

1 HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant ſeat;
'Midſt all the war's tumultuous noiſe,
How powerful and how ſweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow:
"Who firſt in ſuch a warfare dies,
"Shall ſpeedieſt victory know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
"And in the duſt was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my throne,
"And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne, that glory, you ſhall ſhare;
"My hands the crown ſhall give;
"And you the ſparkling honours wear,
"While God himſelf ſhall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our ſouls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' aſſaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

329 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

Retirement and Meditation, Pſalm iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chaſe theſe ſhadowy forms no more;
Seek out ſome ſolitude to mourn,
And thy forſaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whoſe piercing eye
Diſtinctly marks each deep receſs;
In theſe ſequeſter'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy preſence fill the place.

3 Thro' all the windings of my heart,
My ſearch let heavenly wiſdom guide,
And ſtill its radiant beams impart,
Till all be ſearch'd and purify'd.

4 Then, with the viſits of thy love,
Vouchſafe my inmoſt ſoul to cheer;
Till every grace ſhall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

330 L. M. Beddome.

Ulverſton 179. Portugal 97.

Reading the Scriptures.

1 GREAT God, oppreſs'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promiſe there,
To ſooth the ſorrows of my mind:

2 I turn the ſacred volume o'er,
And ſearch with care from page to page;
Of threatenings find an ample ſtore,
But nought that can my grief aſſuage.

3 And is there nought? Forbid, dear LORD,
So baſe a thought ſhould e'er ariſe:
I'll ſearch again; and while I ſearch,
O may the ſcales fall off mine eyes!

4 'Tis done: and with tranſporting joy,
I read the heaven-inſpired lines;
There mercy ſpreads its brighteſt beams,
And truth with dazzling luſtre ſhines.

5 Here's heavenly food for hungry ſouls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;
Here's healing balm for every wound,
A ſalve for every feſtering ſore.

331 L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Magdalene 214 Paul's 246.

Self-Examination, Gal. iv. 19, 20.

1 WHAT ſtrange perplexities ariſe?
What anxious fears and jealouſies?
What crowds in doubtful light appear?
How few, alas! approv'd and clear.

2 And what am I?—My ſoul, awake,
And an impartial ſurvey take:
Does no dark ſign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my ſpirit bear?
Is JESUS form'd, and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action, ſhine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O ſearch me ſtill;
The ſecrets of my ſoul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To GOD, and my own conſcience, clear.

5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror ſpread;
Lead me into celeſtial day,
And to myſelf, myſelf diſplay.

6 May I at that bleſs'd world arrive,
Where CHRIST thro' all my ſoul ſhall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

332 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Bedford 91.

Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkeſt night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-diſcerning ſight.

2 There may that piercing eye ſurvey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's ſhade.

3 O let thy own celeſtial fire
The incenſe ſtill inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aſpire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So ſhall the viſits of thy love
My ſoul in ſecret bleſs;
So ſhalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy ſuppliant to confeſs.

PAUSE.

5 Mercy, good LORD, mercy I aſk,
This is the total ſum;
Mercy, thro' CHRIST, is all my ſuit;
LORD, let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP

333 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Going to a new Habitation.

1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent
Let us an altar raiſe;
And there with humble frame preſent
Our ſacrifice of praiſe.

2 To thee we give our health and ſtrength,
While health and ſtrength ſhall laſt;
For future mercies humbly truſt,
Nor e'er forget the paſt.

334 L. M. Steele.

Magdalene 214. Horſley 205.

The Chriſtian's nobleſt Reſolution, Joſhua xxiv. 15

1 AH, wretched ſouls who ſtrive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and ſlaves to ſin!
A nobler toil may I ſuſtain,
A nobler ſatisfaction win.

2 May I reſolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to ſerve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whoſe ſervice is a rich reward.

3 O be his ſervice all my joy,
Around let my example ſhine,
Till others love the bleſs'd employ,
And join in labours ſo divine.

4 Be this the purpoſe of my ſoul,
My ſolemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his ſupreme controul,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave his ſacred ways:
Great God, accept my ſoul's deſire,
And give me ſtrength to live thy praiſe.

335 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Portugal 97. Ulverſton 179.
Family Religion, Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our familes with peace;
From thee they ſpring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are ſtill ſuſtain'd.

2 To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heaven, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints in their obſcureſt cell.

3 To thee may each united houſe,
Morning and night, preſent its vows;
Our ſervants there, and riſing race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

336 S. M.
Eagle Street New 55. Simons 250.
Prayer for Infants; or, Children, Day by Day, given to God.

1 GREAT God, now condeſcend
To bleſs our riſing race;
Soon may their willing ſpirits bend
To thy victorious grace!

2 O what a vaſt delight
Their happineſs to ſee!
Our warmeſt wiſhes all unite
To lead their ſouls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant ſeed,
O bring the long'd-for, happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confeſs the Saviour's name,
Then follow their deſpiſed LORD
Thro' the baptiſmal ſtream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy ſacred board,
There to adore thy ſovereign grace,
And ſing their dying LORD.

337 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Condeſcenſion 116. New York 33.

CHRIST's *condeſcending Regard to little Children.* Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Iſrael's gentle Shepherd ſtand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor ſcorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bleſs ſuch ſouls as theſe,
The LORD of angels came.

3 We bring them, LORD, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourſelves are thine,
Thine let our offſpring be!

4 [Ye little flock, with pleaſure hear;
Ye children, ſeek his face;
And fly with tranſport to receive
The bleſſings of his grace.]

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we truſt;
That care ſhall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their duſt.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

338 148th B. FRANCIS*.

Clapham 18. Dartmouth 46. GreenwichNew 62.

On opening a Place of Worſhip.

1 IN ſweet exalted ſtrains
The King of Glory praiſe;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlaſting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Suſtains or ſinks the diſtant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories ſhine:
Fair Salem, ſtill his choſen reſt,
Is with his ſmiles and preſence bleſt.

3 Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to ſhew
How GOD can dwell with men below.

4 Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praiſe aſcend
All fragrant to the ſkies:
Here may thy word melodious ſound,
And ſpread celeſtial joys around!

* Sung on opening the Meeting Houſe at Horſley, Glouceſterſhire, September 18, 1774; and alſo at the opening of the New Meeting Houſe at Downend, near Briſtol, October 4, 1786.

5 Here, may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the ſong
Of ſeraphim above,
And willing crowds ſurround thy board,
With ſacred joy and ſweet accord!

6 Here, may our unborn ſons
And daughters ſound thy praiſe,
And ſhine like poliſh'd ſtones,
Thro' long ſucceeding days;
Here, LORD, diſplay thy ſaving power,
While temples ſtand, and men adore.

339 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE

Chard 175. Wareham 117.

On opening a Place of Worſhip.

1 GREAT GOD, thy watchful care we bleſs,
Which guards our ſynagogues in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worſhippers with dread.

2 Theſe walls we to thy honour raiſe;
Long may they echo to thy praiſe;
And thou, deſcending, fill the place
With choiceſt tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great deciſive day,
When GOD the nations ſhall ſurvey;
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

340 C. M. NEWTON.
Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

On opening a Place for ſocial Prayer.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy preſence now diſplay;
As thou haſt given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within theſe walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conſcience eaſe,
The wounded ſpirit heal.

3 Shew us ſome token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raiſe;
And pour thy bleſſings from above,
That we may render praiſe.

4 And may the Goſpel's joyful ſound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many ſinners round,
To come and fill the place.

341 S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.
Kibworth 249. Vermont 134.

The Pleaſure of ſocial Worſhip.

1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer GOD
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And ſheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great reſort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where JESUS holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-ſeat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him ſit,
And ſmile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble ſoul preſents:
He liſtens to their broken ſighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his ſov'reign will
He graciouſly imparts:
And in return accepts, with ſmiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O LORD, a place
Within thy bleſt abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The ſervants of my GOD.

342 7s. D. TURNER.

Feverſham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

The Excellency of Public Worſhip.

1 LORD of hoſts, how lovely fair
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people ſee
Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious preſence flows
Bliſs that ſoftens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure deſire.

3 Here we ſupplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'ſt thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taſte thy love, and ſing thy praiſe.

4 Thus with feſtive ſongs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we ſoar.

343 L. M. Steele.

Langdon 217. Chard 175.

The Happineſs of humble Worſhip, Pſalm lxxxiv.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely ſweet,
O Lord, thy ſacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing paſſions meet
The glories of thy preſence there.

2 O, bleſt the men, bleſt their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raiſe
To dwell in thoſe abodes of joy,
And ſing thy never-ceaſing praiſe.

3 Happy the men whom ſtrength divine
With ardent love and zeal inſpires;
Whoſe ſteps to thy bleſt way incline,
With willing hearts and warm deſires.

4 One day within thy ſacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thouſands in the tents of ſtate:
The meaneſt place is bliſs with thee.

5 God is a ſun; our brighteſt day
From his reviving preſence flows:
God is a ſhield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from ſurrounding foes.

6 He pours his kindeſt bleſſings down,
Profuſely down, on ſouls ſincere;
And grace ſhall guide, and glory crown,
The happy fav'rites of his care.

7 O Lord of hoſts, thou God of grace,
How bleſt, divinely bleſt, is he,
Who truſts thy love, and ſeeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

344 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. Lewton 30.

Delight in God's Houſe and Confidence in him.
Pſalm xxvii.

1 THOU, LORD, my ſafety, thou my light,
What danger ſhall my ſoul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm ſhall dare
To hurt whom thou haſt own'd thy care?

2 One wiſh, with holy tranſport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet ſhall form;
One gift I aſk, that to my end
Fair Sion's dome I may attend;

3 There joyful find a ſure abode,
And view the beauty of my GOD;
For he within his hallow'd ſhrine
My ſecret refuge ſhall aſſign.

4 When thou, with condeſcending grace,
Haſt bid me ſeek thy ſhining face,
My heart reply'd to thy kind word,
Thee will I ſeek, all-gracious LORD!

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My GOD, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble ſouls, in every ſtrait,
On GOD with ſacred courage wait:
His hand ſhall life and ſtrength afford;
O ever wait upon the LORD.

345 S. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC.

Price's 187. Hopkins's 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, GOD!
How wondrous is thy name!

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

3 My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worſhip due.

4 [But pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

6 Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my GOD, my ſoul aſcend
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

THE LORD'S DAY.

346 8. 8. 6. MERRICK.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

eal for the Houſe of God, and Delight in Worſhip,
Pſalm cxxii.

1 THE joyful morn, my GOD, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy preſence to adore:
My feet the ſummons ſhall attend,
With willing ſteps thy courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

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Zeal for the Houſe of God, and Delight in Worſhip,
Pſalm cxxii.

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That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy preſence to adore:
My feet the ſummons ſhall attend,
With willing ſteps thy courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 Hither from *Judah*'s utmoſt end,
The heaven-protected tribes aſcend;
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to atteſt their joy,
In hymns of praiſe their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
O Sion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How bleſs'd, who calls himſelf thy friend!
Succeſs his labour ſhall attend,
And ſafety guard his way.

4 O may'ſt thou, free from hoſtile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waſtes deplore:
May Plenty nigh thee take her ſtand,
And in thy courts, with laviſh hand,
Diſtribute all her ſtore.

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Sion*, fail
To bleſs thy lov'd abode?
How ceaſe the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to ſeek, whoſe walls encloſe
The manſions of my God?

347 7s. D. TURNER.

Alceſter 213. Feverſham 220.

A Song of Praiſe to the Redeemer, Pſalm xl. 7, 8.

1 HOLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come, inſpire our humble lays,
While the Saviour's love we ſing,
Whence our hopes and comforts ſpring.

2 Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender boſom ſo,
That when juſtice death demands,
Forth the greater Deliverer ſtands;

3 Cries to God, "Thy mercy ſhew;
"Lo! I come thy will do do;
"I the ſacrifice will be,
"Death ſhall plunge his dart in me."

4 Tho' the form of GOD he bore,
Great in glory, great in power,
See him in our fleſh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

5 [He that heaven itſelf poſſeſs'd
Now an infant at the breaſt!
Angels from the world above,
See and ſing th' amazing love!

6 Thro' the ſhining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way;
Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witneſs oft his midnight prayer.]

7 Now the heavenly lover dies!
Darkneſs veils the mid-day ſkies!
Angels round the bloody tree,
Throng, and gaze in ecſtacy!

8 [Powers unſeen earth's boſom heave,
Rocks and tombs aſunder cleave;
While the Temple's rending veil
Tells the prieſt the awful tale.]

9 But the third day's dawning come,
Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
Reaſcends his native ſky,
Where he lives no more to die.

10 On his croſs he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,
Sends his Spirit down to give
Dying ſinners grace to live.

348 L. M. J. STENNETT.
Rowles 73. Magdalene 214.

The Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER ſix days work is done,
Another ſabbath is begun;
Return, my ſoul, enjoy thy reſt,
Improve the day thy GOD has bleſs'd.

2 Come, bleſs the LORD, whoſe love aſſigns
So ſweet a reſt to wearied minds;
Provides an antepaſt of heaven,
And gives this day the food of ſeven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may riſe,
As grateful incenſe to the ſkies;
And draw from heaven that ſweet repoſe
Which none, but he that feels, it knows.

4 This heavenly calm, within the breaſt,
Is the dear pledge of glorious reſt,
Which for the church of GOD remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great GOD, thy works we view,
In various ſcenes, both old and new;
With praiſe, we think on mercies paſt;
With hope, we future pleaſures taſte.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleaſures, paſs away;
How ſweet, a ſabbath thus to ſpend,
In hope of one that ne'er ſhall end!

349 148th.

Carter Lane 141. Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for LORD'S *Day Morning.*

1 AWAKE, our drowſy ſouls,
Shake off each ſlothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our nobleſt ſongs demand:
Auſpicious morn! thy bliſsful rays
Bright ſeraphs hail in ſongs of praiſe.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant Death reſign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd;
Th' angelic hoſt around him bends,
And 'midſt their shouts THE GOD aſcends.

3 All hail, triumphant LORD!
Heaven with hoſannas rings;
While earth, in humbler ſtrains,
Thy praiſe reſponſive ſings:
Worthy art thou, who once waſt ſlain,
Thro' endleſs years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great GOD, thy ſword,
Aſcend thy conquering car,
While juſtice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou, thy foes ſhalt tread,
And ſin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With ſalutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying ſouls for life ſhall ſue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

350. C. M. B——.
Salem 139. New York 33.

A Hymn for the Evening of the LORD's *Day.*

1 FREQUENT the day of GOD returns
To ſhed its quickening beams;
And yet how ſlow devotion burns:
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, LORD, forgive;
We would be like thy ſaints above,
And praiſe thee while we live.

3 Increaſe, O LORD, our faith and hope,
And fit us to aſcend,
Where the aſſembly ne'er breaks up,
The ſabbath ne'er ſhall end;

4 Where we ſhall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly luſtre ſhine;
Before the throne of GOD appear,
And feaſt on love divine;

5 Where we, in high ſeraphic ſtrains,
Shall all our powers employ:
Delighted range th' etherial plains,
And take our fill of joy.

351 C. M. CENNICK.
Brighthelmſtone 208. Providence College 10.
LORD's *Day Evening.*

1 WHEN, O dear JESUS, when ſhall I
Behold thee all ſerene;
Bleſt in perpetual ſabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Aſſiſt me, while I wander here,
Amidſt a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 [Releaſe my ſoul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my GOD, O ſpare the ſoul
That gives itſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thyſelf to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaſeleſs joys,
To ſabbaths without end.

351 (Second Part.) L. M. DR. WATTS.
Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

LORD's *Day Evening.*

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to ſee
A whole aſſembly worſhip thee!
At once they ſing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and ſtill would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or ſin can ſay
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, LORD,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Chriſt, and things divine,
Fill up this fooliſh heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

352 L. M.

Glouceſter 12. Lebanon 79.

The Eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly ſabbaths, LORD, we love,
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that our labouring ſouls aſpire
With ardent pangs of ſtrong deſire.

2 No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs;
Nor ſin, nor hell ſhall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the ſongs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
But ſacred, high, eternal, noon.

4 Thine earthly ſabbaths, LORD, we love,
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that our labouring ſouls aſpire,
With ardent pangs of ſtrong deſire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353 L. M. COWPER.

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-ſeat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wiſhes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw,
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,
Brings every bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining prayer, we ceaſe to fight;
Prayer makes the chriſtian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 While Moſes ſtood with arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's ſide;
But when thro' wearineſs they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly ſpent
To heaven in ſupplication ſent;
Your cheerful ſongs would oftner be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me!"

354 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164.

I will not let thee go except thou bleſs me,
Gen. xxxii. 26.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent preſſing caſe.

Doſt thou aſk me who I am?
Ah! my LORD, thou know'ſt my name;
Yet the queſtion gives a plea
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;—
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.

4 Once a ſinner near deſpair
Sought thy mercy-ſeat by prayer;
Mercy heard and ſet him free;
LORD, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have paſs'd ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou haſt help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Canſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

7 No—I muſt maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for JESUS' ſake.

355 C. M. EDMUND JONES.

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

The ſucceſsful Reſolve—I will go in unto the King
Eſther iv. 16.

1 COME, humble ſinner, in whoſe breaſt
A thouſand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppreſt,
And make this laſt reſolve:

2 "I'll go to JESUS, tho' my ſin
"Hath like a mountain roſe;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppoſe.

3 "Proſtrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confeſs;
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
"Without his ſovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whoſe ſceptre pardon gives;
"Perhaps he may command my touch,
"And then the ſuppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my prayer;
"But if I periſh I will pray,
"And periſh only there.

6 "I can but periſh if I go,
"I am reſolv'd to try:
"For, if I ſtay away, I know
"I muſt for ever die."

7 But if I die with mercy ſought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As ſinner never died.

356 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Broderip's 252.

A broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

1 UNTO thine altar, LORD,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciouſly accept
Of ſuch a worthleſs thing?

2 To CHRIST, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayſt reject that worthleſs thing,
But not his ſacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghoſt,
The law was ſatisfy'd;
And now to its moſt rigorous claims,
I anſwer, "JESUS died."

357 L. M. BEDDOME.
Rippon's 188. Ulverſtone 179.
Holy Boldneſs.

1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O GOD;
Thy face no frowning aſpect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful ſign!
Doth with refulgent brightneſs ſhine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage ſing, with fervour pray;
And, tho' myſelf a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—

4 Thy Son, who on th' accurſed tree,
Expir'd to ſet the vileſt free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I aſk is in his name.

358 8. 8. 6. J. STRAPHAN.
Chatham 59.
The LORD'S *Prayer*, Matt. vi. 9—13.

1 OUR Father, whoſe eternal ſway
The bright angelic hoſts obey,
O! lend a pitying ear;
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet ſubmiſſive fall,
O! condeſcend to hear.

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy ſceptre bend,
And yield to ſovereign love:
May we take pleaſure to fulfil
The ſacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
LORD, give us ſtill a freſh ſupply,
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
And fill the ſilent tomb.

4 Pardon our ſins, O GOD! that riſe
And call for vengeance from the ſkies;
And while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never reſt,
And malice harbour in that breaſt
That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power
O! ſet our ſpirits free:
And if temptation ſhould aſſail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs
The conſtant tribute of our ſongs,
All glory to thy name:
Let every creature join our lays,
In one reſounding act of praiſe
Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

To be ſung between Prayer and Sermon.

1 WHERE two or three, with ſweet accord,
Obedient to their ſovereign LORD,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer ſolemn prayer and praiſe;

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Obedient to their ſovereign LORD,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer ſolemn prayer and praiſe;

2 "There," ſays the Saviour, "will I be,
"Amid this little company;
"To them unveil my ſmiling face,
"And ſhed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear LORD,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now ſend thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

360 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Condeſcenſion 116.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 IN vain Apollos' ſilver tongue,
And Paul's with ſtrains profound,
Diffuſe among the liſtening throng
The goſpel's gladdening ſound.

2 JESUS, the work is wholly thine
To form the heart anew;
Now let thy ſovereign grace divine
Each ſtubborn ſoul ſubdue.

361 112th. FAWCETT.

Uffculm 93. Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

Before Sermon.

1 THY preſence, gracious GOD, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

2 Diſtracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And ſatisfy'd with living bread: *Chor.* Thus,

3 To us the ſacred word apply,
With ſovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear: *Chor.* Thus,

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy ſaving power and love diſplay;
And guide us to the realms of day: *Chor.* Thus,

361 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

Longing for the Preſence and Bleſſing of GOD,
1 Sam. vii. 2.

1 LOOK from on high, great GOD, and ſee
Thy ſaints lamenting after thee:
We ſigh, we languiſh, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our ſins ſubdue, our ſouls reſtore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy preſence in thy houſe afford,
To every heart apply thy word;
That ſinners may their danger ſee
And now begin to mourn for thee.

362 C. M. BEDDOME.

Bath Chapel 26. Michael's 119.

The Freeneſs of the Goſpel.

1 HOW free and boundleſs is the grace
Of our redeeming GOD,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

2 The mightieſt king, and meaneſt ſlave
May his rich mercy taſte;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the goſpel feaſt.

3 None are excluded thence, but thoſe
Who do themſelves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

4 Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue;
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

363. 7s.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

A Bleſſing humbly requeſted.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, LORD, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
LORD, from hence we would not go,
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

3 Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may ſeek and find
Thee a GOD ſupremely kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

364 L. M.

Portugal 97. Horſley 205. Gould's 272.

The Pool of Bethesda, John v. 2—4.

1 HOW long, thou faithful GOD, ſhall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When ſhall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

Sinners on ev'ry ſide ſtep in,
And waſh away their pain and ſin;
But I, an helpleſs ſin-ſick ſoul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

Thou cov'nant angel, ſwift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuſe,
And give them now their ſacred uſe.

Thou ſeeſt me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'ſt I would, be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And miniſter thy healing love.

365 8. 7. 4. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.
Helmſley 223. Painſwick 162.
Prayer for Miniſter and People.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy ſervant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bleſs, O bleſs them,
From thy ſhining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the Goſpel-feaſt:
Let thy Spirit ſweetly draw them;
Every ſoul be JESU'S gueſt!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt.

366 L. M.
Iſlington 40. Lebanon 79.
Caſting the Goſpel-Net, Luke v. 5 John xxi. 6.

NOW while the Goſpel-net is caſt,
Do thou, O LORD, the effort own;
From numerous diſappointments paſt,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,
To ſouls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with ſovereign power
To break the rocks and raiſe the dead!

3 To mourners ſpeak a cheering word,
On ſeeking ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine;
Let poor backſliders be reſtor'd,
And all thy ſaints in praiſes join.

4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That, when thy voice ſhall call us home,
Thou ſtill wilt raiſe a people up
To love and praiſe thee in our room.]

367 S. M. BEDDOME.
Harborough 142. Wirkſworth 158.
He beheld the City, and wept over it, John xix. 41.

1 DID CHRIST o'er ſinners weep;
And ſhall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burſt forth from every eye.

2 The Son of GOD in tears,
Angels with wonder ſee!
Be thou aſtoniſh'd, O my ſoul,
He ſhed thoſe tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each ſin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no ſin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

368 8. 7. 4.
Helmſley 223. Lewes 63.
A Bleſſing requeſted.

1 COME, thou ſoul-transforming Spirit,
Bleſs the ſower and the ſeed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raiſe the weak, the hungry feed:

From the goſpel
Now ſupply thy people's need.
O may all enjoy the bleſſing,
Which thy word's deſign'd to give:
Let us all, thy love poſſeſſing,
Joyfully the truth receive:
And for ever
To thy praiſe and glory live!

369 148th.

Bethesda 112. Carmarthen New 35.
Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35—38.

SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And loſt without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to ſee thy face:
Begging I ſit by the way-ſide,
And long to know the Crucify'd.

Jesus, attend my cry;
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou paſſeſt by,
Stand ſtill and call me near;
The darkneſs from my heart remove,
And ſhew me now thy pardoning love.

370 L. M. Beddome.

Coombs's 45. Iſlington 40.
Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And ſpread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm ſalvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
Let millions bow before thy ſeat,
Let humble mourners ſeek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the LORD;
Let ſaints and angels praiſe thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

371 L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Ezekiel's *Viſion of the dry Bones*, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O LORD, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin ſpreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And ſcatters ſlaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can theſe mouldering corpſes live?
And can theſe periſh'd bones revive?
That, mighty GOD, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy miniſters are ſent in vain
To propheſy upon the ſlain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
'Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life ſpreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful ſound
Shall ſhake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead ſaints ſhall from their tombs ariſe,
And ſpring to life beyond the ſkies.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

372 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. New York 33.

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3—23.

1 NOW, LORD, the heavenly ſeed is ſown,
Be it thy ſervants' care
Thy heavenly bleſſing to bring down,
By humble fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
LORD of the harveſt, GOD of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then ſhall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this ſong divine:
"Thou, LORD, haſt given the rich increaſe,
"And be the glory thine."

373 148th. NEWTON.
Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

ON what has now been ſown,
Thy bleſſing, LORD, beſtow;
The power is thine alone,
To make it ſpring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harveſt raiſe,
And thou, alone, ſhalt have the praiſe.

374 L. M.
Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.
The Spread of the Goſpel, Matt. vi. 10.

1 TO diſtant lands thy Goſpel ſend,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and ſtubborn Jew,
Thou King of Grace! ſalvation ſhew.

2 Where'er thy ſun, or light ariſe,
Thy name, O GOD! immortalize:
May nations yet unborn confeſs
Thy wiſdom, power, and righteouſneſs.

375 C. M.
Bedford 91. Abridge 201.
Duties and Privileges, Jude 20, 21.

1 WHILE ſinners, who preſume to bear
The chriſtian's ſacred name,
Throw up the reins to every luſt,
And glory in their ſhame;

2 Ye ſaints preſerv'd in CHRIST and call'd,
Deteſt their impious ways,
And on the baſis of your faith
An heavenly temple raiſe.

3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
Depend from day to day,
And, while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praiſe, and pray.

4 Preſerve unquench'd your love to GOD,
And let the flame ariſe,
And higher and ſtill higher blaze,
Till it aſcend the ſkies.

5 With a tranſporting joy expect
The grace your LORD ſhall give,
When all his ſaints ſhall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

376 C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.
Grove Houſe 143. Foſter 96. Salem 139.

Now is the accepted Time.

1 COME, guilty ſouls, and flee away
To CHRIST, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 GOD lov'd the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And JESUS ſays he'll caſt out none
That come to him by faith.

376 (Second Part.) L. M.
Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

1 WHO is the trembling ſinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?

Who mourns his ſin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on GOD for mercy call?

2 Peace, troubled ſoul, diſmiſs thy fear,
Hear, JESUS ſpeaks, be of good cheer,
Upon his cleanſing grace rely,
And thou ſhalt never, never die.

377 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

Acceptance through CHRIST *alone*, John xiv. 6.

1 HOW ſhall the ſons of men appear,
Great GOD, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the moſt coſtly ſacrifice,
Not infant blood profuſely ſpilt,
Will expiate a ſinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear JESUS, thine alone,
Hath ſovereign virtue to atone:
Here we will reſt our only plea
When we approach, great GOD, to thee.

377 (Second Part.) 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164. Hotham 224.

The Pleaſures of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweeteſt pleaſures while we live;
'Tis religion muſt ſupply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Laſting as eternity!
Be the living GOD my friend,
Then my bliſs ſhall never end.

378 L. M.

Rowles 73. Portugal 97.
Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.

IS Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard;
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow:
No blasted trees or failing crops
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same,
Then let me triumph in his name.

379 7s.

Deptford 124. Turin 244,
Help, Hosea xiii. 9.

SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above,
Help me to believe, obey,
Help me to repent, and love;
Help to keep the graces given,
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

380 C. M.

Abridge 201. Grove House 143.
Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucify'd.

2 He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
"Go for this time away
"I'll hear thee on these points again
"On some convenient day."

4 Attention to the words of life,
Let Felix thus adjourn;
LORD, let us make theſe ſolemn truths
Our firſt and laſt concern.

381 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Vermont 134.

Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 "O THAT the LORD indeed
"Would me his ſervant bleſs,
"From every evil ſhield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace!

2 "Be his almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,
"Till with his ſaints in Canaan's land
"My portion he divide."

382 (Firſt Part.) C. M.

Brighthelmſtone 208. Ann's 382.

Deſiring to walk in the Way of Holineſs to Happineſs,
Pſalm lxxxiv. 8.

1 LORD GOD, omnipotent to bleſs,
My ſupplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.

2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the ſacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's bleſt abode!

3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Aſſiſt me with thy ſtrength,
And let me ſwift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length!

4 My care, my hope, my firſt requeſt,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy ſaints have led,
And then partake their bliſs.

382 (Second Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166. Bedford 91.

Good Hope of Intereſt united with Gratitude.

1 IF, LORD, in thy fair book of life
My worthleſs name doth ſtand;
And in my heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand;

2 I am ſecure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the ſkies;
And on the road, from thy rich ſtores,
Shall meet with freſh ſupplies.

3 To thee in ſweet melodious ſtrains
My grateful voice I'll raiſe;
But life's too ſhort, my powers too weak,
To ſhew forth half thy praiſe.

4 [Had I ten thouſand thouſand tongues,
Not one ſhould ſilent be;
Had I ten thouſand thouſand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.]

383 104th. Suſſex 70. Hanover 130.

Praiſe for Salvation.

1 OUR Saviour alone the LORD let us bleſs,
Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore ſaves us by ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy JESUS, our LORD and our GOD!

2 We thankfully ſing thy glory and praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring of pity and grace;
Thy kindneſs for ever to men we will tell,
And ſay, our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.

3 Preſerve us in love, while here we abide;
O never remove thy preſence, nor hide
Thy glorious ſalvation, till each of us ſee
With joy the bleſs'd viſion completed in thee.

383 (Second Part.) L. M.
Portugal 97. Bredby 165.
Gratitude to Chriſt.

TO him who on the fatal tree
Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,
In grateful ſtrains my voice I'll raiſe,
And in his ſervice ſpend my days.

To liſtening multitudes I'll tell
How he redeem'd my ſoul from hell;
And how, repoſing on his breaſt,
I loſt my cares and found my reſt.

Thro' him my ſins are all forgiven,
He ever pleads my cauſe in heaven;
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

384 (Firſt Part.) C. M.
Boſton 159. Miall 240.
Not unto us, Pſalm cxv. 1.

NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bleſs'd Lamb, be glory given:
Here ſhall thy praiſes be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

The hoſts of ſpirits now with thee
Eternal anthems ſing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our halellujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our ſongs ſhould riſe;
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the ſacrifice.

Till we the veil of fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praiſe.

384 (Second Part.) C. M.
Cambridge New 74. Otford 106. Miſſionary 257.
Joying and glorying in the LORD.

1 YE ſaints, of every rank, with joy
To GOD your offerings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud Hoſannas ring.

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

3 Praiſe him in elevated ſtrains,
And make the *world* to know,
How *great* the Maſter whom you ſerve,
And yet how *gracious* too.

385 8s.
Leck 49. Lambeth 57.
Our GOD *for ever and ever*, Pſalm xlviii. 14.

THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as large as his power,
And neither knows meaſure nor end:
'Tis JESUS the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

386 C. M. CENNICK.
Newington 61. Great Milton 212.
CHRIST *the Burden of the Song.*

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No muſic's like thy charming name,
Nor half ſo ſweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us ſpeak,

And in our Prieſt we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec.

3 Our JESUS ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay;
We'll ſing our JESU's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And CHRIST ſhall be our ſong.

387 6. 4.
Bermondſey 52. Bridgewater 261.
Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to GOD on high!
Let earth and ſkies reply:
Praiſe ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our ſorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 JESUS, our LORD and GOD,
Bore ſin's tremendous load,
Praiſe ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What ſpoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praiſing his name:
Thoſe who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with GOD,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ranſom'd race,
Our holy LORD to bleſs;
Praiſe ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noiſe,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we ſhall never ceaſe
Praiſing his name:
To him our ſongs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceaſing ſing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hoſts above,
In realms of endleſs love,
Praiſe his dear name:
To him aſcribed be
Honour and majeſty,
Thro' all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.

388 L. M. HART.

Lebanon 79. Horſley 205. Manning 245.

At Diſmiſſion.

1 DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, LORD,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiſs forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty thou art good,
Waſh all our works in JESU'S blood;
Give every fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all depart in peace.

389 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223. Wellbury 51.

At Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

390 C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Brighthelmstone 208.

Sanctification and Growth, Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 NOW may the GOD of peace and love,
Who from th' imprisoning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save,

2 Thro' the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built,

3 Perfect our souls in every grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's ſake,
We every bleſſing pray:
With glory let his name be crown'd
Thro' heaven's eternal day!

391 L. M.

Iſlington 40. Lebanon 79.

The Peace of GOD *ſhall keep, &c.* Phil. iv. 7.

1 THE peace which GOD alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:

2 And may the holy Three in one,
The FATHER, WORD, and COMFORTER,
Pour an abundant bleſſing down
On every ſoul aſſembled here!

392 8. 7. NEWTON.

Welſh 210. Jewin Street 222.

May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour,
And the FATHER's boundleſs love,
With the HOLY SPIRIT's favour,
Reſt upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the LORD;
And poſſeſs, in ſweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

DOXOLOGIES.

393 C. M.

Grove Houſe 143. Condeſcenſion 116.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Who made the earth and heaven,
Of equal dignity poſſeſt,
Be equal honours given.

394 S. M. Beddome.
Aynhoe 108. Price's 187.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and eſſence one,
Be univerſal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

395 L. M. Bp. Ken.
Magdalene 214. Old Hundred 100.

PRAISE God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heavenly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

396 104th.
Suſſex 70. Hanover 130.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publiſh abroad, again and again,
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit, to Adam's loſt race.

397 (Firſt Part.) 8. 7. 4. Meaſure.
Helmſley 223.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore;
May we all thy love inherit:
To thine image us reſtore;
Vaſt eternal!
Praiſes to thee evermore.

397 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6. Meaſure.
Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praiſe amid the heavenly hoſt,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bleſs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

THE WORLD.

398 L. M. Blackmore.

Portugal 97. Green's Hundred 89.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

1 WHAT are poſſeſſions, fame, and power,
The boaſted ſplendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And ſeek with endleſs toils and ſweat?

2 Expreſs their charms, declare their uſe,
That we their merit may deſcry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants ſupply.

3 If, wounded with the ſenſe of ſin,
To them for pardon we ſhould pray,
Will they reſtore our peace within,
And waſh our guilty ſtains away?

4 Can they celeſtial life inſpire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and ſacred tranſports fire
Our boſom, and our luſts ſubdue?

5 When with the pangs of death we ſtrive,
And yield all comforts here for loſt,
Will they ſupport us, will they give
Kind ſuccour when we need it moſt?

6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we ſtand,
Can they incline the Judge to ſpare,
Or wreſt the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from deſpair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliſs, and throne us where
The juſt, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we deſpiſe,
If theſe reliefs they cannot grant:
Why ſhould we ſuch deluſions prize,
And pine in everlaſting want?

399 (C. M.) Dr. S. Stennett.

New York 33. Providence College 10.

Vanity of the World, Pſalm iv. 6.

1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will ſupply our vaſt deſires,
"Or ſhew us any good?"

2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wiſhes rove,
In chaſe of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft theſe ſhadowy joys elude
Their moſt intenſe purſuit:
Or, if they ſeize the fancied good,
There's poiſon in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right;
Bid me aſpire to joys above,
And walk no more by ſight.

5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my boſom ſhine:
Aſſur'd of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

400 C. M. Needham.

Tunbridge 103. Abridge 201.

The rich Fool ſurpriſed, Luke xii. 16—21.

1 DELUDED ſouls! who think to find
A ſolid bliſs below:
Bliſs! the fair flower of paradiſe,
On earth can never grow.

2 See how the fooliſh wretch is pleas'd
T' increaſe his worldly ſtore;
Too ſcanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

3 "What ſhall I do?" diſtreſs'd he cries;
"This ſcheme will I purſue:
"My ſcanty barns ſhall now come down,
"I'll build them large and new.

4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
"My ſoul to take its eaſe:
"Eat, drink, be glad; my laſting ſtore
"Shall give what joys I pleaſe."

5 Scarce had he ſpoke, when, lo! from heaven
Th' Almighty made reply:
"For whom doſt thou provide, thou fool?
"This night thyſelf ſhalt die."

6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
Are but an empty dream:
And may I ſeek my bliſs alone,
In thee the good ſupreme!

401 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Bangor 231.

The whole World no Compenſation for the Loſs of the Soul, Mark viii. 36.

1 LORD, ſhall we part with gold for droſs,
With ſolid good for ſhow?

Outlive our bliſs, and mourn our loſs,
In everlaſting woe?

2 Let us not loſe the living GOD,
For one ſhort dream of joy;
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.

3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy;
And rate our precious ſouls too dear
For all thy wealth to buy.

402 L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRICS.
Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

The Farewell.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To ſenſual bliſs that charms us ſo,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.

2 LORD, I renounce my carnal taſte
Of the fair fruit that ſinners prize:
Their paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One thought of mine, but to deſpiſe.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the ſweet that is not laid
A bait to ſome deſtructive ſnare?

4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewel!
Angels aſpire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vaſt deſires;
My ſoul purſues the ſovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

403 C. M. New York 33. Maidſtone 196.

The Church deſcribed; or, the Stability and Glory of Sion, Cant. vi. 10.

1 SAY who is ſhe, that looks abroad
Like the ſweet bluſhing dawn,
When with her living light ſhe paints
The dew-drops of the lawn:

2 Fair as the moon, when in the ſkies
Serene her throne ſhe guides,
And o'er the twinkling ſtars ſupreme
In full orb'd glory rides:

3 Clear as the ſun, when from the eaſt
Without a cloud he ſprings,
And ſcatters boundleſs light and heat
From his reſplendent wings:

4 Tremendous as an hoſt that moves
Majeſtically ſlow,
With banners wide diſplay'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!

5 This is the church by heaven array'd
With ſtrength and grace divine;
Thus ſhall ſhe ſtrike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories ſhine.

404 L. M. STEELE.

Derby 169. Wells Row 98.

The Preſence of CHRIST *the Joy of his People.*

1 THE wond'ring nations have beheld
The ſacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail the glorious morn,
That ſhew'd the great Meſſiah born;

2 The Prince! the Saviour! long deſir'd,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inſpir'd,
And raptur'd ſaw the bliſsful day
Riſe o'er the world with heading ray.

3 Oft, in the temple of his grace,
His ſaints behold his ſmiling face;
And oft have ſeen his glories ſhine
With power and majeſty divine:

4 But ſoon, alas! his abſence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return:
Without his life-inſpiring light,
'Tis all a ſcene of gloomy night.

5 Come, deareſt LORD, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories riſe
Again to our admiring eyes;

6 Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like thoſe above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raiſe,
And heaven and earth reſound thy praiſe.

405 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Great Milton 221. Exeter 4.
Aſking the Way to Sion, Jer. l. 5.

1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither ſet your ſteady face,
With a determin'd will.

2 Invite the ſtrangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And ſpread the ſentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to his temple haſte,
And ſeek his favour there;

Before his footſtool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

4 O come, and join your ſouls to GOD
In everlaſting bands,
Accept the bleſſings he beſtows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

406 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE
Swithins 44. Darwell's 82.
At the forming a Church.
Iſai. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 13, 19.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bleſs that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care
Our GOD diſplays,
For us to raiſe
A houſe of prayer!

2 Tho' once eſtrang'd afar,
We now approach the throne;
For JESUS brings us near,
And makes our cauſe his own:
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And reſt ſecure.

3 To thee our ſouls we join,
And love thy ſacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father-king,
Thy cov'nant grace
Our ſouls embrace,
Thy titles ſing.

4 Here in thy houſe we feaſt
On dainties all divine;
And, while ſuch ſweets we taſte,
With joy our faces ſhine;
Incenſe ſhall riſe
From flames of love,
And GOD approve
The ſacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worſhip in thy houſe;
And thou attend the ſong,
And ſmile upon their vows;
Indulgent ſtill,
Till earth conſpire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

407 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Portugal 97. Derby 169.

The Inſtitution of a Goſpel Miniſtry from CHRIST,
Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy houſe
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we ſhare
Theſe pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he roſe
In ſplendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence ſprung th' Apoſtles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms to bleſs our eyes,
Paſtors from hence, and teachers riſe.

4 From CHRIST their varied gifts derive,
And fed by CHRIST their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midſt all the rage of hell they ſtand.

5 So ſhall the bright ſucceſſion run
Thro' the laſt courſes of the ſun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall riſe and flouriſh large and fair.

6 JESUS our LORD, their hearts ſhall know,
The ſpring whence all theſe bleſſings flow;
Paſtors and people ſhout his praiſe
Thro' the long round of endleſs days.

408. L. M.
Wareham 117.

On ſending a Member into the Work of the Miniſtry—*Iſaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Viſion*, Iſai. vi. 8.

1 OUR GOD aſcends his lofty throne,
Array'd in Majeſty unknown;
His luſtre all the temple fills,
And ſpreads o'er all th' etherial hills:

2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And, while they ſtand beneath his ſeat,
They veil their faces, and their feet.

3 LORD, how can ſinful lips proclaim
The honours of ſo great a name!
O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his ſoul!

4 Then if a meſſenger thou aſk,
A labourer for the hardeſt taſk,
Thro' all his weakneſs and his fear,
Love ſhall reply, "Thy ſervant's here."

*If ſung on any other Occaſion, "his," in the three laſt Verſes may be exchanged for "my."

5 Nor let his willing ſoul complain,
Tho' every effort ſeem in vain;
It ample recompence ſhall be
But to have wrought, O GOD, for thee.

409 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Paul's 246. Rippon's 188. Gould's 272.
Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Paſtor.

1 SHEPHERD of Iſrael, bend thine ear,
Thy ſervants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, diſtreſs'd, to thee we cry,
And ſeek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O LORD, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footſteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O GOD, ſuſtain,
Nor let us ſeek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our bleſs'd eyes a ſhepherd ſee,
Dear to our ſouls, and dear to thee!

410 C.M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Abridge 201. Bedford 91.
Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn, Heb. xiii. 17.

1 LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of GOD,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cauſe of ſmall import
The paſtor's care demands;
But what might fill an Angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for ſouls, for which the LORD
Did heavenly bliſs forego;—
For ſouls which muſt for ever live,
In raptures, or in woe,

4 All to the great tribunal haſte,
Th' account to render there;
And ſhouldſt thou ſtrictly mark our faults,
LORD, where ſhould we appear!

5 May they, that JESUS whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer ſee;
And watch thou daily o'er their ſouls,
That they may watch for thee.

411 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

The Goodneſs of GOD *acknowledged in giving Paſtors after his own Heart*, Jer. iii. 15*.
At the Settlement of a Miniſter.

1 SHEPHERD of Iſrael, thou doſt keep,
With conſtant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior paſtors riſe
To feed our ſouls, and bleſs our eyes.

2 To all thy churches ſuch impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whoſe courage, watchfulneſs, and love,
Men may atteſt, and GOD approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy ſheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's paſture tread!

4 Here haſt thou liſten'd to our vows,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings on thy houſe;
Thy ſaints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As ſheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former ſtroke,
And bleſs the ſhepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raiſe,
And own this tribute of our praſe.

† See Hymn 407, and Aſſociation Hymns.

412 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Abingdon 42. Braintree 23.

Christ's *Care of Miniſters and Churches*, Rev. ii. 1.

1 WE bleſs th' eternal ſource of light,
Who makes the ſtars to ſhine;
And, through this dark beclouded world,
Diffuſeth rays divine.

2 We bleſs the church's ſovereign King,
Whoſe golden lamps we are;
Fix'd in the temples of his love
To ſhine with radiance fair.

3 Still be our purity preſerv'd;
Still fed with oil the flame;
And in deep characters inſcrib'd
Our heavenly Maſter's name!

4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our ſtate ſurveys,
His ſmiles ſhall with new luſtre deck
The people of his praiſe.

413. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

On the dangerous Illneſs of a Miniſter.

1 O THOU, before whoſe gracious throne
We bow our ſuppliant ſpirits down,
View the ſad breaſt, the ſtreaming eye,
And let our ſorrows pierce the ſky.

2 Thou know'ſt the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only can'ſt aſſuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.

3 Tho' we have ſinn'd, and juſtly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
Yet, Power benign, thy ſervant ſpare,
Nor turn aſide thy people's prayer.

4 Avert thy ſwift deſcending ſtroke,
Nor ſmite the ſhepherd of the flock,
Leſt o'er the barren waſte we ſtray,
To prowling wolves an eaſy prey.

5 Reſtore him ſinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haſte to ſave;
Back to our hope and wiſhes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

6 Bound to each ſoul by tendereſt ties,
In every breaſt his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O GOD, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

7 Yet if our ſupplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark deſert coaſt
To mourn our much-lov'd leader loſt;

8 Be thou his ſtrength, be thou his ſtay,
Support him thro' the gloomy way,
Comfort his ſoul, ſurround his bed,
And guide him thro' the dreary ſhade.

9 Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly ſtate,
To teach his happy ſoul to riſe,
And waft him to his native ſkies.

414 C. M.

Huddersfield 202. Matthews 34.

At a Miniſter's leaving his People.—Paul's farewel Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day;
But JESUS made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 In heaven they met again with joy
(Secure no more to part),
Where praiſes every tongue employ,
And pleaſure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children ſoon ſhall meet;
Together ſee their Saviour's face,
And worſhip at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The miniſters they ſcorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any periſh here;
The preachers who have told you *all*
Shall ſtand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, LORD, to ſave themſelves alone,
Is not their utmoſt view;
O! hear their prayer, thy meſſage own,
And ſave their hearers too.

415 L. M.

Bowden 78. Chard 175.

The People's Prayer for their Miniſter; or, Miniſters and Miſſionaries† committed to God.

1 WITH heavenly power, O LORD, defend
*Him** whom we now to thee commend;
His perſon bleſs, his ſoul ſecure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-ſufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;

† See alſo Hymn 420, firſt, ſecond, and third part.

* The pronouns in this Hymn, if neceſſary, may be read in the plural, *them*, &c. &c.

Thy truth and faithfulneſs fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection ſend;
O love him, ſave him to the end!
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert:
That thouſands yet unborn may praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

416 L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

The Paſtor's Wiſh for his People, Phil. iv. 1.

1 MY brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whoſe welfare fills my daily care,
My preſent joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand faſt upon the ſolid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteouſneſs;
Adorn the Goſpel with your lives,
And practiſe what your lips profeſs.

3 With pleaſure meditate the hour,
When he, deſcending from the ſkies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image riſe.

4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him leſs than all receive.

5 Such is your paſtor's faithful charge,
Whoſe ſoul deſires not your's, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right-hand,
Himſelf and all his people view!

417 L. M.

Wareham 117. Marks 65.

At a Choice of Deacons, 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

1 FAIR Sion's King, we ſuppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For bleſſings to attend our choice*
Of ſuch whoſe generous, prudent zeal
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.

3 Happy in JESUS, their own LORD,
May they his ſacred table ſpread,—
The table of their paſtor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread!

4 [When paſtor, ſaints, and poor, they ſerve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!
While patience, ſympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and thro' their lives abound.]

5 By pureſt love to CHRIST, and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldneſs in the chriſtian faith,
And meet the ſmile of thine and thee!

6 And when the work to them aſſign'd—
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from ſerving tables here,
To ſit around thy glorious throne.

* If this Hymn be ſung *before* the Choice, then the ſecond Line of the ſecond Verſe may ſtand thus:

"For Wiſdom to direct our Choice."

418 (First Part.) 8. 7.

Carlisle 95. Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Glorious Things spoken of Zion the City of God,
Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 [See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Shewing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.]

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:

'Tis his love his people raiſes
Over ſelf to reign as kings:
And as prieſts, his ſolemn praiſes
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleaſure,
All his boaſted pomp and ſhow!
Solid joys and laſting treaſure,
None but Zion's children know.

418 (Second Part.) L. M.
Glouceſter 12. Chard 175.

Prayer for the ſpread of the Goſpel, animated by Prophecy.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Inſulted, everlaſting King!
The influence of thy crown increaſe,
And ſtrangers to thy footſtool bring.

2 [We long to ſee that happy time,
That dear, expected, bliſsful day,
When countleſs myriads of our race
The ſecond Adam ſhall obey.]

3 Thy prophecies *muſt* be fulfill'd,
Though earth and hell ſhould dare oppoſe;
The ſtone cut from the mountain's ſide,
Though unobſerv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon ſhall the mingled image fall,
(Braſs, ſilver, iron, gold, and clay,)
And ſuperſtition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one vaſt ſymphony of praiſe,
Gentile and Jew ſhall then unite;

And infidelity, aſham'd,
Sink in th' abyſs of endleſs night.

6 Afric's emancipated ſons
Shall join, with Europe's poliſh'd race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
Immanuel's kingdom muſt extend;
And *every man*, in *every face*,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

418 (Third Part.) L. M.
Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

The approaching fall of Babylon predicted, Rev. xiv. 6

1 PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her *tott'ring* palace fall,
'Till ſome bleſt meſſenger ariſe,
The ſpacious heathen world to call.

2 And ſee the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty Angel fly,
The Goſpel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the ſky!

3 O ſee, on both the India's coaſt,
And Africa's unhappy ſhore,
The unlearn'd ſavage preſs to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore:

4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,
"That JESUS left his throne in heaven,
"And ſuffer'd, died, and roſe again,
"That guilty ſouls might be forgiv'n:"

5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye;
And hear him aſk, "For wretched me,
"Did this divine Redeemer die?"

6 " Ah! Why have ye ſo long forborne
" To tell ſuch welcome news as this;
" Go now, let *every ſinner* hear,
" And ſhare in ſuch exalted bliſs."]

7 The Iſlands, waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the ſacred ſound;
And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
Caſt all their Idols to the ground.

8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
Thy curs'd foundation ſhall give way,
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the croſs diſplay.

418 (Fourth Part.) L. M.
Wells 102. Devotion 271.

Invitation to propagate the Goſpel throughout the Earth.

1 GO, favor'd Britons, and proclaim
The kind REDEEMER you have found;
Publiſh his ever precious name,
To all the wond'ring nations round.

2 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched ſlave,
Who groans beneath a tyrants rod,
You bring—*a freedom bought with blood,*
The blood of an incarnate GOD:

3 And tell the panting ſable Chief,
On Ethiopia's ſcorching ſand,
You come—*with a refreſhing ſtream,*
To cheer and bleſs his thirſty land.

4 Go, tell on India's golden ſhores,
The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan†,
That *to enrich their deathleſs* MIND,
You come—the friends of GOD and Man.

† *Tibet* and *Boutan*; parts of Aſia, little known to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptiſt Miſſionaries.

5 Tell *all* the distant Isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—*a glorious light to show*,
You come—*their* SOULS *to seek and save.*

6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love,
And, crown'd with energy divine,
It's heavenly origin will prove.

418 (Fifth Part) L. M.

Glouceſter 12. Derby 169.

Neglect in ſpreading the Goſpel, reproved and deplored.

1 "GO," ſaid the voice of heavenly love,
"My Goſpel preach to every land;
"Lo! I am with you to the end;
"Obſerve and follow my command."

2 With joy the firſt diſciples heard,
And told the ever gracious news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
Firſt, to the unbelieving Jews:

3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publiſh'd ſalvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this diſtinguiſh'd iſland came.

4 But ah! to ſpread their ſacred theme,
How few have *our* attempts been found!
What heathen lands from *us* have heard
The glorious heart reviving ſound?

5 To *us* their duty they bequeath'd;
And left the promiſe on record;
And had our ardour equall'd theirs;
The ſame had been our bleſt reward.

6 [We too had multitudes beheld,
Forſake the gods their hands had made,

And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their *yet* benighted realms pervade.]

7 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel!

419 (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175. Glouceſter 12.

Proſpect of Succeſs; or, Encouragement to uſe Means.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draws near,
The ſhades diſperſe, the dawn appears;
Behold the wilderneſs aſſume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conſpire
To raiſe our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Preſent an *harveſt* to our ſight.

3 The untaught Heathen waits to know
The joy the Goſpel will beſtow;
The exiled ſlave waits to receive
The freedom JESUS has to give.

4 Come let us with a grateful heart
In the bleſt labour ſhare a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoiſted ſail,
Till north and ſouth, and eaſt and weſt,
Shall be, as favor'd Britain, bleſt.

6 Invite the *globe* to come and prove
A Saviour's condeſcending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Aſſur'd they ſhall acceptance meet.

7 [Our hearts exult in ſongs of praiſe,
That we have ſeen theſe latter days,
When our Redeemer ſhall be known,
Where ſatan long has held his throne.]

8 Where'er his hand hath ſpread the ſkies,
Sweet incenſe to his name ſhall riſe;
"And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek and Jew,"
By ſovereign grace be form'd anew.

419 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Evans's 190. Iriſh 171. Miſſionary 257.

The Increaſe of the Church promiſed and pleaded.

1 FATHER, is not thy promiſe pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth
Thy word of life ſhall run?

2 "Aſk, and I give the Heathen lands
"For thine inheritance,
"And to the world's remoteſt ſhores
"Thine empire ſhall advance."

3 Haſt thou not ſaid the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his ſtandard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 When ſhall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanſe of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given?

6 From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, ſhout
Hoſannahs to thy LORD!

7 Aſia and Africa, reſound
From ſhore to ſhore his fame:
And thou, America, in ſongs
Redeeming love proclaim!

420 (Firſt Part.) C. M.

Otford 106. Michael's 119.

Prayer for Miſſionaries.

1 GREAT GOD, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories ſhine.

2 But, LORD, thy greater love has ſent
Thy Goſpel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich ſtores of grace
Are treaſur'd in thy mind.

3 LORD, when ſhall theſe glad tidings ſpread
The ſpacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every ſoul,
Shall hear the joyful ſound?

4 O when ſhall Afric's ſable ſons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vaſſals long-enſlav'd become
The freedmen of the LORD?

5 When ſhall the untutor'd Heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haſte, ſovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;

Soften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7† Smile, LORD, on each divine attempt
To ſpread the Goſpel's rays;
And build on ſin's demoliſh'd throne
The temples of thy praiſe.

Verſes 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in ſubſtance, were written off *Margate*, by Mr. WILLIAM WARD, one of the Baptiſt Miſſionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends
In ſafety o'er the deep,
Let the rough tempeſt ſpeed their way,
Or bid its fury ſleep.]

9 Whene'er thy ſons proclaim good news,
Beneath the Banian's ſhade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his ſoul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly Shaſter‡ ſpread,
Bid Brahmans preach the word;
And may all India's tribes become
One CAST to ſerve the LORD.

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Then thouſands ſhall confeſs its ſway,
And bleſs the ſaving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren waſtes ſhall riſe,
With ſudden greens, and fruits array'd,
A blooming Paradiſe.

† Verſe 7, 9 and 10, of this Hymn, may be ſung alone.

‡ The *Shaſters* are the religious books of the Hindoos; the *Brahmans* are their Prieſts; and the *Caſts* are the different claſſes of the people.

13 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore:
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murd'rous cannon roar.

15 LORD, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter sun, and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold.

16 *Amen*, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd Myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!

420 (Second Part.) L. M.

Wareham 12. Wells 13. Lebanon 79.

A blessing on Missions, and Missionaries, requested.

1 WHERE'ER the blustering north-wind blows,
And spreads its frost or fleecy snows;
Where'er the sun with quickening ray,
Shines all abroad and gives the day;

2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light
Dart forth their beams and gild the night,
There may his Heralds loud proclaim
The Saviour's love, the Saviour's name.

3 For work so pleasing, so benign,
LORD, grant thy influence divine;
Till all "the spacious globe around,"
"With" raptur'd "songs of praise resound."

420 (Third Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Lowell 260. Mansfield 1;

Miſſionaries addreſſed and encouraged.†

1 YE Meſſengers of CHRIST,
His ſovereign voice obey;
Ariſe! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The maſter whom you ſerve,
Will needful ſtrength beſtow,
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With ſacred courage go.

3 Mountains ſhall ſink to plains,
And hell in vain oppoſe;
The cauſe is GOD's, and muſt prevail,
In ſpite of all his foes.

4 Go, ſpread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchleſs grace
To the moſt guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wiſh you in his name,
The moſt divine ſucceſs;—
Aſſur'd that he who ſends you forth
Will your endeavours bleſs.

420 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.

The wonder-working GOD *invoked for his Church.*

Iſai. li. 9.

1 AWAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which haſt ſuch wonders wrought;
Which captive Iſrael freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

† See alſo Hymn 415.

2 Art thou not it, which Rahab ſlew?
And cruſh'd the dragon's head?
Conſtrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew
From their accuſtom'd bed.

3 Again thy wonted proweſs ſhow,
Be thou made bare again;
And let thine adverſaries know
That they reſiſt in vain.

421 (First Part.) L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Rochford 22.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

1 HOW many years has man been driven
Far off from happineſs and heaven?
When wilt thou, gracious LORD, reſtore
Thy wandering church to roam no more?

2 Six thouſand years are nearly paſt
Since Adam from thy ſight was caſt;
And ever ſince, his fallen race
From age to age are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When ſhall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee!

4 Haſten it, LORD, in every land,
Send thou thine angels and command;
"Go, ſound deliverance; loudly blow
"Salvation to the ſaints below."

5 We want to have the day appear!
The promis'd great ſabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and ſin, and hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs peace ſhall dwell.

6 Till then, we will not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our ſtrong requeſt;
And this our daily prayer ſhall be,
LORD, ſound the trump of jubilee.

421 (Second Part) L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer to GOD *for his ſpecial Interpoſition in ſpreading the Goſpel,* Zec. ix. 13—16.

1 "HOW" long, O GOD, "has man been driv'n.
"Far off from happineſs, and heav'n!
"When wilt thou," graciouſly "reſtore"
Thy baniſh'd ſons to rove no more?

2 For near ſix thouſand years, thy foe
Has triumph'd over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With ravening wolves encompaſs'd round.

3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
An ample compenſation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happineſs and GOD reſtore?

4 From every nation, every tongue,
A remnant muſt to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race
To furniſh trophies of his grace.

5 Exert that power which could ſubdue
The furious, ſlaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cauſe become,
Victorious over Greece and Rome.

6 Now, LORD, before thy ſervants go,
Let GOD himſelf the trumpet blow;
Haſten the Goſpel jubilee
That bids a captive world be free.

421 (Third Part.) 10s.

Warſaw 211. Gueſtwick 274.

The Houſe muſt be of Fame and Glory throughout all Countries, 1 Chron. xxii. 25.

THE houſe now to be builded to the LORD,
Whoſe firm foundation ſtone his hand hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which King Solomon ſo glorious made.

Wide as the ſpacious globe on which we tread,
This ſacred temple ſhall its bounds extend,
Its bleſſings, not to Abra'ms ſeed confin'd;
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

See, in the torrid regions of the ſouth,
The humble worſhipper approach with joy:
And ſhivering natives of the frozen pole,
In the ſame heavenly ſtrains their lips employ.

With all ſimplicity of word and deed,
With zeal for GOD, and love to ſouls inſpir'd,
See the ſucceſsful Miſſionaries teach;
Their ardour ſtill by gathering converts fir'd.

Hark! they proclaim ſalvation by the croſs;
And thouſands preſs to accept the boundleſs grace:
JESUS his own almighty power diſplays,
His temple now is univerſal ſpace!

421 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

ague 166. Staughton 264. Cambridge New 74.

aints longing to ſee their King with his many Crowns, Rev. xix. 12.

GO forth, ye ſaints, behold your King
With God-like honours crown'd,
Ten thouſand beauties in his word
Shall ſpread his fame around.

2 Where'er the ſun begins its race,
Or ſtops its ſwift career,
Both eaſt and weſt ſhall own his grace,
And CHRIST be honour'd there.

3 Ten thouſand crowns encircling ſhow
The victories he hath won:
O may his conqueſts ever grow
While time its courſe ſhall run.

4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more ſubdue,
Deſtroy *our* enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

422 (First Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

Gentiles praying for Jews, Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earneſt ſuit for Abra'm's ſeed;
Juſtly they claim the ſofteſt prayer
From us, adopted in their ſtead,
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
And CHRIST by their rejection gain.

2 Outcaſt from thee, and ſcatter'd wide
Thro' every nation under heaven,
Blaſpheming whom they crucify'd,
Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of GOD.

3 But haſt thou finally forſook,
For ever caſt thy own away!
Wilt thou not bid the murderer's look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is paſt;
"All Iſrael ſhall be ſav'd at laſt."

4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And ſhout to GOD, the glory due.

92 (Second Part.) 148th. Portſmouth New 144.

Evangelical Philanthropy; or, the Song of a Chriſtian Loyaliſt.

1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns,
Among the ſons of men;
He breaks the priſ'ners chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppoſe GOD's only Son,
In ſpite of foes his cauſe goes on.

2 The cauſe of righteouſneſs,
And truth and holy peace,
Deſign'd our world to bleſs,
Shall ſpread and never ceaſe:
Gentile and Jew, their ſouls ſhall bow,
Allegiance due, with rapture vow.

3 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repell
By cruelty and lies:
Th' infernal gates ſhall rage in vain,
Conqueſt awaits the Lamb once ſlain.

4 He died, but ſoon aroſe
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himſelf he ſhows
Omnipotent to ſave:
Let rebels kiſs the victor's feet,
Eternal bliſs his ſubjects meet.

5 All power is in his hand
His people to defend,
To his moſt high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with ſmiles approves his cauſe,
And diſtant iſles receive his laws.

6 This little ſeed from heaven
Shall ſoon become a tree;
This ever bleſſed leaven
Diffus'd abroad muſt be:
Till GOD the Son ſhall come again,
It muſt go on. Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

Reſurrection 72.

7 Ye who have known his name,
Subſerve his glorious plan;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of GOD and man.
How happy ye who own his ſway!
Ye own'd ſhall be another day.

8 All hail, incarnate LORD,
Our ſouls triumphant cry;
Be thy bleſs'd name ador'd,
By all beneath the ſky.
But when we join the hoſts above,
In ſtrains divine we'll ſing thy love.

422 (Third Part.) L. M.
Horſley 111. Magdalene 34.
The Fields white for Harveſt†.

1 LIFT up your joyful eyes, and ſee
A plenteous harveſt all around,

† The Hymns from the 427th to the 441ſt. alſo relate *to the ſpread of the Goſpel, and the happineſs of the Church.*

Rip'ning for bliſs, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:

2 A harveſt of immortal ſouls,
Secur'd by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor ſtorms ſhall hurt,
Nor ravenous beaſts of prey devour.

3 O happy day, when all th' elect
Complete in number ſhall be found,
And, like their great, their myſtic head,
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

422 (Fourth Part.) L. M.

Glouceſter 12. Lebanon 77. Iſlington 40.

He muſt Reign; or, the Victories of CHRIST *the Triumph of Chriſtians.*

1 YES, mighty JESUS! thou ſhalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes ſubmit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train
Become like duſt beneath thy feet.

2 Then refcued ſouls ſhall bleſs thy power,
Thy arm ſhall full ſalvation bring;
Thy ſaints, in that illuſtrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

3 And when, thro' brilliant gates of gold,
Thou leadſt thy choſen to the ſkies;
May we the ſhining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph riſe.

4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heav'n's tranſported realms reſound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS*.

423 C.M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

Spiritual Aſſociations regiſtered in Heaven; or, God's gracious Approbation of active Attempts to revive Religion, Mal. iii. 16, 17.

1 THE LORD on mortal worms looks down
From his celeſtial throne;
And, when the wicked ſwarm around,
He well diſcerns his own.

2 He ſees the tender hearts that mourn
The ſcandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppoſe
The wide-prevailing crimes.

3 Low to the ſocial band he bows
His ſtill-attentive ear;
And, while his angels ſing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of Heaven ſhall keep
Their words in tranſcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

5 "Yes, (ſaith the LORD), the world ſhall know
"Theſe humble ſouls are mine:
"Theſe, when my jewels I produce,
"Shall in full luſtre ſhine.

6 "When deluges of fiery wrath
"My foes away ſhall bear,
"That hand, which ſtrikes the wicked thro',
"Shall all my children ſpare."

* See alſo Hymns 403—406, 412—422.

424 L. M. B. FRANCIS.

Derby 109. Truro 165. Bramcoate 8.

Miniſters abounding in the Work of the LORD.

1 BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy miniſters their tribute bring,
Their tribute of united praiſe
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

2 We ſing the conqueſts of thy ſword,
And publiſh loud thy healing word:
While angels ſound thy glorious name,
Thy ſaving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various ſervice we eſteem
Our ſweet employ, our bliſs ſupreme;
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like Seraphim above.

4 Nor ſeraphs there can ever raiſe
With us, an equal ſong of praiſe:
They are the nobleſt work of GOD,
But we, the purchaſe of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy ſheep with wholeſome paſture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

6 Thou art our LORD, our life, our love,
Our care below, and crown above:
Thy praiſe ſhall be our beſt employ,
Thy preſence our eternal joy.

425 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Brighthelmſtone 208. Condeſcenſion 116.

Loveſt thou me? feed my Lambs, John xxi. 15.

1 DO not I love thee, O my LORD?
Behold my heart and ſee;

And turn each curſed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my ſoul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When JESUS cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious ſtill
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulſe with pleaſure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 [Haſt thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt thou a foe, before whoſe face
I fear thy cauſe to plead?

5 Would not my ardent ſpirit vie,
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy ſacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?]

7 Thou know'ſt I love thee, deareſt LORD,
But, O! I long to ſoar
Far from the ſphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

426 L. M. BEDDOME.

Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer for Miniſters.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earneſt prayer;
We plead for thoſe who plead for thee,
Succeſsful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vaſt their charge!
Do thou their anxious ſouls enlarge;
Their beſt acquirements are our gain,
We ſhare the bleſſings they obtain.

3 Clothe then with energy divine
Their words, and let thoſe words be thine:
To them thy ſacred truth reveal,
Suppreſs their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to ſow the precious ſeed,
Teach them thy choſen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal ſouls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful ſound,
In humble ſtrains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let ſinners break their maſſy chains,
Diſtreſſed ſouls forget their pains;
Let light thro' diſtant realms be ſpread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

27 (Firſt Part.) 8. 7. 4. Altered by DR. RYLAND.
Lewes 63. Painſwick 162. Helmſley 223.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, viſit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain!
All will come to deſolation,
Unleſs thou return again:
LORD, revive us,
All our help muſt come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a diſtance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Leſt, for want of thine aſſiſtance,
Every plant ſhould droop and die: LORD, &c.

3 Surely, once thy garden flouriſh'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our ſpirits nouriſh'd,
Happy ſeaſons we have ſeen! Lord, &c.

4 [But a drought has ſince ſucceeded,
And a ſad decline we ſee;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee: Lord, &c.

5 Where are thoſe we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old profeſſors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We ſhall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a ſingle leaf they ſhow: Lord, &c.

7 Younger plants—the ſight how pleaſant!—
Cover'd thick with bloſſoms ſtood;
But they cauſe us grief at preſent,
Froſts have nipp'd them in the bud! Lord, &c.

8 Deareſt Saviour, haſten hither,
Thou canſt make them bloom again;
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c.]

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, eſteem'd thy ſervant,
Shun the world's bewitching ſnares: Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the ſtony heart to fleſh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afreſh:
Lord, revive us,
All our help muſt come from thee!

427 (Second Part.) L. M.

Gould's 272. Babylon Streams 23.

For a Church in a low condition, Pſalm li. 18.

1 O God of Zion! from thy throne,
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy church the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou haſt rais'd,
How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd;
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forſake our tott'ring walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of pray'r and praiſe,—
When holy ſervices gave birth
To joys reſembling heaven on earth.

4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and livelineſs are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes;
If earth and hell ſhould yet aſſail,—
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
Oh pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our num'rous wants ſupply.

7 Oh ſhew that in our low-eſtate,
No bleſſing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

427 (Third Part) 118.
Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

1 O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can ſave;
With darkneſs ſurrounded, by terrors diſmay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy ſtrength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But ſkillful's the Pilot who ſits at the helm,
His wiſdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,
In ſafety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithleſs!" in mercy he cries,
"My promiſe, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, ſtill I am with thee, my promiſe ſhall ſtand,
Through tempeſt and toſſing I'll bring thee to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands whilſt I look on, I ſee
The wounds I received, when ſuff'ring for thee.

5 I feel at my heart, all thy ſighs and thy groans,
For thou art moſt near me, my fleſh and my bones;
In all thy diſtreſſes thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are moſt needful, not one is in vain.

6 Then truſt me and fear not; thy life is ſecure;
My wiſdom is perfect, ſupreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy ſoul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeneſs to ſhine.

7 The fooliſh, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpleſs, the hopeleſs, I hear their ſad pray'r;
From all their afflictions, my glory ſhall ſpring,
And the deeper their ſorrows, the louder they'll ſing."

428 8. 7. 4.

Trevecca 37. Kentucky 114. Weſtbury 51.

Longing for the ſpread of the Goſpel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkneſs,
Look, my ſoul, be ſtill and gaze;
All the promiſes do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Bleſſed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian ſee
That divine and glorious conqueſt,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Goſpel
Loud reſound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that ſit in darkneſs,
Grant them, LORD, the glorious light,
And from eaſtern coaſt to weſtern,
May the morning chaſe the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 [May the glorious day approaching,
On their groſſeſt darkneſs dawn,
And the everlaſting Goſpel
Spread abroad thy holy name;
All the borders
Of the great IMMANUEL's land.]

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Goſpel,
Win and conquer, never ceaſe;
May thy laſting wide dominions
Multiply and ſtill increaſe;
Sway thy ſceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

429 L. M. BEDDOME.

Glouceſter 12. Coombs's 45. Bromley 104.

The increaſe of the Church.

1 SHOUT, for the bleſſed JESUS reigns,
Thro' diſtant lands his triumphs ſpread;
And ſinners, freed from endleſs pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

2 His ſons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive;
Thoſe who were dead in ſin before,
By ſovereign grace are made alive.

3 Oppreſſors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble poſture wait,
And proud blaſphemers learn t' adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And, unconſtrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted GOD and King.

5 O may his conqueſt ſtill increaſe,
And every foe his power ſubdue;
While angels celebrate his praiſe,
And ſaints his growing glories ſhew.

6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty ſongs exalt his name,
In ſongs as laſting as his love.

430 148th.

Dartmouth 46. Carter Lane 141.

The Increaſe of the Meſſiah's Kingdom.

1 ALL hail, incarnate GOD!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in ſacred writ
With joy our eyes behold:

Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its ſilver honours pays,
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brighteſt days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haſte, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When ſouls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle ſway:
O may it bleſs our longing eyes,
And bear our ſhouts beyond the ſkies.

4 All hail, triumphant LORD,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations ſue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand for ever ſure.

431 148th.

Portſmouth New 144. Grove 125.

The completing of the Spiritual Temple, Zech. iv. 7.

1 SING to the LORD above,
Who deigns on earth to raiſe
A temple to his love,
A monument of praiſe:
Ye ſaints around, thro' all its frame,
Harmonious ſound the builder's name.

2 Beneath his eye and care
The edifice ſhall riſe
Majeſtic, ſtrong, and fair,
And ſhine above the ſkies:
There ſhall he place the poliſh'd ſtone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BRETHREN.

432. 8. 7. B. FRANCIS.

Jewin Street 222. Northampton Chapel 126.

At a Collection for poor Miniſters, or Miſſionaries.

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praiſe him, all ye hoſts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my LORD my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whoſe grand deſign
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliſs divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of ſalvation all around—
Diſregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my ſubſtance I will honour
My Redeemer and my LORD;
Were ten thouſand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of ſalvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every ſtation
Gladly join to ſpread his fame.

433 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Braintree 25. New York 35.

Relieving Christ *in his Members*, Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs ſum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Doſt thou exalted ſhine;
What can my poverty beſtow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou haſt brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confeſs their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'ſt be cloth'd and fed,
And viſited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of diſtreſs,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would ſee;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

434 L. M.

Lebanon 77. Manning 245. Iſlington 40.

thine own have we given thee, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-ſpread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him ſhall riſe,
He knows my wants, thoſe wants ſupplies.

2 And ſhall I grudge to give *his* poor
A mite from all my generous ſtore?
No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee,
Shall always find a friend in me.

435 L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Martin's Lane 67. Horsley 205.

The Beneficence of Christ *for our Imitation.*

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation thro' our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creations blot, creations blank:

4 But he, who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

436 C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240. Staughton 264.

Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay:
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

437 S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Wirkſworth 158. Eagle Street New 55.
Broderip's 252.

Praiſe for Converſion, Pſalm lxvi. 16.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And liſten while I tell
How narrowly my feet eſcap'd
The ſnares of death and hell.

The flattering joys of ſenſe
Aſſail'd my fooliſh heart,
While Satan, with malicious ſkill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.

I fell beneath the ſtroke,
But fell to riſe again;
My anguiſh rous'd me into life,
And pleaſure ſprung from pain.

Darkneſs, and ſhame, and grief,
Oppreſs'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

At length, to God I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive ſigh,
He heard, and inſtantly he ſent
Salvation from on high.

My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my ſins, and with a ſmile
The gracious pardon ſeal'd.

O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to ſpread
His loudeſt praiſe abroad.

438 C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

The Converſion of Sinners a Matter for Prayer and Praiſe.

1 THERE's joy in heaven, and joy on earth
When prodigals return,
To ſee deſponding ſouls rejoice,
And haughty ſinners mourn.

2 "Come ſaints, and hear what GOD hath done
Is a reviving ſound:
O may it ſpread from ſea to ſea,
E'en all the globe around.

3 Often, O ſovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day;
That JESUS here may ſee his ſeed,
And ſatan loſe his prey.

4 Great GOD, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praiſes too,
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

439 C. M. NEWTON.

Brighthelmſtone 208. Maidſtone 196.

Apoſtacy—Will ye alſo go away?

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour ſay,
"Wilt thou forſake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with ſuch a heart as mine,
Unleſs thou hold me faſt;
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

3 Yet thou alone haſt power, I know,
To ſave a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I ſhould turn from thee?

Beyond a doubt I reſt aſſur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD;
Who haſt eternal life ſecur'd
By promiſe and by blood.

The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my caſe;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs grace.

No voice but thine can give me reſt,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bleſs'd,
And ſatisfy my heart.

What anguiſh has that queſtion ſtirr'd
If I will alſo go?
Yet, LORD, relying on thy word,
I humbly anſwer, No!

440 L. M. STEELE.

Paul's 246. Wareham 117. Gould's 272.

To whom ſhall we go but unto thee? or, Life and Safety in CHRIST *alone*, John vi. 67—69.

THOU only ſovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my ſoul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my LORD?
Can this dark world of ſin and woe
One glimpſe of happineſs afford?

Eternal life thy words impart,
On theſe my fainting ſpirit lives;
Here ſweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One ſmile, one bliſsful ſmile of thine,
My deareſt LORD, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmoſt powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endleſs ruin, deep deſpair.

6 Low at thy feet my ſoul would lie,
Here ſafety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

441 L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Green's Hundred 89. Marks 65.

Prayer for the whole Church.

1 IN thee, thou all-ſufficient GOD,
The ſprings of happineſs ariſe,
That cheer this howling waſte below,
And bleſs the manſions of the ſkies.

2 We, the productions of thy power,
And penſioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy bleſſings from above.

3 Protect the young from every ſnare,
And let thy ſtaff ſupport the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.

4 Let joyful ſaints ſtill taſte thy grace,
Give to the mourners heavenly day,
Suſtain the ſtrong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

BAPTISM.

442 112th.

Carey's 11. Uffculm 93.

CHRIST *baptized in Jordan.*

IN Jordan's tide the Baptiſt ſtands,
Immerſing the repenting Jews;
The SON of GOD the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuſe:
Jeſus deſcends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye ſaints, behold him ſink and riſe,
A fit example thus for you:
The ſacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

But lo! from yonder opening ſkies,
What beams of dazzling glory ſpread!
Dove-like th' Eternal SPIRIT flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they ſee the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples ſhine.

But hark! my ſoul, hark and adore!
What ſounds are thoſe that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But ſoft and ſweet as Gabriel's ſong?
"This is my well-beloved Son,
"I ſee well-pleas'd what he hath done."

5 Thus the Eternal FATHER ſpoke,
Who ſhakes creation with a nod;
Thro' parting ſkies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the SON of GOD:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

443 L. M. J STENNETT.

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

A Baptiſmal Hymn.

1 THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the loſt to ſeek and ſave;
Went humbly down from Jordan's ſhore
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
"All righteouſneſs," he meekly ſaid:
"Why ſhould we then to do his will,
"Or be aſham'd, or be afraid?"

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
LORD, 'tis our glory to deſcend;
'Tis wond'rous grace that gives us room,
To lie interr'd by ſuch a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us ſee the light again;
So, on the reſurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou ſhalt again appear,
The gates of death ſhall open wide,
Our duſt thy mighty voice ſhall hear,
And riſe and triumph at thy ſide.

444 8. 8. 6. NORMAN.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.

THUS it became the Prince of Grace,
And thus ſhould all the favour'd race
High heaven's command fulfil;
For that the condeſcending GOD
Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
Was heaven's eternal will.

'Tis not as led by cuſtom's voice,
We make theſe ways our favour'd choice,
And thus with zeal purſue:
No, heaven's eternal ſovereign LORD
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

And ſhall we ever dare deſpiſe
The gracious mandate of the ſkies,
Where condeſcending Heaven,
To ſinful man's apoſtate race,
In matchleſs love and boundleſs grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

Thou everlaſting gracious King,
Aſſiſt us now thy grace to ſing,
And ſtill direct our way
To thoſe bright realms of peace and reſt,
Where all th' exulting tribes are bleſs'd
With one great choral day.

445 8. 7. FAWCETT.

Welſh 210. Carliſle 95.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE ſouls, who ſeek ſalvation
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that JESUS trod.

Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bleſs'd Redeemer call you,
Liſten to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
JESUS ſays, "Let each believer
"Be baptized in my name:"
He himſelf in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the ſtream.

3 Plainly here his footſteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your captain leads the way:
View the rite with underſtanding,
JESU's grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example riſe.

446 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Matthew's 34.

The Believer conſtrained by the Love of CHRIST *to follow him.*

1 DEAR LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch ſo vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bleſs me with thy ſmile?

2 Haſt thou the croſs for me endur'd,
And all its ſhame deſpis'd?
And ſhall I be aſham'd, O LORD,
With thee to be baptiz'd.

Didſt thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's ſwelling flood?
And ſhall my pride diſdain the deed
That's worthy of my GOD?

Dear LORD, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footſteps move
In thy delightful ways.

447 C. M. DR. RYLAND.
Devizes 14. Otford 106.

Difficulties in the way of Duty ſurmounted—Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56*.

WHEN Abraham's ſervants to procure
A wife for Iſaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wiſh,—
Her parents gave conſent.

Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay;
"Hinder me not," he quick reply'd,
"Since GOD hath crown'd my way."

'Twas thus I cry'd, when CHRIST the LORD
My ſoul to him did wed:
"Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes,
"Since GOD my way hath ſped."

"Stay," ſays the world, "and taſte awhile
"My every pleaſant ſweet;"
"Hinder me not," my ſoul replies,
"Becauſe the way is great."

"Stay," Satan my old maſter cries,
"Or force ſhall thee detain;"
"Hinder me not, I will be gone,
"My God has broke thy chain."]

* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verſe.

6 In all my LORD's appointed ways,
My journey I'll purſue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd ſaints,
For I muſt go with you.

7 Thro' floods and flames, if JESUS lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, ſhall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppoſe.

8 Thro' duty and thro' trials too
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my IMMANUEL's land.

9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry ſhall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

448 C. M. J. STENNETT.

Bath Chapel 26. Huddersfield 202.

Immerſion.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's ſwelling flood,
To ſhew he muſt be ſoon baptiz'd,
In tears, and ſweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his ſacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his ſacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 LORD, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footſteps tread,
Would die, be buried, riſe with thee,
Our ever-living head.

449 8. 7.
Northampton Chapel 126.
Buried with CHRIST *in Baptiſm*, Rom. vi. 4.

JESUS, mighty king in Sion!
Thou alone our guide ſhalt be;
Thy commiſſion we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:
As an emblem of thy paſſion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
We who know thy great ſalvation
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
Fearleſs of the world's deſpiſing,
We the ancient path purſue;
Buried with our LORD, and riſing
To a life divinely new.

450 L. M. J. STENNETT.
Chard 175. Rochford 22.
A Baptiſmal Hymn.

SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow thro' his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly SON of GOD!
Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aſpire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,
They ſhine in clean and bright attire!
O ſacred rite, by thee the name
Of JESUS we to own begin:
This is our reſurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our ſin.
Glory to GOD on high be given
Who ſhews his grace to ſinful men:
Let ſaints on earth, and hoſts in heaven,
In concert join their loud amen.

451 L. M. Gregg.

Altered by B. Francis.

Rippon's 188. Bredby 165. Horsley 205.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

452 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Court 173.

The Candidates—they were baptized both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

1 GREAT GOD, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace hath done;
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be deny'd;
Was not the LORD, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

453 C. M. BEDDOME.

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side, Psalm cxix. 32.

1 HOW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O GOD, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel, as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,

Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every ſmart.

3 Let graces then in exerciſe
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celeſtial power,
In exerciſe remain

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy:
Vain world, be gone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilſt thee our Saviour and our GOD,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival luſt,
Each traitor, from the throne.

6 Inſtruct our minds, our wills ſubdue,
To heaven our paſſions raiſe,
That hence our lives, our All, may be
Devoted to thy praiſe.

454 L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Derby 169.

The Adminiſtrator.

1 "GO teach the nations and baptize,"
Aloud th' aſcending JESUS cries:
His glad apoſtles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their LORD.

2 Commiſſion'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
Theſe happy converts, who have known
And truſted in his grace alone.

3 LORD, in thy houſe they ſeek thy face,
O bleſs them with peculiar grace:
Refreſh their ſouls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them ſhine.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM*.

455—467. L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Portugal 97.

WHATE'ER to thee, our LORD, belongs
Is always worthy of our ſongs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praiſe.

BEDDOME.

Hoſanna to the church's head,
Who ſuffer'd in our room and ſtead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in ſweat and blood!

J. STENNETT.

Behold the grave where JESUS lay,
Before he ſhed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To ſinners thro' the myſtic flood!

BEDDOME.

Come, ye redeemed of the LORD,
Come, and obey his ſacred word;
He died, and roſe again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

BEDDOME.

We to this place are come to ſhow
What we to boundleſs mercy owe:
The Saviour's footſteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

BEDDOME.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On theſe baptiſmal waters move;
That we, thro' energy divine,
May have the ſubſtance with the ſign.

* As it is now pretty common to ſing by the water-ſide, and as ſome of our brethren in the country give out a verſe or two, while they are adminiſtering the ordinance, it is hoped theſe ſingle verſes will be acceptable.

All ye that love IMMANUEL's name,
And long to feel th' increaſing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F——.

Ye who your native vileneſs mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who ſee your wretched ſtate by ſin,
" Ye bleſſed of the LORD, come in."

H. F——.

JESUS, my SAVIOUR and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
Theſe are the ſounds that chide my ſtay,
" Ariſe, my love, and come away."

H. F——.

Amazing grace! and ſhall I ſtill
Prove diſobedient to thy will?
Ah! no: dear LORD, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H——.

Apoſtles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My JESUS in this way, was found,
I charge my ſoul to tread it too.

J. STENNETT.

With lowly minds, and lofty ſongs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Till the great riſing day reveal
Th' immortal glory of his face.

G——.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's bleſſings crown'd,
Immortal happineſs is ours.

468 148th.

Bethesda 112. Swithin's 44.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate GOD,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Receiv'd the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

3 The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shewn such grace,
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On JESU's head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine,
Do thou our souls inspire!
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons
"Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

469 C. M. JAMES NEWTON.

Crowle 3. James's 163.

After Baptism, Mark xvi. 16.

1 "PROclaim," saith CHRIST, "my wondrous [grace
"To all the Sons of men;
"He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
"Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace deſcend on *thoſe*,†
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That JESUS is *their* LORD.

3 With cheerful feet may *they* advance,
And run the chriſtian race;
And thro' the troubles of the way
Find all-ſufficient grace.

470 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Charleſton 195. Hammond 226.

A practical Improvement of Baptiſm, Col. iii.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your GOD;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents, ſo divine as theſe,
Might charm the dulleſt ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your ſouls to ſin muſt die;
With CHRIST your LORD ye live anew,
With CHRIST aſcend on high.

3 There by his Father's ſide he ſits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himſelf your Brother ſtill,
And your Forerunner there.

4 Riſe, from theſe earthly trifles, riſe
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choiceſt treaſure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and ſin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
LORD, ſend thy ſtrong attractive power
To raiſe and fix us high.

† The words of this Hymn which are in Italics may eaſily be put into the ſingular number.

471 C. M. BEDDOME.

New York 33. Sprague 166.

reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 9.

THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?

Is that moſt glorious Saviour mine,
" Of whom I lately read?
Who, bearing all my ſins and griefs,
" Was number'd with the dead?

Is he who, burſting from the grave,
" Now reigns above the ſky,
My Advocate before the throne,
" My portion when I die?

" Have I profeſs'd his holy name?
" Do I his Goſpel bear
" To Ethiopia's ſcorched lands,
" And ſhall I ſpread it there?

" Bleſs'd pool! in which I lately lay,
" And left my fears behind;
" What an unworthy wretch am I!
" And GOD profuſely kind.

" Bleſs'd emblem of that precious blood
" Which ſatisfy'd for ſin;
" And of that renovating grace
" Which makes the conſcience clean."

This pattern, LORD, with ſacred joy
Help us to keep in view;
The ſame our work, the ſame, O make
Our conſolation too

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

472 L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Ayliffe Street 241. Bramcoate 8.

A preparatory Thought for the Lord's *Supper, in imitation of* Iſaiah lxiii. 1—3.

1 WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the ſkies
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord! the Saviour! Yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

3 Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt;
I own theſe wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore.

4 Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine!
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this ſacred food?

5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread,
For ſuch unworthy gueſts as we.

6 Then let us taſte the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet hoſannas crown the board.

473. C. M. Steele.

Iriſh 171. Braintree 25.

An Invitation to the Goſpel Feaſt, Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where Mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore,
For every humble gueſt.

2 See Jesus ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet,
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In ecſtaſies unknown.

7 And yet ten thouſand thouſand more
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

474 L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.
Yarmouth 128. Dreſden 178. Rowles 73.

Christ *dying, riſing, and reigning.*

1 HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come! ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys wee ſee!
Jesus the dead revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter, Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter, "Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting Grave?"

475 C. M. J. Stennett.
Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 JESUS! O word divinely ſweet!
How charming is the ſound!
What joyful news? what heavenly ſenſe
In that dear name is found!

3 Our ſouls all guilty, and condemn'd,
In hopeleſs fetters lay;
Our ſouls, with numerous ſins deprav'd,
To death and hell a prey.

3 JESUS, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his croſs triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to deſtroy,
He mighty was to ſave,
He died, but could not long be held
A priſoner in the grave.

5 JESUS! who mighty art to ſave,
Still puſh thy conqueſts on;
Extend the triumphs of thy croſs,
Where'er the ſun has ſhone.

6 O Captain of ſalvation! make
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worſhip at thy throne.

476 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Chard 175. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 THUS we commemorate the day,
On which our deareſt LORD was ſlain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
'Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting ſky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's ſwift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of Kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs and ſeraphs, heavenly hoſts;
Aſſume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coaſts.

4 Come, LORD, and where thy croſs once ſtood
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

477 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Ulverſton 179. Gould's 272.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

1 JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wond'rous ſacrifice,
Love riſes to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope diſclaim.

2 With cold affections who can ſee
The thorns, the ſcourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple ſweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Look, ſaints, into his opening ſide,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide!
Thence iſſues forth a double flood
Of cleanſing water, pard'ning blood.

4 Hence, O my ſoul, a balſam flows
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come ſtreaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immenſe, unknown.

5 Thus I could ever, ever ſing
The ſufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleaſures ſpread abroad
The myſteries of a dying GOD.

478 L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Meditating on the Croſs of CHRIST.

COME ſee on bloody Calvary,
Suſpended on th' accurſed tree,
A harmleſs ſuff'rer cover'd o'er
With ſhame, and welt'ring in his gore.

Is this the Saviour long foretold
To uſher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of ſorrow ceaſe,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly ſhrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That ſouls might from their ruin riſe,
And heir th' unperiſhable ſkies.

See, to their refuge and their reſt,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Tranſgreſſors to his croſs repair,
And find a full redemption there.

JESUS, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee ſhall fly,
And on thy ſacrifice rely.

That tree, that curſe-empoiſon'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the nobleſt bleſſings ſhoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

The ſorrow, ſhame, and death were Thine,
And all the ſtores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliſs;
What love can be compar'd to this!

479 L. M. D. Turner.

Old Hundred 100. Angel's Hymn 60.

Set him above all Principalities and Powers—Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain to receive Glory and Bleſſing, Epheſ. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

1 NOW far above the ſtarry ſkies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Imviſible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2 [The countleſs hoſts that round him ſtand,
The ſubjects of his ſovereign power,
Fly thro' the world at his command,
Or proſtrate at his feet adore.

3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
Cruſh'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4 His name above all creatures great,
He all ſuſtains and all controuls!
Yet from his high exalted ſtate
Looks kindly down on humble ſouls.]

5 Tho' in the glories he poſſeſs'd,
Long ere this world, or time, began,
He ſhines the Son of God confeſs'd,
Yet owns himſelf the Son of Man.

6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide.
Here ſaves the ſinner who believes.

7 All hail! thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thouſand bleſſings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our boſoms feel the ſacred flame.

5 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raiſe,
The full ſalvation promis'd, bring,
Then every tongue ſhall ſing thy praiſe!

480 L. M. Dr. Watt's Lyrics.

Ayliffe Street 241. Redemption 243.

Love on a Croſs and a Throne.

1 NOW let our faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view our Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and ſee his throne above.

2 See where he languiſh'd on the croſs;
Beneath our ſins he groan'd and died;
See where he ſits to plead our cauſe,
By his Almighty Father's ſide.

3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And ſeals our pleaſure with his pains.

4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear Conq'ror ſits enthron'd;
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How ſhall vile pardon'd rebels ſhow
How much they love their dying God?
Lord, here we'd baniſh every foe,
We hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.

6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,
Our deareſt luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stampt as a ſeal on every heart.

481. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

The Triumphs of the Croſs.

1 NO more, dear Saviour, will I boaſt
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applauſe:
The world hath all its glories loſt,
Amid the triumphs of thy croſs.

2 In every feature of thy face,
Beauty her faireſt charms diſplays;
Truth, wiſdom, majeſty, and grace,
Shine thence in ſweetly-mingled rays.

3 Thy wealth the power of thought tranſcends,
'Tis vaſt, immenſe, and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends:
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars are thine.

4 Yet, (O how marvellous the ſight!)
I ſee thee on a croſs expire;
Thy Godhead veil'd in ſable night;
And angels from the ſcene retire.

5 But why from theſe ſad ſcenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd ſo good, ſo great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.

6 The indignation of a God
On him avenging juſtice hurl'd:
Beneath the weight he firmly ſtood,
And nobly ſav'd a falling world.

7 Thoſe triumphs of ſtupendous grace
Surpriſe, rejoice, and melt my heart:
Lord, at thy croſs I ſtand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart!

482. C. M. Dr. J. STENNETT.

Wantage 204. Burford 198.

A Sacramental Hymn.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But moſt of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

I that am all defil'd with ſin,
A rebel to my GOD;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

What ſtrange ſurpriſing grace is this,
That ſuch a ſoul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My JESUS bids me come.

"Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feaſt was made for you;
"For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
"And roſe, and triumph'd too."

With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
LORD, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

Ye ſaints below, and hoſts of heaven,
Join all your praiſing powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

Had I ten thouſand hearts, dear LORD,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thouſand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

483 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Bangor 231. Workſop 31.

My Fleſh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53—55.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repaſt,
Himſelf comes down and dies;
And then invites us, thus to feaſt
Upon the ſacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon the ſhameful croſs,
For us, his welcome gueſts, procur'd
Theſe heart-reviving joys.

4 His body torn with rudeſt hands
Becomes the fineſt bread:
And, with the bleſſing he commands,
Our nobleſt hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love ſo free,
Dear Saviour, ſo divine!
Well thou may'ſt claim that heart of me,
Which owes ſo much to thine.

7 Yes, thou ſhalt ſurely have my heart,
My ſoul, my ſtrength, my all:
With life itſelf I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

484 L. M. Beddome.

Portugal 97. Ulverſton 179. Gould's 272.

Jesus wept—he died—ſee how he loved us, John xi. 35.

SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye ſaints, could Jesus do?

Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our diſtreſs he bears a part,
And feels a ſympathetic ſmart.

Still his companions are the ſame,
He knows the frailty of our frame:
Our heavieſt burdens he ſuſtains,
Shares in our ſorrows and our pains.

485 C. M. Steele.

Wentage 204 Charmouth 28.

The Wonders of Redemption.

AND did the holy and the juſt,
The Sovereign of the ſkies,
Stoop down to wretchedneſs and duſt,
That guilty worms might riſe?

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surpriſing mercy! love unknown!)
To ſuffer, bleed, and die.

He took the dying traitor's place,
And ſuffer'd in his ſtead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!

By this are ſinners ſnatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to GOD.

5 JESUS, my ſoul adoring bends
To love ſo full, ſo free;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its ſacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
For favours ſo divine?
O take my all—this worthleſs heart,
And make it only thine.

486 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Iriſh 171. Michael's 119.

Room at the Goſpel Feaſt, Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE King of Heaven his table ſpreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradiſe, with all its joys,
Could ſuch delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endleſs life, are given;
Thro' the rich blood that JESUS ſhed
To raiſe the ſoul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have ſtray'd
In ſin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your moſt obſcure retreats,
And grace ſhall find you room.

4 Millions of ſouls, in glory now,
Were fed and feaſted here;
And millions more, ſtill on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his houſe and heart ſo large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole aſſembled world
O'erfil the ſpacious room,

All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuſes frame;
Crowd to your places at the feaſt,
And bleſs the Founder's name.

487 L. M. STEELE.

Wareham 117. Rochford 22.

Communion with CHRIST *at his Table.*

TO JESUS, our exalted LORD,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raiſe
A cheerful ſong of ſacred praiſe.

But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languiſhing, and low;
Far, far above our humble ſongs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

Yet-while around his board we meet,
And humbly worſhip at his feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

Let faith our feeble ſenſes aid,
To ſee thy wondrous love diſplay'd,
Thy broken fleſh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleaſing anguiſh, flow;
And thy forgiving ſmiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488 C. M. STEELE.

Liverpool 83. Oxford 177.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the ſacred ſong!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue diſplay!
Imagination's utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture ſay,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

489 148th. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Carmarthen New 35. Swithin's 44.

A Song of Praiſe to CHRIST.

1 COME, every pious heart!
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your nobleſt powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for GOD,
And ſuch his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts ſurpaſs.

3 He left his ſtarry crown,
And laid his robes aſide:
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To ſave our ſouls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave he roſe,
The manſion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the ſky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour GOD.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not ſtay,
And bear our ſpirits home
To realms of endleſs day:
There ſhall we ſee his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

6 JESUS, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love:
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, tho' ſmall, thou wilt receive.

490 L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.
Portugal 97. Horſley 205. Rowles 73.
Self-Dedication at the LORD'S *Table.*

1 LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and ſav'd by blood divine?
With full conſent thine I would be;
And own thy ſovereign right in me.

2 Thee, my new Maſter now I call,
And conſecrate to thee my all:
LORD, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine thro' all eternity.

T

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 C. M.

Bedford 91. Foſter 96.

A Morning Hymn.

1 TO thee, let my firſt offerings riſe,
Whoſe ſun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And ſpotleſs as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchſaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, ſupply!
And I that hand adore!

3 If bliſs thy providence impart,
For which reſign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart!
And without gilt be gay!

4 Affliction ſhould thy love attend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

5 Be this, and every future day
Still wiſer than the paſt;
And, when I all my life ſurvey,
May grace ſuſtain at laſt.

492 C. M D. TURNER.

Braintree 25. Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

1 WITH thee, great GOD, the ſtores of ligh
And ſtores of darkneſs, lie:
Thou form'ſt the ſable robe of night,
And ſpread'ſt it round the ſky.

2 And when, with welcome ſlumbers preſs'd,
We cloſe our weary eyes,
Thy power, unſeen, ſecures our reſt,
And makes us joyous riſe.

3 Numbers, this night, great GOD, have met
Their long eternal doom;
And loſt the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on reſtleſs beds ſtill lie,
And ſtill their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thouſand pleaſures feel.

5 To thee, great GOD, in thankful ſongs,
Our morning thoughts ariſe;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing ſacrifice.

493 8. 8. 6. W——.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Morning.

1 LORD, I am vile!—what ſhall I ſay?
I live to ſee another day,
O let me live to thee!
A thouſand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliſs;
What muſt fruition be!

2 Eye has not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
What JESUS hath for his prepar'd,
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou haſt commanded me, to-day,
To live by faith, and I'd obey;
LORD, help me to believe.

494 S. M. S——.

Sutton 149. Price's 187.

A Morning Hymn.

1 SEE how the mounting ſun
Purſues his ſhining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praiſe,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my riſing ſoul
Its heavenly parent ſing:
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I ſlept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preſerver near!

4 Thus does thine arm ſupport
This weak defenceleſs frame;
But whence theſe favours, LORD, to me,
All worthleſs as I am?

5 O! how ſhall I repay
The bounties of my GOD?
This feeble ſpirit pants beneath
The pleaſing painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy croſs
I bring my ſacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it ſhall aſcend
With fragrance to the ſkies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O LORD, to thee;
And in thy ſervice I would ſpend
A long eternity.

495 L. M.

Madan's 107. Ulverſton 179.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GREAT GOD, to thee my evening ſong
With humble gratitude I raiſe;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praiſe.

2 My days unclouded, as they paſs,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witneſs to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtleſs, wretched heart,
Too oft regardleſs of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveneſs in the blood
Of JESUS: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious GOD,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this bleſt hope mine eye-lids cloſe,
With ſleep refreſh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repoſe,
And wake with praiſes to thy name.

496 L. M. BP. KEN.

Magdalene 214. Ayliffe Street 241.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Riſe glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And may ſweet ſleep mine eye-lids cloſe;
Sleep that ſhall me more vigorous make
To ſerve my GOD when I awake.

5 If in the night I ſleepleſs lie,
My ſoul with heavenly thoughts ſupply:
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No powers of darkneſs me moleſt.
Praiſe GOD, &c.

497 C. M. M——.

Iriſh 171. Great Milton 212.

An Evening Hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love ariſe;
Aſſiſt us, LORD, to offer up
Our evening ſacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More ſwift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new ſong require;
Till we ſhall praiſe thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' deſire.

4 LORD of our days, whoſe hand hath ſet
New time upon the ſcore;
Thee may we praiſe for all our time,
When time ſhall be no more.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

On the Spring.

1 THE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now diſſolv'd and gone:
Wak'd by the ſun, the blooming ſpring
Puts his new livery on.

2 Where awful deſolation reign'd
Bleſs'd plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a ſmile to ſee
Her late deſtroyer fled.

3 Teeming with life, th' advancing ſun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he ſeems to wiſh
To make a longer ſtay.

4 In clouds of gold behold him ſet,
Beyond the weſt he flies:
Short his is nightly courſe, and ſoon
He gilds the eaſtern ſkies.

5 My ſoul, in every ſcene admire
The wiſdom and the power:
Behold the GOD in every plant,
In every opening flower.

6 Yet in his word, the GOD of grace
Has wrote his fairer name:
The wonders of redeeming love
My nobleſt ſongs ſhall claim.

7 With warmeſt beams, thou GOD of grace
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into SPRING,
And be the glory thine.

499 S. M.

Mansfield 154. Finſbury 155.

The return of the Spring celebrated.

1 FROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyleſs waſte,
The ſpring in ſudden youth appears,
With blooming beauty grac'd.

2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the ſolar beams!
And to refreſh the ground, the rains
Deſcend in gentle ſtreams.

3 Great GOD, at thy command
Seaſons in order riſe:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Thro' earth, and ſeas, and ſkies.

4 With grateful praiſe we own
Thy providential hand,
While graſs for kine, and herb and corn
For men, enrich the land.

5 But greater ſtill the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveneſs, peace, and joy,
Thro' endleſs ages run.

500 C. M

Braintree 25. Foſter 96. Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

1 BEHOLD! long-wiſh'd-for ſpring is come
How alter'd is the ſcene!
The trees and ſhrubs are dreſs'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the cluſt'ring flowers
Beauteous around us ſpring:
The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
Invite our hearts to ſing.

But ah! in vain I ſtrive to join,
Oppreſt with ſin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter ſtill, within,
Tho' all is ſpring without.

O! would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' theſe clouds and ſhine,
No creature then more bleſt than I,
No ſong more loud than mine.

Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And bloſſom like the roſe!

501 C. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Abridge 201. Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

THE ſpring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the ſmiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers,
T' adorn her reign, appear.

But ſoon canſt thou in righteous wrath
Blaſt all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bleſs or to deſtroy.

The ſun, thy miniſter of love,
That from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden ſeeds to birth,
And ſpreads their beauties round;

At the dread order of his God
Now darts deſtructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

5 Like burniſh'd braſs, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyleſs waſte,
And into iron turns.

6 Pity us, LORD, in our diſtreſs,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging ſkies relent,
And ſhowers of mercy ſend!

502 C. M.

Ann's 58. Workſop 31.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

1 HOW haſt thou, LORD, from year to year
Our land with plenty crown'd!
And generous fruit and golden grain
Have ſpread their riches round.

2 But we thy mercies have abus'd
To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in ſin,
Mark and diſgrace our times!

3 Equal, tho' awful, is the doom,
That fierce deſcending rain
Should into inundations ſwell,
And cruſh the riſing grain!

4 How juſt, that in the autumn's reign,
When we had hop'd to reap,
Our fields of ſorrow and deſpair
Should lie an hideous heap!

5 But, LORD, have mercy on our land,
Thoſe floods of vengeance ſtay;
Diſpel theſe glooms, and let the ſun
Shine in unclouded day!

To thee alone we look for help;
None elſe of dew or rain
Can give the world the ſmalleſt drop,
Or ſmalleſt drop reſtrain.

503 L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Old Hundred 100. Dreſden 178.

The God *of Thunder.*

1 O THE immenſe, th' amazing height,
The boundleſs grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And ſways the nations with his nod!

2 He ſpeaks; and lo! all nature ſhakes,
Heaven's everlaſting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery arrows thro'

3 Well, let the nations ſtart and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheiſts and emperors ſhrink and die,
When flame and noiſe torment the air.

4 Let noiſe and flame confound the ſkies,
And drown the ſpacious realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thunderer's praiſe,
And ſend our loud hoſannas thro'.

5 Celeſtial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We ſhout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6 Thus ſhall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play
Ye lightnings, fly to make his room;
Ye glorious ſtorms, prepare his way.

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In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyleſs waſte,
And into iron turns.

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And lightnings round his chariot play
Ye lightnings, fly to make his room;
Ye glorious ſtorms, prepare his way.

504 C. M.

Devizes 14. Evans's 190.

Summer—an Harveſt Hymn.

1 TO praiſe the ever-bounteous LORD,
My ſoul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The ſmiling harveſt hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodneſs ſing;
Summer and winter knows their time,
His harveſt crowns the ſpring.

3 Well-pleas'd the toiling ſwains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the ſheaves away,
And ſow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious GOD, to ſow
The ſeeds of righteouſneſs:
Smile on my ſoul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harveſt bleſs.

5 Then, in the laſt great harveſt, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harveſt ſhall by far exceed
What I have ſown in hope.

505 C. M.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Harveſt—or, the accepted Time and Day of Salvat

Prov. x. 5.

1 SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harveſt hours;
While ſummer laſts, thro' all her cells
The choiceſt ſtores ſhe pours.

2 While life remains, our harveſt laſts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Beſt is this ſeaſon for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

3 To-day attend, is Wiſdom's voice;
To-morrow, Folly cries:
And ſtill to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!
To-day the ſinner dies.

4 When conſcience ſpeaks, its voice regard,
And ſeize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace.
And GOD will give the power.

506 C. M. STEELE.

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Winter.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortleſs the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The ſun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeleſs nature ſeems
An emblem of my heart—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How deſolate and ſad!

4 Return, O bliſsful ſun, and bring
Thy ſoul-reviving ray;
This mental winter ſhall be ſpring,
This darkneſs cheerful day.

5 O happy ſtate, divine abode,
Where ſpring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the ſmile of GOD,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great ſource of light, thy beams diſplay,
My drooping joys reſtore,
And guide me to the ſeats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

507 L. M. NEWTON.

New Sabbath 122. Rothwell 174.

Winter.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has ſtripp'd the trees and ſeal'd the ground
But ſpring ſhall ſoon his rage withſtand,
And ſpread new beauties all around

2 My ſoul a ſharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitleſs I remain;
When will the gentle ſpring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 JESUS, my glorious ſun, ariſe!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! huſh theſe ſtorms, and clear my ſkies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear LORD, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die;
Muſt it be winter all the year?

5 Be ſtill, my ſoul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repoſe on what his promiſe ſaith.

6 He, by whoſe all-commanding word
Seaſons their changing courſe maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
That none ſhall ſeek his face in vain.

508 L. M.

Glouceſter 12. Coomb's 45.

The Seaſons crowned with Goodneſs, Pſalm lxv. 11.

ETERNAL ſource of every joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee ſovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports and guides the whole!
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

3 The flowery ſpring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine
To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our coaſts redundant ſtores;
And winters, ſoften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe:
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening ſhade.

6 Here in thy houſe let incenſe riſe,
And circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes,
Till to thoſe lofty heights we ſoar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

509 8. 7. Robinson.

Jewin Street 222. Welſh 210.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer, 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of every bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace,

Streams of mercy never ceaſing
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praiſe the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging love.

2 Here I raiſe my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home:
JESUS ſought me when a ſtranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to ſave my ſoul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, LORD, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
Prone to leave the GOD I love—
Here's my heart, LORD, take and ſeal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

510 L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Antigua 120.

Help obtained of GOD, Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's Day.

1 GREAT GOD, we ſing that mighty hand,
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand;
The opening year thy mercy ſhews:
Let mercy crown it till it cloſe.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our GOD;
By his inceſſant bounty fed,
By his unerring counſel led.

With grateful hearts the paſt we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In ſcenes exalted or depreſs'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our reſt;
Thy goodneſs all our hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

When death ſhall interrupt theſe ſongs,
And ſeal in ſilence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, GOD, in whom we truſt,
In better worlds our ſouls ſhall boaſt.

511. L. M. S——.

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree, Luke xiii. 6—9.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful ſong;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Reſounds the goodneſs of the LORD.

Thou haſt preſerv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy ſhades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When GOD our great deliverer's nigh.

Yet why, dear LORD, this tender care?
Why does thy hand ſo kindly rear
A uſeleſs cumberer of the ground,
On which no pleaſant fruits are found?

Still may the barren fig-tree ſtand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous LORD.

5 So ſhall thy praiſe employ my breath
Thro' life, and in the arms of death
My ſoul the pleaſant theme prolong,
Then riſe to aid th' angelic ſong.

512 7s. Fawcett.

Alceſter 213. Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.

1 I MY Ebenezer raiſe
To my kind Redeemer's praiſe;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto th' help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This ſhould ſet my heart at reſt,
What thy will ordains is beſt.

3 I my all to thee reſign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking ſnare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praiſe;
So the laſt, the cloſing ſcene,
Shall be tranquil and ſerene.

6 To thy will I leave the reſt,
Grant me but this one requeſt,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy ſpecial love.

513 C. M.

New York 33. Miall 240.

A Wedding Hymn.

SINCE JESUS freely did appear
To grace a marriage feaſt;
O LORD, we aſk thy preſence here
To make a wedding gueſt.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bleſs their nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries beſt!
Their ſubſtance bleſs, and peace beſtow,
To ſweeten all the reſt.

In pureſt love their ſouls unite,
That they, with chriſtian care,
May make domeſtic burdens light,
By taking mutual ſhare.

True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And ſee with joy a godly ſeed
To build their houſehold up.

As Iſaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaſte and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendſhip join'd.

On every ſoul aſſembled here,
O make thy face to ſhine;
Thy goodneſs more our hearts can cheer,
Than richeſt food or wine.

514 L. M. Newton.
Bramcoate 8. Rowles 73.

A Welcome to Chriſtian Friends—At Meeting.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear ſake
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end, the ſame.

3 May he, by whoſe kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communication ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Chriſtians ſee each other thus;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore:
And haſten on the glorious day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

515. 7s.
Cookham 36. Hotham 224.

At Parting.

1 FOR a ſeaſon call'd to part,
Let us now ourſelves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-preſent Friend.

JESUS, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy ſheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our ſouls in ſafety keep.

In thy ſtrength may we be ſtrong,
Sweeten every croſs and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers ſhall be rear'd;
And our ſouls ſhall praiſe the LORD
Who our poor petitions heard.

516 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Magdalene 214. Portugal 97.

The Chriſtian Farewel, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

THY preſence, everlaſting GOD,
Wide o'er all nature ſpreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot ſleep,
In every place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou doſt our lives and ſouls ſuſtain;
When abſent, happy if we ſhare
Thy ſmiles, thy counſels, and thy care.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And ſeek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine,
And guard, and guide us ſtill as thine.

Give us, in thy beloved houſe,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

517 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Ulverſton 179. Lewton 30.
Early Piety, Matt. xii. 20.

1 HOW ſoft the words my Saviour ſpeaks!
How kind the promiſes he makes!
A bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the ſmoaking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't deſpiſe,
Nor on the contrite ſinner frown:
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly ſends ſalvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to ſhoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens bloſſom into fruit.

4 With humble ſouls he bears a part
In all the ſorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promiſe is for ever ſure.

5 He ſees the ſtruggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and ſin;
He kindly liſtens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Tho' preſs'd with fears on every ſide,
They know not how the ſtrife may end;
Yet he will ſoon the cauſe decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry ſend.

518 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Salem 139. Foſter 96. Evans's 190.
The Encouragement young Perſons have to ſeek Chr
Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In ſmiling crowds draw near,

And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, LORD of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converſe with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendſhip to purſue.

3 "The ſoul that longs to ſee my face
"Is ſure my love to gain;
"And thoſe that early ſeek my grace
"Shall never ſeek in vain."

4 What object, LORD, my ſoul ſhould move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty ſhould command my love,
Like what in CHRIST I ſee?

5 Away, ye falſe deluſive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my laſting choice,
For here true bliſs I find.

519 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Great Milton 212. Sprague 166.
Seek firſt the Kingdom of GOD, Matt. vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true ambition riſe,
And ardour fire our breaſts,
To reign in worlds above the ſkies,
In heavenly glories dreſt.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown diſplay,
Whoſe gems with vivid luſtre ſhine,
While ſtars and ſuns decay.

3 Away each groveling anxious care,
Beneath a chriſtian's aim;
We ſpring to ſeize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize purſue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

520. L. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

Green's Hundred 89. Ulverſton 179.

A lovely Youth falling ſhort of Heaven, Mark x.

1 MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeleſs to ſalvation prove?
Can hell command, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—

2 The man who ſought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
A modeſt, ſober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now?

3 But mark the change: thus ſpake the Lord,
"Come part with earth for heaven to-day."
The youth, aſtoniſh'd at the word,
In ſilent ſadneſs went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boaſted ſo,
This teſt unable to endure,
Let Christ, and grace and glory go
To make his land and money ſure.

5 Ah, fooliſh choice of treaſures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Muſt this baſe world be bought ſo dear,
And life and heaven ſo cheaply ſold?

6 In vain the charms of nature ſhine,
If this vile paſſion governs me;
Transform my ſoul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

521 S. M. Fawcett.

Eagle Street New 55. Harborough 142.

How ſhall a young Man cleanſe his Way? Pſ. cxix. 9.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilſt I am young,
How I may cleanſe my way.

Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O God, thy ſanctifying grace
Betimes on me beſtow.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to chooſe the way of truth,
And fly from every ſnare,

My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyſelf alone,
And make me wholly thine.

O let the word of grace
My warmeſt thoughts employ;
Be this thro' all my following days,
My treaſure and my joy,

To what thy laws impart
Be my whole ſoul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And ſanctify my mind.

May thy young ſervant learn
By theſe to cleanſe his way;
And may I here the path diſcern
That leads to endleſs day.

522 8. 8. 6. D. BRADBERY's altered,

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

The Importance of educating Youth.

CONGREGATION.

1 NOW let our hearts conſpire to raiſe
A cheerful anthem to his praiſe
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Let muſic, ſweet as incenſe, riſe
With grateful odours to the ſkies,
The work of joy and love.

CHILDREN.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or ſlight thy providence;
When loſt in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an eaſy prey,
Thy goodneſs ſnatch'd us thence.

CONGREGATION.

3 O what a num'rous race we ſee,
In ignorance and miſery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they *continue* ſtill to lie
In ignorance and miſery?
We cannot bear the thought.

CHILDREN.

4 Give, LORD, each liberal ſoul to prove
The joys of thine exhauſtleſs love;
And while thy praiſe we ſing,
May we the ſacred ſcriptures know,
And like the bleſſed JESUS grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

CONGREGATION.

5 We feel a ſympathizing heart;
LORD, 'tis a pleaſure to impart;
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying ſee,
O let theſe children live to thee,
O let theſe children live.

523 C. M. J. STRAPHAN

Sunday School.

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3,

1 BLEST is the man whoſe heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich bleſſings of whoſe hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy deſcending from above,
In ſofteſt accents pleads;
O! may each tender boſom move
When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliſs in wiſdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went aſtray
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And GOD will well approve,
When infants learn to liſp his name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young ſouls to win,
And turn the riſing race
From the deceitful paths of ſin,
To ſeek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty GOD! thy influence ſhed
To aid this good deſign:
The honours of thy name be ſpread,
And all the glory thine.

524 C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Old Age approaching; or, Man frail and mortal.

1 ETERNAL GOD, enthron'd on high!
Whom angel-hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool:
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

6 Then shall my soul, O gracious GOD
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the bless'd abode,
Its endless anthems pay.—

7 Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

525 C. M.

Carolina 13. Windſor 247.

For a Public Faſt.

1 SEE, gracious GOD, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power diſplay;
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And ſtill we live to pray,

3 Great GOD, and why is Britain ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."

4 What num'rous crimes increaſing riſe,
Thro' this apoſtate iſle!
What land ſo favour'd of the ſkies,
And yet what land ſo vile!

5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and ſhame!
What impious numbers, bold in ſin,
Diſgrace the chriſtian name!

6 Regardleſs of thy ſmile or frown,
Their pleaſures they require;
And ſink with gay indifference down
To everlaſting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty LORD,
By thy reſiſtleſs grace;
Then ſhall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

8 Then ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We ſhall not ſink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If GOD, our GOD is near.

526 C. M. S——.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

A Hymn for a Faſt-day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

1 WHEN Abram, full of ſacred awe,
Before Jehovah ſtood,
And, with humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom ſued;

2 With what ſucceſs, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The LORD would ſpare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a ſingle holy ſoul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great GOD, and ſhall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Britain, all guilty as ſhe is,
Her numerous ſaints can boaſt,
And now their fervent prayers aſcend,
And can thoſe prayers be loſt?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this ſinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy preſence bleſs'd our land;
Forſake us not, O GOD.

527 L. M. STERLE.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

On a Day of Prayer for Succeſs in War.

1 LORD, how ſhall wretched ſinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a juſt, a holy GOD?

2 Bright terrors guard thy awful ſeat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is ſtill a throne of grace.

3 O may our ſouls thy grace adore,
May JESUS plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 With all the boaſted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hoſtile field;
In vain, unleſs the LORD be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's ſhield.

5 Let paſt experience of thy care
Support our hope, our truſt invite!
Again attend our humble prayer!
Again be mercy thy delight!

6 Our arms ſucceed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cauſe maintain;
Till war's deſtructive rage ſubſide,
And peace reſume her gentle reign.

7 O when ſhall time the period bring
When raging war ſhall waſte no more;
When peace ſhall ſtretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coaſt to India's ſhore?

8 When ſhall the Goſpel's healing ray
(Kind ſource of amity divine)
Spread o'er the world celeſtial day?
When ſhall the nations, LORD, be thine?

528 L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.
Paul's 246. Dreſden 178.

National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies pleaded for, Amos iii. 1—6.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O LORD,
We view the terrors of thy ſword;
Oh! whither ſhall the helpleſs fly;
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpleſs ſinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy ſent relief,
When all was fear and hopeleſs grief.

3 On thee, our guardian GOD, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there,
And muſt we periſh in deſpair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forſaken GOD we turn;
O ſpare our guilty country, ſpare
The church which thou haſt planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent GOD:
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promiſes,
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 Theſe pleas, preſented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thouſand bleſſings down
On guilty lands in helpleſs woe;
Let them prevail to ſave us too.

529 C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Iriſh 171.

Thankſgiving for Victory over our Enemies.

TO thee, who reign'ſt ſupreme above,
And reign'ſt ſupreme below,
Thou God of wiſdom, power, and love,
We our ſucceſſes owe.

The thundering horſe, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And victory flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.

Thy mighty arm unſeen was nigh,
When we our foes aſſail'd;
'Tis thou haſt rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hoſts prevail'd.

Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers
Into our hands are given,
Not from deſert or ſtrength of ours,
But thro' the grace of heaven.

What tho' no columns lifted high
Stand deep inſcrib'd with praiſe,
Yet ſounding honours to the ſky
Our grateful tongues ſhall raiſe.

To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has ſhown;
That they may learn to bleſs his name,
And chooſe him for their own.

Thus, while we ſleep in ſilent duſt,
When threatening dangers come,
Their fathers' God ſhall be their truſt,
Their refuge, and their home.

530 L. M. Beddome.

Derby 169. Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

1 ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift its fainting head:

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.

5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

531 L. M.

Wareham 117. Redemption 243. Old Hundredth.

Praise for national Peace, Psalm xlvi. 9.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,

And war reſounds its dire alarms,
And ſlaughter ſpreads the hoſtile plains;
Thy ſovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their courſe, and bounds their pow'r:
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noiſe and war are heard no more.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what bleſſings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies ſing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

Thou good, and wiſe, and righteous LORD,
All move ſubſervient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy ſublime decrees fulfil.

To thee we pay our grateful ſongs,
Thy kind protection ſtill implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confeſs thy goodneſs, and adore.

532 L. M.
Horſley 205. Bramcoate 8.

Thankſgiving for national Deliverance, and Improvement of it, Luke i. 74, 75.

PRAISE to the LORD, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And, tho' deliverance long delay,
Anſwers in his well-choſen day.

Salvation doth to GOD belong;
His power and grace ſhall be our ſong;
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our king!

Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple ſhall become.

4 Still be it our ſupreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd ſight;
Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
'Till life's laſt hour to perſevere.

533 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Wells 102. Redemption 243.

Delivering Goodneſs acknowledged, 2 Cor. i. 10.
A Song for the 5th of November.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
So oft reveal'd hath ſav'd our land;
And, when united nations roſe,
Hath ſham'd and ſcourg'd our haughtieſt foes.

2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath diſpers'd them all with eaſe
And ſunk their terrors in the ſeas*.

3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning ſnare;
He ſhot from heaven a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day†.

4 Princes and prieſts again combine
New chains to forge, new ſnares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their ſnares.

5 Obedient winds at his command
Convey his hero‡ to our land;
The ſons of Rome with terror view,
And ſpeed their flight when none purſue.

6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us ſalvation brought;
And ſtill the care of guardian-heaven
Secures the bliſs itſelf hath given.

* Spaniſh Armada, 1588. † Gunpowdor Plot.
‡ King William 1688.

In thee we truſt, almighty LORD,
Continu'd reſcue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy ſervants' hopes are there.

534 L. M. STEELE.

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

For the 5th of November.

TO thee, almighty GOD, we bring
The humble tribute of our ſongs;
O teach our thankful hearts to ſing,
Or praiſe will languiſh on our tongues.

While Britain (favour'd of the ſkies)
Recalls the wonders GOD hath wrought;
Let grateful joy adoring riſe,
And warm to rapture every thought.

When Hell and Rome combin'd their power,
And doom'd theſe iſles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
Their impious plots in ruin lay.

Again our reſtleſs cruel foes
Reſum'd, avow'd their black deſign;
Again to ſave us GOD aroſe,
And Britain own'd the hand divine.

Why, gracious GOD, is Britain ſav'd?
Why bleſs'd with liberty and light?
Nor by fell tyranny enſlav'd,
Nor loſt in ſuperſtition's night?

Not for our ſake, we conſcious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
'Tis done to make thy glory known,
To ſhew the wonders of thy grace.

7 The wonders of thy grace complete;
Reform this wretched, guilty land!
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
Confeſs thy kind, thy guardian hand!

8 Let every age adore thy name,
While nature's circling wheels ſhall roll,
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And ſound thy praiſe from pole to pole.

535 L. M.

New Court 173. Truro 105.

Deliverances, Numbers xxiii. 23.

1 WHAT hath God wrought! might Iſrael ſay
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a paſſage to their bands,
Safely to march acroſs its ſands.

2 What hath God wrought! might well be ſaid,
When Jesus, riſing from the dead,
Scatter'd the ſhades of Pagan night,
And bleſs'd the nations with his light.

3 What hath God wrought! let Britain ſee,
Freed from the plagues of Popery,
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.

4 What hath God wrought! in glad ſurpriſe,
Shall ſound thro' all the earth and ſkies,
When, like a mill-ſtone in the main,
Proud Rome ſhall ſink, nor riſe again.

5 What hath God wrought! O bliſsful theme!
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the deſert thro'—
And ſafe arrive at glory too?

6 The news ſhall every harp employ,
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
When ſhall we join the heavenly throng
To ſwell the triumph and the ſong!

536 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Prayer for his Majeſty King GEORGE, *and the Royal Family.*

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy people pray
For all that bear the ſovereign ſway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers:
And, lo! we humbly pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 JESUS, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head:
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe;
Thro' paths of righteouſneſs and peace,
Our King, propitious lead.

3 Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain;
Preſerve him, Providence divine,
And let the long illuſtrious line
To lateſt ages reign.

4 Upon him ſhower thy bleſſings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlaſting joys;
While wealth, proſperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bleſs,
And praiſe THE GLOBE employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

537 C. M. STEELE.

Charmouth 28. Ludlow 84.

Desiring the presence of GOD *in affliction.*

1 THOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2 Thy gracious presence, O my GOD,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

3 This can my every care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

4 My LORD, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!

5 O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

7 LORD, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

Then ſhall my cheerful ſpirit ſing
The darkſome hours away,
And riſe on faith's expanded wing
To everlaſting day.

538 C. M. Dr. Watts.

Abridge 201. David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

LORD, I am pain'd; but I reſign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wiſdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

Dark are thy ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reaſons lie conceal'd from ſenſe,
Myſterious and unknown.

Yet nature may have leave to ſpeak,
And plead before her God,
Leſt the o'erburden'd heart ſhould break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

Theſe mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor ſpirit eaſe;
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he ſees.

[How ſhall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confin'd?
Damp'd is my vigour while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

Is not ſome ſmiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy ſwift command,
With all the joys it brings.

539 C. M. Leech.

Windsor 247. London 180.

For a Time of general Sickness.

1 DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

5 What tho' his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcases
O'erload the cumber'd ground;

6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
Were given him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

7 These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
But heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conquerors thro'.

8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise

To the fair palace of their GOD,
And manſions in the ſkies

540 (Firſt Part.) S. M. BEDDOME.
Harborough 142. Stoke 207.
Submiſſion under Affliction.

DOST thou my profit ſeek,
And chaſten as a friend?
O GOD, I'll kiſs the ſmarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
Doſt thou thro' death's dark vale
Conduct to heaven at laſt?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil paſt.
LORD, I would not repine
At ſtrokes in mercy ſent;
If the chaſtiſement comes in love,
My ſoul ſhall be content.

540 (Second Part.) 8s. S. PEARCE.
Limefield 94. New Jeruſalem 230.
For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by Sickneſs of attending Public Worſhip.

THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To ſaints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The moſt glorious and beautiful place.
To this temple I once did reſort,
With crouds of the people of GOD;
Enraptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And proſtrated low at his throne;
The Saviour *we* lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd *us* and made us his own.

4 Full oft to the meſſage of peace,
To ſinners addreſs'd from the ſky;
We liſten'd—extolling that grace,
Which ſet us—once rebels on high.

5 Faith clave to the crucified Lamb,
Hope, ſmiling, exalted its head,
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to obſerve what he ſaid.

6 What pleaſure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and ſiſters around,
With tranſport all ſeem'd to reflect
On the bleſſings in JESUS they'd found.

7 Sweet moments, if aught upon earth
Reſembles the joy of the ſkies;
It is when the hearts of the flock
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd ariſe.

8 But ah! theſe ſweet moments are fled,
Pale ſickneſs compels me to ſtay;
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are haſting away.

9 My GOD! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wiſe;
O help me ſubmiſſive to wait,
Till thou biddeſt thy ſervant ariſe.—

10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
With ſucceſs and increaſing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

11 Or ſhould'ſt thou in bondage detain,
To viſit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for manſions above,
Where nothing exiſts to deplore!

12 Where JESUS, the Sun of the place,
Refulgent inceſſantly ſhines,

Eternally bleſſing his ſaints,
And pouring delight on their minds.
There—there are no priſons to hold
The captive from taſting delight;
There—there the day never is clos'd,
With ſhadows, or darkneſs, or night:

There myriads and myriads ſhall meet,
In our Saviour's high praiſes to join;
While tranſported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.
Enough then—my heart ſhall no more
Of its preſent bereavements complain;
Since e'er long I to heav'n ſhall ſoar,
And ceaſeleſs enjoyments obtain.

541 (Firſt Part) 8. 7. 4. S. PEARCE.
Lewes 63. Helmſley 223. Painſwick 162.
Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm,

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
JESUS whiſpers conſolation
And ſupports my fainting ſoul,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Praiſe the LORD.

Thus, the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given,
Strengthen'd thus I ſtill preſs forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven,—
Sweet affliction, ſweet affliction,
And my ſins are all forgiv'n.

Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With encreaſing brightneſs play,
Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets,
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, &c.

6 There, while the nations of the bleſs'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In ſweeter ſtrains ſhall ſound.

542 (Second Part.) S. M.

Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

The Benefit of ſanctified Affliction; or, God bringing his People into the Covenant under the Rod, Ezek. xx. 37.

1 HOW gracious, and how wiſe
Is our chaſtiſing GOD!
And O! how rich the bleſſings are
Which bloſſom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every ſtroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Inſtructed thus they bow,
And own his ſov'reign ſway;
They turn their erring footſteps back
To his forſaken way.

4 His cov'nant love they ſeek,
And ſeek the happy bands
That cloſer ſtill engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

5 Dear Father, we conſent
To diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the pain, that make our ſouls
Still more completely thine.

6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain ſhall far remove,
And every frailty ceaſe.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

543 L. M. STEELE.

Kingſbridge 88. Ulverſtone 179.

The Shortneſs of Time and Frailty of Man. Pſ. xxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the meaſure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And ſpend the remnant to thy praiſe.

2 My days are ſhorter than a ſpan;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at beſt, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noiſe, and ſhow!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treaſures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My GOD! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treaſures I reſign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

544 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's 246. Babylon Streams 23.

The Wiſdom of redeeming Time. Eph. v. 15, 16.

1 GOD of Eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;—
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and ſlow they glide away:
Steady and ſtrong the current flows;
Loſt in eternity's wide ſea—
The boundleſs gulph from whence it roſe.

3 With it the thoughtleſs ſons of men
Before the rapid ſtreams are borne
On to that everlaſting home,
Whence not one ſoul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the ſhore on either ſide
Preſents a gaudy flattering ſhow,
We gaze, in fond amuſement loſt,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of Wiſdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its meaſure, and its power.

545 7ˢ. Dr. RYLAND.
Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the Diſpoſal of his GOD.—*My Times are in thy hand.* Pſalm xxxi. 15; xxxiv. 1.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies!
Ever gracious, ever wiſe!
All my times are in thy hand,—
All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my firſt and ſecond birth:
Parents, native place, and time,—
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He ſhall guide me to the tomb:
All my times ſhall ever be
Order'd by his wiſe decree.

4 Times of ſickneſs, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taſte a Saviour's love:
All muſt come, and laſt, and end,
As ſhall pleaſe my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a ſingle ſhaft can hit
Till the GOD of love ſees fit,

7 O thou Gracious, Wiſe, and Juſt,
In thy hands my life I truſt:
Have I ſomewhat dearer ſtill?—
I reſign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand—
Still to the ſurrender ſtand;
Know that thou art GOD alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee, at all times, will I bleſs:
Having thee, I all poſſeſs:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

546 C. M. STEELE.

Workſop 31. Crowle 3.

Time and Eternity; or, longing after unſeen Pleaſures. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 HOW long ſhall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardleſs of immortal joys,
And ſtrangers to the ſkies?

2 Theſe tranſient ſcenes will ſoon decay:
They fade upon the ſight;
And quickly will their brighteſt day
Be loſt in endleſs night.

3 Their brighteſt day, alas, how vain!
With conſcious ſighs we own;
While clouds of ſorrow, care, and pain,
O'erſhade the ſmiling noon.

4 Oh, could our thoughts and wiſhes fly
Above theſe gloomy ſhades,
To thoſe bright worlds beyond the ſky,
Which ſorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys, unſeen by mortal eyes
Or reaſon's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming proſpects riſe,
Unconſcious of decay.

6 LORD! ſend a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then ſhall, on faith's ſublimeſt wings,
Our ardent wiſhes riſe
To thoſe bright ſcenes, where pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the ſkies.

547 S. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Goſport 53. Henley 38.

Divine Mercies in conſtant Succeſſion. Lam. iii. 22,23.

1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compaſſions, LORD!
Each morning ſhall thy mercies ſhew,—
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodneſs, like the ſun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reaſon had begun
To form our lips to praiſe.

Each object we beheld
Gave pleaſure to our eyes;
And nature all our ſenſes held
In bands of ſweet ſurpriſe.

But pleaſures more refin'd
Awaited that bleſs'd day
When light aroſe upon our mind,
And chas'd our ſins away.

How new thy mercies, then!
How ſovereign and how free!
Our ſouls, that had been dead in ſin,
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death ſhall bear our ſouls away
To realms of light and bliſs.

There rapt'rous ſcenes of joy
Shall burſt upon our ſight;
And every pain, and tear, and ſigh,
Be drown'd in endleſs light.

Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Our happy ſouls ſhall ſit and ſing
The wonders of thy grace.

Nor ſhall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening ſhadows die away,
Beneath the ſetting ſun.

How various and how new
Are thy compaſſions, LORD!
Eternity thy love ſhall ſhew,
And all thy truth record.

548 L. M.

Wareham 117. Horſley 205.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

1 ETERNITY is juſt at hand!
And ſhall I waſte my ebbing ſand,
And careleſs view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—tremendous ſound!
To guilty ſouls a dreadful wound!
But Oh! if CHRIST and heaven be mine,
How ſweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high purſuit, my ardent prayer;—
An intereſt in the Saviour's blood—
My pardon ſeal'd, and peace with GOD.

4 But ſhould my brighteſt hopes be vain!
The riſing doubt, how ſharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious GOD! remove;—
Speak me an object of thy love.

5 Search, LORD! Oh ſearch my inmoſt heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error ſet me free,
And guide me ſafe to heav'n and thee.

549 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59.

A Prayer for Serioufneſs in Proſpect of Eternity.

1 THOU GOD of glorious majeſty!
To thee,—againſt myſelf,—to thee,
A ſinful worm, I cry,
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas I ſtand;
Yet how inſenſible!
A point of time, a moment's ſpace,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—ſhuts me up in hell!

3 O God! my inmoſt ſoul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And ſave me ere it be too late;—
Wake me to righteouſneſs.

4 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

5 Be this my one great buſ'neſs here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,—
To make my calling ſure!
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

6 Then, Saviour! then my ſoul receive,
Tranſported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope, in full ſupreme delight
And everlaſting love.

DEATH.

550 (First Part.) C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics, Canterbury 199, London 180.

Death and Eternity.

1 MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign—death.

2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here! *
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3 These sculls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

4 But where the souls,—those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

5 Oh, that unfathomable sea!—
Those deeps, without a shore,
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar!

6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

7 "Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand!
"Then come the joyful day;

* Bunhill Fields.

" Come, death, and ſome celeſtial band,
" To bear our ſouls away."

550 (Second Part.) 7, 6.

Culmſtock 6.

Pleaſing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

1 AH! I ſhall ſoon be dying;
Time ſwiftly glides away:
But, on my LORD relying,
I hail the happy day—

2 The day when I muſt enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpleſs ſoul I venture
On JESUS CHRIST alone.

3 He once, a ſpotleſs victim,
Upon Mount Calv'ry bled!
JEHOVAH did afflict him,
And bruiſe him in my ſtead.

4 Hence all my hope ariſes,
Unworthy as I am:
My ſoul moſt ſurely prizes
The ſin-atoning Lamb.

5 To him, by grace, united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.

6 There he is interceding
For all who on him reſt:
The grace, from him proceeding,
Shall waft me to his breaſt.

7 Then with the ſaints in glory
The grateful ſong I'll raiſe,
And chaunt my bliſsful ſtory
In high ſeraphic lays.

8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
And ſanctifying love,
Of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
Shall charm the courts above.

550 (Third Part.) C. M.
Grove Houſe 143
The ſafe and happy Exit.

1 LORD, muſt I die? Oh, let me die
Truſting in thee alone!—
My *living* teſtimony giv'n,
Then leave my *dying* one!

2 If I muſt die,—Oh, let me die
In peace with all mankind;
And change theſe fleeting joys below
For pleaſures all refin'd.

3 If I muſt die—as die I muſt—
Let ſome kind ſeraph come
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celeſtial home!

4 Of Canaan's land, from Piſgah's top,
May I but have a view!
Though Jordan ſhould o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

551 (Firſt Part.) 148th. TOPLADY's COLL.
Eagle Street 16. Clapham 18.
The Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin ſouls, ariſe!
With all the dead awake;
Unto ſalvation wiſe,
Oil in your veſſels take:
Upſtarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to the bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your LORD—

3 Go, meet him in the ſky,
Your everlaſting friend:
Your head to glorify,
With all his ſaints aſcend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To ſee, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye,—that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirſted for his love;
JESUS ſhall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the ſanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you ſhall be caught up
To ſtand before his throne;—
Call'd to partake the marriage feaſt,
And lean on our IMMANUEL's breaſt.

6 The everlaſting doors
Shall ſoon the ſaints receive,
Above thoſe angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and ſin,
With GOD eternally ſhut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome ſound:—
To ſee our LORD appear,
May we be watching found
Enrob'd in righteouſneſs divine,
In which the Bride ſhall ever ſhine.

551 (Second Part.) L. M.
Old Hundred 100. Wareham 117.

Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

1 O GOD of Love! with cheering ray
Gild my expiring ſtreak of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wip'd away affliction's tear.

2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which ſhrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joys, ſupport my head,
Before I ſink among the dead.

3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death deſtroy my ſins and fears!
May death, through JESUS, be my friend!
May death be life when life ſhall end!

4 Crown my *laſt* moment with thy pow'r—
The *lateſt* in my lateſt hour;
Then to the raptur'd heights I ſoar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

552 C. M.
Windſor 247. Charmouth 28.

Victory over Death through CHRIST. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 WHEN death appears before my ſight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But ſee my glorious leader nigh!
My LORD,—my Saviour—lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above;
He met the tyrant's dart;
And (Oh, amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim deſtroyer! boaſt
Thy univerſal ſway;
To heaven-born ſouls thy ſting is loſt;—
Thy night, the gates of day.

5 Lord, I commit my ſoul to thee!
Accept the ſacred truſt;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my ſleeping duſt.

6 Till that illuſtrious morning come,
When all thy ſaints ſhall riſe,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the ſkies:

7 When thy triumphant armies ſing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb:

8 Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays!
And with the bliſsful throng
Reſound ſalvation, power, and praiſe,
In everlaſting ſong.

553 C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.
Newbury 132. Carolina 13.
The welcome Meſſenger.

1 Lord, when we ſee a ſaint of thine
Lie gaſping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limb upons that bed!
We aſk thine envoy to convey
Our ſpirits in his ſtead.

3 Our ſouls are riſing on the wing
To venture in his place;

For, when grim Death has loſt his ſting,
He has an angel's face.

4 JESUS! then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5 Oh! if my threat'ning ſins were gone,
And death had loſt his ſting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away theſe interpoſing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet.

7 I'd leap at once my ſeventy years,
I'd ruſh into his arms,
And loſe my breath, and all my cares
Amid thoſe heavenly charms.

8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeleſs clay,
Without a ſigh, without a groan,
And ſtretch, and ſoar away.

554 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Deſiring to depart, and to be with CHRIST.
Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where JESUS dwells my ſoul would be;
And faints my much-lov'd LORD to ſee;

Earth, twine no more about my heart!
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrims home!
Ye know the way to JESUS' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That bliſsful interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a ſeraph's voice to ſing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The preſent Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet, with theſe proſpects full in ſight,
We'll wait thy ſignal for the flight;
For, while thy ſervice we purſue,
We find a heaven in all we do,

555 C. M. Dr. WATTS's LYRICS.
James's 163. Elim 151.

The Preſence of GOD *worth dying for; or, the Death of Moſes*, Deut. xxxi. 49, 50; xxxiv. 5.

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite delight,
To ſee thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy ſight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and ſings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moſes the ſaint enjoys the ſame,
And heaven repeats the ſong.

3 While the bright nation ſounds thy praiſe
From each eternal hill;
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love,—a ſea without a ſhore,—
Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To ſee a ſmiling GOD!

5 Sweet was the journey to the ſky,
The wond'rous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," ſays GOD, "and die,"
The prophet climb'd—and died.

6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breaſt;
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
And laid his fleſh to reſt.

7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, LORD! and here I quit my clay,
And ſtretch my airy wings.

556 L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Exeter 4. Stillman 66.

Children dying in their Infancy in the Arms of Jeſus. Matt. xix. 14.

1 THY life I read, my deareſt LORD!
With tranſport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I ſee a thouſand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the ſmiling grace.

3 "I take theſe little lambs," ſaid he,
"And lay them in my breaſt;
"Protection they ſhall find in me,—
"In me be ever bleſt.

" Death may the bands of life unlooſe,
" But can't diſſolve my love:
" Millions of infant-ſouls compoſe
" The family above.

" Their feeble frames my pow'r ſhall raiſe,
" And mould with heavenly ſkill:
" I'll give them tongues to ſing my praiſe,
" And hands to do my will."

His words the happy parents hear,
And ſhout, with joys divine,
Dear SAVIOUR, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

557 C. M. STEELE.

Canterbury 199. Carolina 13.

At the Funeral of a Young Perſon.

WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity muſt demand.

While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
Oh, may this truth, impreſt
With awful power,—" I too muſt die!"
Sink deep in every breaſt.

Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour:
To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this alarming ſcene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh, let us fly—to JESUS fly,
Whoſe powerful arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our hopes aſcend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great GOD! thy ſovereign grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's ſurpriſing hour.

558 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of their Children. Iſaiah lvi. 4.

1 YE mourning ſaints, whoſe ſtreaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in tranſports of deſpair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling duſt,
In fond diſtreſs ye lie,
Riſe, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Tho', your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye ſtand!
With fairer verdure ſhall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," ſaith the LORD,
"In my own houſe a place;
"No names of daughters and of ſons
"Could yield ſo high a grace.

5 "Tranſient and vain is every hope
"A riſing race can give;
"In endleſs honour and delight
"My children all ſhall live."

6 We welcome, LORD, thoſe riſing tears,
Thro' which thy face we ſee,
And bleſs thoſe wounds, which thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

559 L. M. FAWCETT.
Angel's Hymn 60. Dreſden 178.
The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

1 WHAT Scenes of horror and of dread
Await the Sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in ſight,
Preſages of eternal night.

2 His ſins in dreadful order riſe,
And fill his ſoul with ſad ſurpriſe:
Mount Sinai's thunder ſtuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs diſtract his breaſt;
Where'er he turns, he finds no reſt:
Death ſtrikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in deſpair and horror, dies.

4 Not ſo, the heir of heav'nly bliſs;—
His ſoul is fill'd with conſcious peace;
A ſteady faith ſubdues his fear!
He ſees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and ſerene;
No terrors in his looks are ſeen;
His Saviour's ſmile diſpels the gloom,
And ſmooths his paſſage to the tomb.

6 LORD! make my faith and love ſincere,
My judgment ſound my conſcience clear:
And, when the toils of life are paſt,
May I be found in peace at laſt.

560 104th.

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

On the death of a Believer.

1 ['TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done! the ſpirit is fled,
Our brother is gone, the chriſtian is dead;
The Chriſtian is living in JESUS's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe are JESUS's due!—
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro':
Triumphantly glorious, thro' JESUS's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er ſin, death, and hell.]

3 * Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and LORD with ſhoutings proclaim:
Who truſt in his paſſion, and follow their head,
To certain ſalvation ſhall ſurely be led.

4 O JESUS, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteouſneſs there,
Where dazzled with glory, the ſeraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee in ſilence of praiſe.

5 Within us diſplay thy love, when we die,
And bear us away to manſions high:
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

561 S. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Broderip's 252. Ryland 48.

Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

1 PREPARE me, gracious GOD!
To ſtand before thy face!
Thy Spirit muſt the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

* If the three laſt verſes of this hymn be ſung alone, then begin verſe the third thus—

"Now let us record the conquering name."

2 In CHRIST's obedience clothe,
And waſh me in his blood:
So ſhall I lift my head with joy,
Among the ſons of GOD.

3 Do thou my ſins ſubdue,
Thy ſov'reign love make known;
The ſpirit of my mind renew,
And ſave me in thy Son.

4 Let me atteſt thy power,
Let me thy goodneſs prove,
'Till my full ſoul can hold no more
Of everlaſting love.

562 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Carolina 13. Workſop 31.

Departed Saints aſleep. Mark v. 39. 1. Theſſ. iv. 13.

1 "WHY flow theſe torrents of diſtreſs?"
(The gentle Saviour cries;)
"Why are my ſleeping ſaints ſurvey'd
"With unbelieving eyes?

2 "Death's feeble arm ſhall never boaſt
"A friend of CHRIST is ſlain,
"Nor o'er their meaner part in duſt
"A laſting power retain.

3 "I come, on wings of love,—I come
"The ſlumb'rers to awake;
"My voice ſhall reach the deepeſt tomb,
"And all its bonds ſhall break.

4 "Touch'd by my hand, in ſmiles they riſe,—
"They riſe, to ſleep no more;
"But, rob'd with light and crown'd with joy,
"To endleſs day they ſoar.

5 JESUS! our faith receives thy word;
And, tho' fond nature weep, 263

Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their ſleep.

6 Our willing ſouls thy ſummons wait,
With them to reſt and praiſe;
So let thy much-lov'd preſence cheer
Theſe ſeparating days.

563 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Submiſſion under bereaving Providences. Pſa. xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blaſts our joys in death;
Changes the viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he,—the potentate ſupreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whoſe ſteady counſels wiſely rule,
Nor from their purpoſe move.

3 'Tis he, whoſe juſtice might demand
Our ſouls a ſacrifice;
Yet ſcatters, with unwearied hand,
A thouſand rich ſupplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whoſe grace can heal the burſting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliſs
He weaves for ev'ry brow:
And ſhall rebellious paſſions riſe,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiſs the ſcourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy ſupreme command.

564 L. M. Ulverſton 179. Fawcett 184.

Satisfaction in God *under the Loſs of dear Friends.*

1 THE God of Love will ſure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving ſigh,
When righteous perſons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning paſſions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble fleſh and heart may fail;
Yet ſhall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and huſband, guard and guide,—
Thou art each tender name in one:
On thee we caſt our ev'ry care,
And comfort ſeek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy covenant-love and truth
Our ſinking ſouls ſhall ſtill depend.

565 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Windſor 247. Elenborough 170.

Death and Judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race muſt die:
One general ruin ſweeps them down,
And low in duſt they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb ſurvey
Where you muſt quickly dwell
Hark! how the awful ſummons ſounds
In ev'ry funeral knell.

3 Once you muſt die; and once for all
The ſolemn purport weigh;
For know, that heav'n or hell attend
On that important day.

4 Thoſe eyes, ſo long in darkneſs veil'd,
Muſt wake the Judge to ſee;
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Muſt paſs his ſcrutiny.

5 Oh, may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend!
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his ſaints aſcend.

566 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Ann's 58. Charmouth 28.

Comfort under the Loſs of Miniſters.

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry:
Why ſhould thoſe eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own houſe invade;
What tho' the prophet and the prieſt
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Tho' earthly ſhepherds dwell in duſt,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkneſs clos'd,
And mute th' inſtructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal ſhepherd ſtill ſurvives
New comfort to impart;
His eye ſtill guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo I am with you," ſaith the LORD,
"My church ſhall ſafe abide;
"For I will ne'er forſake my own,
"Whoſe ſouls in me confide."

6 Thro' every ſcene of life and death,
This promiſe is our truſt;
And this ſhall be our children's ſong,
When we are cold in duſt.

567 8. 7. 4.

Jordan 81. Painſwick 162.

The Grave; or, CHRIST *a Guide through Death to Glory.*

1 GUIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH!
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the cryſtal fountain,
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong deliverer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of deaths, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide:
Songs of praiſes
I will ever give to thee,

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

568 C. M.

Carolina 13. Windſor 247,

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raiſed by the Spirit. Rom. viii. 11.

1 WHY ſhould our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the duſt?
Or why ſhould ſtreams of tears unite
Around th' expiring juſt?

2 Did not the LORD our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our LORD aſcend on high,
And prove his power to ſave?

3 Doth not the ſacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the ſaints?
And ſhould the temples of his grace
Reſound with long complaints?

4 Awake my ſoul, and like the ſun
Burſt thro' each ſable cloud:
And thou, my voice, 'tho' broke with ſighs,
Tune forth thy ſongs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, ſpite of death and hell, ſhall raiſe
Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye ſaints, that dwell in duſt,
Your hymns of victory ſing;
And let his dying ſervants truſt
Their ever-living King.

569 C. M. Dr. WATTS's LYRICS.

Canterbury 199. Evans's 190.

A Proſpect of the Reſurrection.

1 HOW long ſhall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the juſt;
While the rich blood of martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt?

2 Lo, I behold the ſcatter'd ſhades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

3 I ſee the LORD of Glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The ſkies divide to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead ariſe!"
And, lo, the graves obey:
And waking ſaints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Riſe to the midway air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble ſpirits ſtand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward, thro' the ſkies,
On love's triumphant wing!

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570 (First Part) L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Angels' Hymn 60. Wareham 117.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature.
Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

1 HOW great, how terrible, that GOD
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all Nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O for ever lost.

4 But, saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 JESUS, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

570 (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Horsley 205.

The Second Appearance of Christ. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

1 MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;

See this vain world in ſmoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole.
Pale ſun, no more thy luſtre boaſt:—
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry hoſt.

3 This wreck of nature all around—
The angels ſhout, the trumpets ſound,
Loud the deſcendng Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To *endleſs* BLISS, or ENDLESS *woe!*

5 LORD, to *my* eyes this ſcene diſplay
Frequent through each returning day;
And let thy grace my ſoul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

571 L. M.

Paul's 246. Angels' Hymn 60.

The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

1 METHINKS the laſt great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet ſound
That ſhakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the priſoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her truſt,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both ſmall and great now quit their duſt,
And round the dread tribunal ſtand.

3 Behold the awful books diſplay'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every ſoul, the books aſſign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the judge will here regard.

5 LORD, when theſe awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my ſoul approve:
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

572 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Whitefield 168. Aynhoe 108.

The final Sentence and Miſery of the Wicked.
Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the judge deſcend?
And muſt the dead ariſe?
And not a ſingle ſoul eſcape
His all-diſcerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread ſentence ſound;
And, thro' the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black deſpair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlaſting flame,
"For rebel-angels firſt prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Aſtoniſh'd ſhrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet ſhakes
The manſions of the dead;
Hark, from the goſpel's cheering ſound,
What joyful tidings ſpread!

6 Ye ſinners, ſeek his grace,
Whoſe wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the ſhelter of his croſs,
And find ſalvation there.

7 So ſhall that curſe remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the laſt awful day ſhall pour
His bleſſing on your head.

573 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Canterbury 199. Windſor 247.

The final Sentence and Happineſs of the Righteous.
Matt. xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hoſts,
Makes his laſt ſentence known.

2 When ſinners, curſed from his face,
To raging flames are driven;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his ſaints to heaven:

3 "Bleſs'd of my Father, all draw near,
"Receive the great reward;
"And riſe, with raptures, to poſſeſs
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere earth's foundations firſt were laid,
"His ſov'reign purpoſe wrought,
"And rear'd thoſe palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There ſhall you reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my pow'r;
"While ſin and death, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your ſouls no more."

6 Come, dear majeſtic Saviour! Come,
This jubilee proclaim!

And teach us language fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a name.

574 L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.
Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Come, Lord Jesus.

1 WHEN ſhall thy lovely face be ſeen?
When ſhall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of diſtance lie between,
And hills of guilt! A heavy load!

2 Our months are ages of delay,
And ſlowly ev'ry minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
Theſe tedious rounds of ſluggiſh years!

3 Ye heav'nly gates, looſe all your chains!
Let th' eternal pillars bow!
Bleſt Saviour! cleave the ſtarry plains,
And make the cryſtal mountains flow!

4 Hark, how thy ſaints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys!
Thou, the desire of nations, come!

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bleſs our eyes, and bleſs our ears,
Thou abſent love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs!

575 8. 7. 4.
Weſtbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Lo, he cometh.

1 LO! he cometh! countleſs trumpets
Blow to raiſe the ſleeping dead;
'Mid ten thouſand ſaints and angels,
See their great exalted head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Now his merit by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep reſounds;
Now reſplendent ſhine his nail-prints,
Every eye ſhall ſee his wounds:
They who pierc'd him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear!
Truth and juſtice go before him,
Now the joyful ſentence hear!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, Welcome, Judge divine.

4 "Come, ye bleſſed of my Father,
"Enter into life and joy!
"Baniſh all your fears and ſorrows
"Endleſs praiſe be your employ!"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, to the ſkies!

5 Now at once they riſe to glory,
JESUS brings them to the King;
There, with all the hoſts of heaven,
They eternal anthems ſing:
Hallelujah,
Boundleſs glory to the Lamb.

576 8, 7. 4.
Helmſley 223. Trevecca 37.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14,—17. xxii. 17, 20.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand, thouſand ſaints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah,
JESUS now ſhall ever reign!

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty:

Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Meſſiah ſee!

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth ſhall flee away:
All who hate him muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints, by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of GOD appear!

5 Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour! take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

577 8, 7. 4. NEWTON.
Helmſley 223. Painſwick 162.
The Day of Judgment.

1 DAY of Judgment,—day of wonders!
Hark the trumpet's awful ſound,

Louder than a thouſand thunders,
Shakes the vaſt creation round!
How the ſummons
Will the ſinner's heart confound!

2 See the judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majeſty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then ſhall ſay, "This GOD is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Riſe to life from earth and ſea:
All the pow'rs of nature, ſhaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careleſs ſinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, paſt imagination,
Will ſurpriſe your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accurſed wretch, depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd and ſerv'd the LORD below,
He will ſay, "Come near, ye bleſſed!
"See the kingdom, I beſtow!
"You for ever
"Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under ſorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raiſe!
Swiftly GOD's great day approaches,
Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to praiſe!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

578 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Canterbury 199. Charmouth 28.

The Laſt Judgment.

1 "HE comes! he comes! to judge the world,"
Aloud th' archangel cries!
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the ſkies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the ſound,
And upward lift their eyes:
The ſlumb'ring tenants of the ground
In living armies riſe.

3 Amid the ſhouts of num'rous friends,
Of hoſts divinely bright,
The Judge in ſolemn pomp deſcends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as ſnow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And ſcars his vict'ries tell:
Lo! in his hand the conqu'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.

6 So he aſcends the judgment-ſeat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In ſolemn ſilence ſtand.

7 Princes and peaſants here expect
Their laſt, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd preſume.

8 "Depart, ye ſons of vice and ſin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries!
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flaſhes from both his eyes.

9 And now in words divinely ſweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his ſacred lips repeat
The ſentence of his grace:

10 "Well done, my good and faithful ſons,
"The children of my love!
"Receive the ſceptres, crowns, and thrones
"Prepar'd for you above."

579 8. 8. 6.
Chatham 59.

Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

1 WHEN thou my righteous judge ſhalt come
To fetch thy ranſom'd people home,
Shall I among them ſtand?
Shall ſuch a worthleſs worm as I,
Who ſometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand:

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vileſt of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought!
What if my name ſhould be left out,
When thou for them ſhalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear LORD, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear
To ſtill my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy ſaints be found
Whene'er th' archangel's trump ſhall ſound
To ſee thy ſmiling face:
Then loudeſt of the crow'd I'll ſing,
While heav'n's reſounding manſions ring
With ſhouts of ſov'reign grace.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

580 C. M. Dr. Ryland.

Worksop 31. London 180.

Hell, the Sinner's own *Place.* Acts i. 25.

1 LORD, when I read the traitor's doom
To "his own place" consign'd,
What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!

2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But sav'd by matchless grace;
Or else the lowest, hottest hell
Had surely been my place.

3 Thither I was law adjudg'd,
And thitherward rush'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.

4 But lo! (what wond'rous matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.

5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesus' feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
Where saints and angels meet.

6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace
To all around I'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

581 L. M.
Sheffield 39. Paul's 246.

1 SINNER, O why ſo thoughtleſs grown?
Why in ſuch dreadful haſte to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedleſs againſt thy GOD to fly;

2 Wilt thou deſpiſe eternal fate,
Urg'd on by ſin's fantaſtic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy paſſage to the flames?

3 Stay, ſinner! on the Goſpel plains
Behold the GOD of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

582 L. M.- DR. DODDRIDGE.
Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.
The Rich Man and Lazarus. Luke xvi. 25.

1 IN what confuſion earth appears—
GOD's deareſt children bath'd in tears!
While they, who heav'n itſelf deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my ſoul attend,
And, ere I cenſure, view the end;
That end, how different! who can tell
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?

3 See, the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple ſhine:
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the ſcorching of his pain.

4 While round the ſaint, ſo poor below,
Full rivers of ſalvation flow;
On Abram's breaſt he leans his head,
And banquets on celeſtial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me ſhare
The meaneſt of thy ſervants' fare:
May I at laſt approach to taſte
The bleſſings of thy marriage-feaſt

583 C. M. Steele.

Otford 106. Follet 181. Evans's 190.

The Joys of Heaven.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart.
Their influence to our ſong.

2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy, and love ſincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore

4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour ſhines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There ſhall the follow'rs of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till, in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

584 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Camb. New 74. Hephzibah 77. Staughton 264.

The promiſed Land.

1 ON Jordan's ſtormy banks I ſtand,
And caſt a wiſtful eye.
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my poſſeſſions lie.

2 Oh the tranſporting rapt'rous ſcene
That riſes to my ſight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er thoſe wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There GOD the Sun for ever reigns,
And ſcatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful ſhore:
Sickneſs and ſorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When ſhall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever bleſt?
When ſhall I ſee my Father's face,
And in his boſom reſt?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd ſoul
Can here no longer ſtay:
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearleſs I'd launch away.

583 50th. J. Straphan.

Cherriton 76. Old Fiftieth 233.

Heaven.

1 ON wings of faith mount up, my ſoul, and riſe;
View thine inheritance beyond the ſkies:
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endleſs pleaſures in thoſe manſions dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er ſin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no ſad heart-rending pain,
In that bleſt country can admiſſion gain;
No ſorrow there, no ſoul-tormenting fear,
For GOD's own hand ſhall wipe the falling tear:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a cryſtal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful ſides:
Here the fair tree of life majeſtic rears
Its blooming head, and ſovereign virtue bears:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No riſing ſun his needleſs beams diſplays,
No ſickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celeſtial glory ſheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance ſpreads:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One diſtant glimpſe my eager paſſion fires!—
JESUS! to thee my longing ſoul aſpires!
When ſhall I at my heavenly home arrive,—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er ſin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

586 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Elim 151. Stamford 9. Otford 106.
Happineſs approaching. Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye ſaints, and raiſe your eyes—
And raiſe your voices high;
Awake, and praiſe that ſov'reign love
That ſhews ſalvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

3 Not many years their round ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe,
Ere all its glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes

4 Ye wheels of nature, ſpeed your courſe!
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay!
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

587 L. M. Steele.
Martin's Lane 67. Coomb's 45. Bromley 104.
The Worſhip of Heaven. John xvii. 24

1 O FOR a ſweet, inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſful realms, where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring ſaints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worſhip, own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe,
And love and joy, and triumph ſpread
Thro' all th' aſſemblies of the ſkies.

4 He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture, while they gaze:
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

5 There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at laſt the heav'nly choir:
Oh may the joy-inſpiring theme
Awake our faith and warm deſire!

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit ſeal
Our int'reſt in that bliſsful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

588 C. M.

Elim 151 Cambridge New 74.

The everlaſting Song.

1 EARTH has engroſs'd my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear FATHER, to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

2 There the bleſt MAN, my Saviour, ſits:
The GOD! how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated ſtrains
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

4 JESUS, the LORD, their harps employs:—
JESUS, my love, they ſing!
JESUS, the life of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run;
And echo in majeſtic ſounds
The Godhead of the Son!

6 And now they ſink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the FATHER'S EQUAL down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O ſacred beauties of the MAN!
(The GOD reſides within:)
His fleſh all pure without a ſtain,
His ſoul without a ſin.

8 But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suſpended ſongs, a moment, mourn
The GOD that lov'd and died.

9 Then, all at once, to living ſtrains
They ſummon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the riſing LORD.]

10 Now let me mount and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
O for ſome heavenly notes to bear
My paſſions to the ſkies!

12 There ye that love my SAVIOUR ſit,
There I would vain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th verſes of this hymn ſhould be ſung ſofter than the reſt. 275

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